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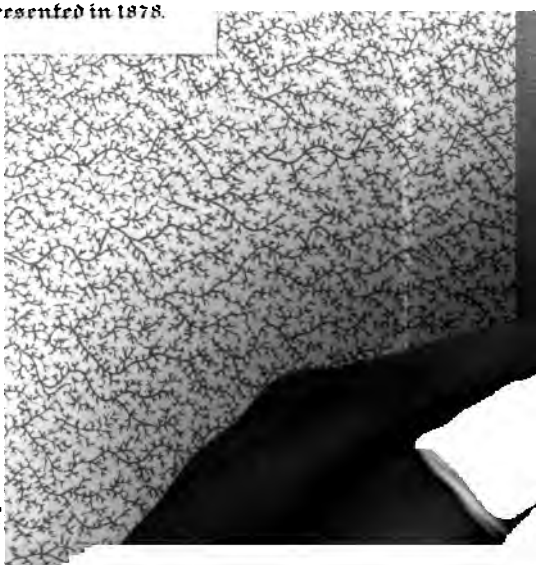

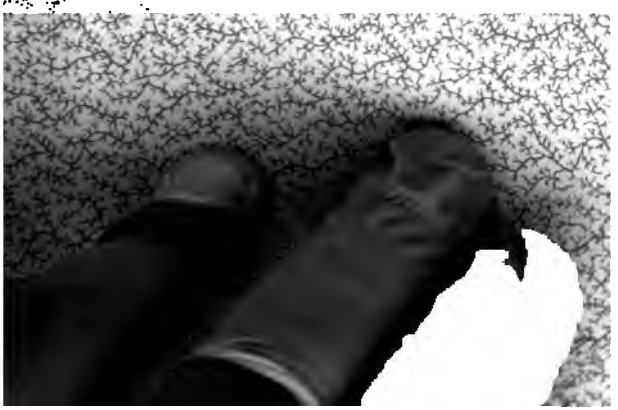

LAMBETH PALACE

Memorials of the English Martyrs.

BY THE REV. C. B TAYLER, M.A,

RECTOR OF OTLEY, SUFFOLK

NEW YORK:

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THE Author begs to offer an apology to his readers for some trifling repetitions, which may be found in the following pages. They are owing to the circumstances under which the book was written. He was not aware of them till it was too late to remedy the oversight. He begs also to repeat, what he has said elsewhere in the volume, that he should be truly grateful to any of his readers, who would kindly furnish him with any additional information about the godly martyrs and confessors of the faith in the days to which he refers. He is particularly desirous to obtain facts, which would enable him to give a biographical account of those ladies who were the ministering women of the Reformation in England.

OTLEY RECTORY, IPSWICH,
January, 20, 1853.

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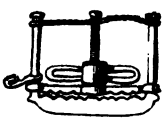


THE THUMBSCREW.

SMITHFIELD IN 1546. THE BURNING OF ANNE ASKEW

MEMORIALS

OF THE

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

Smithfield.

'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

In former ages it was a common custom for pilgrims to go forth on pilgrimage to those places that were hallowed by the associations connected with them. Places which had been the scenes of marvelous events, where wonders had been wrought, where men had lived in high repute for sanctity, or died as victims to unjust and cruel persecutions. Such places are still to be found, and are visited to this day. Alas! to many of them legends at once fabulous and absurd, are attached: and those who visit them are led to do so in the blindness of an ill-directed faith, and the credulity of a dark superstition. I might instance as one of these places that spot in Germany, which has lately attracted much attention, where the highest and holiest name has been outrageously profaned, and whither thousands and tens of thousands have flocked, to behold and to touch the pretended coat of our blessed Lord, the seamless coat at Trêves, which was pronounced to be an authentic relic by the late Pope.

The account given of those poor deluded pilgrims, is that

the pavement at the Cathedral at Trêves was covered by prostrate forms, crying out to the ancient garment, exhibited to their adoring eyes: 'Holy coat, we pray to thee; holy coat pray for us!' When we remind our readers, that there are nineteen places, each claiming to itself the honor of possessing the seamless coat of our Lord, and that the late Pope had authenticated not only that at Trêves, but another at Argenteuil, we leave them to judge, as to the character of that system, which dares to impose such absurd and lying legends upon the weak-minded and the credulous. I call upon my reader to accompany me upon a pilgrimage of a very different character.

I have determined to go, as it were, on pilgrimage to those places where the martyrs to the truth as it is in Jesus have left the record of their sufferings or of their death. I desire to interest my readers in the history of those meek and holy saints who, in times of terror and persecution, have loved truth better than life in the body, and have been enabled in that divine strength which is made perfect in weakness, willingly and cheerfully, to lay down their lives for His sake who loved them and gave Himself for them.

We will seek out, and visit together spots, which in these days of error, must not, and shall not be forgotten! Many of the following papers, though not intended for a periodical work, have already, by my permission, appeared before the public; and I have been thus encouraged, by the reception which they met with, to follow up the plan originally laid down. I have been astonished to find, taking for instance the city of Chester where I then resided, that there were many persons sincerely attached to the Protestant faith, long resident in Chester, entirely ignorant of the fact, that the martyr George Marsh suffered at the stake for the faith of Christ, in their own city; and that the very spots hallowed by his courageous testimony to the truth, and his sad and dreadful sufferings, can be pointed out to them.

I am well aware, that by calling the attention of the public to the frightful persecutions of Popery, I lay myself open to the accusation that I am as one that stirreth up strife, and that I may be told it would be far better to let such mournful events lie hidden beneath the cloud of oblivion, which has, in many places, gathered over them. God knows, I say it with reverence, that I have no wish to stir up strife; but I feel that every one, who would obey that inspired command, "Earnestly contend for the faith, once delivered to the saints;" and who stands upon his watch-tower and looks abroad over the wide-spread wilderness around him, will find good cause to sound aloud the trumpet of alarm, when he perceives the dangers that are threatening the Church of Christ on every side. He will find that errors, which have long been regarded as exploded, are, as it were, cunningly repaired, and brought forward again in opposition to the truth; and that the Protestant Church, with the Bible in her hand and in her heart, is called upon to receive as her mother and her friend, that idolatrous church, whose claims are as ill founded, but as daringly presumptious, as they ever were. I wish to show what Rome once was, and to prove to my readers that she is, and ever will be the same; and, therefore, I would set before the ignorant and the forgetful, the facts of by-gone days, and show them, from what we know of Popery as it has come before us in the present day, that it has improved in nothing but in the arts of deceit and speciousness, that the monster is still the same, though in former times it might be compared to the wolf in all its ferocity, and at the present time it comes forth as the wolf in sheep's clothing. This language may seem strong, but those who are best acquainted with the facts of the subject, will not think my assertion unjust; and let those who are ignorant on these points, bear in mind that I do not here speak of individuals, but of the system—not of Romanists, but of Romanism.

My pilgrim visits will be now paid to the different places

in this country, which have been distinguished by the sufferings of English martyrs; and, in future volumes it is my intention to visit those places in foreign lands, which are likewise marked by the persecutions of this fearful religion. It is, alas! well known that France, Italy, and Spain, have reckoned their thousands of martyrs to the cause of pure scriptural truth.

I commence these memorials of the English Martyrs by a visit to that spot which has, alas! within its narrow boundary, borne witness to more of the sufferings of innocent and holy martyrs, than any spot in England. I speak of SMITHFIELD.

"Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?"* This was the question of an ignorant and misguided zeal, utterly unlike the spirit of Him, to whom the fierce and angry question was addressed. The two disciples received at once their answer, an answer which must stand recorded in the word of truth, while the world endures: "He turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what spirit ye are of; for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save." Thus also the great preacher and apostle to the Gentiles gives, under the inspiration of God, this character of the minister of Christ—"The servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth, that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are taken captive by him at his will." † Here plain directions are written, as to the mode of treatment to be pursued by the minister of the gospel of love and peace, not only toward heretics or those holding errors in doctrine, but to the determined opposer of the truth as it is in Jesus. Where then, but in the violence of the natural heart, which in every unregenerate man, is not

* Luke ix. 54–56. † 2 Tim. ii. 24–26.

only desperately wicked, but deceitful above all things, can we find any authority or any excuse for a spirit of persecution toward those who differ from us, nay, toward those who differ from and oppose the truth. Alas! the Apostle Paul was as far-sighted as he was clear-sighted when he wrote—"I know that after my departing, shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock." And thus it has too often happened, that men have called themselves the ministers of Christ, and taken upon them the awful commission of a herald of life and peace, who instead of being ensamples to the flock, have not only been "lords," but tyrants "over God's heritage."

Such thoughts as these, would naturally arise in my heart, when standing at night in the large open area of Smithfield, and looking upon the dark and dimly-defined objects which surrounded me. The mysterious gloom of the hour almost enabled me to suppose, that I was gazing round upon the same buildings, which had encompassed that memorable spot some hundred years ago. And as I stood there, quiet and alone, I thought of the various and conflicting feelings to which that spot must have borne witness, when it was made the scene of the horrible persecutions, and fiendlike cruelties of Romish superstition. Surely a walk through Smithfield ought to awaken thought in every Englishman's mind, sad and serious thought, when he considers to what an excess of savage bigotry, even his own manly countrymen have been degraded by "the deceivableness of unrighteousness" in that system which the godly Cecil has termed, not without having good reason for the strong expression, "the masterpiece of Satan;" which has never sprung up and grown to any height in this free soil, or indeed in any land upon the broad earth which we inhabit, without bringing forth its bitter and deadly fruit.

Notwithstanding the lapse of nearly three hundred years, a silent thoughtful walk at night across the great square of Smithfield, made me shudder as I felt that it was almost impossible to stand upon that common causeway of the busiest

city in the world, without dark and dreadful associations, rising like hideous phantoms from the fatal spot. And why? There is blood upon the earth—a foul, and horrible stain of blood. The soil has been drunk with the blood of martyred saints: and at that awful but approaching day, when "the Lord shall come out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity, when the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain," O, what a sad, sad tale shall the soil of Smithfield tell! How many a meek and pallid form shall arise, to bear witness against the ungodly deeds which ungodly sinners have committed against them, and against the ungodly speeches which they have spoken against them; for the Master, in whose cause they suffered, counts every act of violence and cruelty committed against his little ones, as done unto Himself. Oh, should I not rather say, how many a blessed martyr shall come forth "clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands," belonging to the blessed number of those who "were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held," "having come out of great tribulation, and washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the lamb." Long indeed, is the list that might be given of those who have suffered for the truth in the horrid fires of Smithfield. There it was, that WILLIAM SAUTRE stood first and foremost in that glorious band. There he suffered, after having been degraded from his holy office, to the rank of a layman, and given over to the secular power, with a frightful mockery of justice. We are told, that the civil powers were besought "to receive favorably the said Sir William Sautre, thus unto them recommended." And then Henry the IVth was persuaded by the Bishop of Norwich, and the Archbishop of Canterbury to make out a terrible decree against him, and send it to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London to be put in execution, according to these words:—that in some public and open space, within the liberties of their city of London, the said William

should be put into the fire, really to be burned, to the great horror of his offense, and the manifest example of other Christians. "Fail not in the execution therefore," are the last words of the cruel decree, "upon the peril that will fall thereupon." And what was this offense? "That in the sacrament of the altar, after the consecration of the priest, Sautre declared, there remaineth material bread!"

Another martyr who suffered at Smithfield in this reign, was JOHN BADBY, for an offense almost alike to that of William Sautre. The king's writ for his execution was sent down in the afternoon of the very day, on which sentence was passed upon him in the morning, and he was forthwith led to Smithfield. The profligate and thoughtless Prince Henry seems to have been led by curiosity, to witness the execution of this poor, honest-hearted man, and touched with compassion, he entreated him to recant, but in vain. The fagots were kindled, and as the flames arose, the sufferer cried mercy, "calling belike upon the Lord, and not upon man." The generous-hearted Prince was moved, and commanded them to take away the tun which had been placed over him, and to quench the fire; and the Prince renewed his entreaties, that he would forsake his heresy, offering him, as a bribe, a yearly stipend out of the king's treasury. The servant of Christ was of an immovable spirit, and chose rather to die, than to give up his pure and scriptural faith; and then it was, that the choler of the Prince was stirred up, and to his disgrace, he commanded him to be put again into the pipe or tun, and the wood being again kindled, the meek, but undaunted victim expired in the flames.

We may turn next to the account given of RICHARD BAYFIELD.—"Blessed Bayfield," as Foxe calls him, was one of the martyrs of Henry the Eighth's reign.—I single out but here and there one from that noble band of martyrs, who sealed the testimony of their faith with their blood in this same Smithfield.—The offense of Bayfield, who was a Bene-

dictine monk at Bury St. Edmund's, began with his having the New Testament in his possession. Though I pass over his interesting story, I should wish my readers to be well read in this portion of the ecclesiastical history of their own country; and in spite of the arguments and the cavils of modern objectors, I would refer them to "the Acts and Monuments" of the godly and honest John Foxe.

Surely they will feel their spirit stirred within them with an honest and burning indignation at the account of this poor persecuted monk. He was brought before Tonstal, Bishop of London, in St. Paul's church, and there degraded, as Sautre had been, from holy orders. After they had taken from him, one by one, the vestments or other various badges of his offices as priest, deacon, acolyte, and reader, and while he was kneeling on the high step of the altar, the savage prelate Tonstal struck him so violent a blow on the chest with his crosier staff, that he fell backward, in a swoon, and with his head broken from the violence of his fall. He was then led back to Newgate, and there he passed the hour which was granted him, in prayer. The stake had been in the mean time prepared for him in Smithfield; and he went to the fire manfully and joyfully. There for lack of a speedy fire, he was two quarters of an hour alive, and when his left arm was on fire and burned, he rubbed it with his right hand, and it fell from his body; but he continued in prayer to the end without moving. Alas, we read that Sir Thomas More was one of the chief persecutors of this good man. "He not only brought him to his end," says Foxe, "but ceased not to rave after his death in his ashes, to pry and spy out what sparks he could find of reproach and contumely, whereby to rase out all good memory of his name and fame." The few words added by Foxe, on More, are very striking. He says of him, "He was a man so blinded in the zeal of Popery, so deadly set against the one side, and so partially affectionate unto the other, that in them whom he favoreth he can see

nothing but all fair roses and sweet virtue: in the other which he hateth, there is never a thing that can please his fantasy, but all is as black as pitch."

JAMES BAINHAM, was another of the Smithfield martyrs, and his dying words bare a strong testimony to the spirit of Christian love which was in him to the last. "The Lord forgive Sir Thomas More," was the prayer he uttered in the flames, and "pray for me all good people," he added, and so prayed he till the fire took his bowels and his head. When the fire had half consumed his arms and legs, he cried out: "Oh, ye papists, behold ye look for miracles, and here now ye see a miracle: for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were in a bed of down; but it is to me as a bed of roses."

Few seem to have been more cruelly treated than the noble and learned Lambert. He was chained to the stake; and when the wretches who conducted his execution, saw that his legs were consumed in the fire and burned up to the stumps, they withdrew the fire from him, leaving only a small fire and coals under him, and with their halberts pitched him upon their pikes as far as the chain would reach. But strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, the dying martyr lifted up such hands as he had, and his fingers' ends flaming with fire, cried unto the people in these words: "none but Christ, none but Christ." Little did he think, perhaps, that those lovely words would be afterward echoed by the lips of so many faithful followers of his blessed Lord; that "none but Christ, none but Christ," would be the watchword of the soldiers of Christ to cheer them in the conflict, and lead them forward in the same path; steadfastly setting their faces toward the heavenly city, through evil report and good report, till they were called to enter into their rest, to be with Christ forever.

But perhaps the most interesting victim of the fires of Smithfield was the celebrated ANNE ASKEW. I would dwell a little longer upon the sad story of this gentle and delicate

lady. She had been singled out by the crafty and ambitious enemies of Queen Catharine Parr and the godly ladies of her court, to be the instrument through whom they might find an accusation against the Queen, for holding the faith and the principles of the Reformation. Anne Askew was the youngest daughter of Sir William Askew, of Kelsey, in Lincolnshire; her eldest sister had been engaged to marry a gentleman of the name of Kyme, a harsh and bigoted papist; but the sister died, and she was compelled by her father to take her sister's place, and become the wife of Mr. Kyme. It had turned out a most unhappy marriage for poor Anne Askew. Her education had been superior to that usually given to her sex in those days, and she was a woman of enlightened mind, unlike in character and disposition to her morose and narrow-minded husband. She seems to have been a child of God from her earliest years, and to have searched and prized the Holy Scriptures, which had made her wise unto salvation. Her love of truth as it is found in its purity and freshness in the word of inspiration, had given great displeasure to her husband, and she was cruelly driven from her home. Being compelled to come up to London to sue for a divorce, the persecution of her husband and the Popish priests followed her, and she fell into the toils which they had laid for her. Anne Askew—for she had resumed her maiden name—was evidently one of those lovely children of God, who have been fitted by him to adorn the doctrine they profess with those holy graces which are the peculiar fruits of the Spirit of God in the heart. Her thorough knowledge of holy Scripture, the hold which it had obtained upon her mind, the influence which it had exercised upon her conduct, the sweetness which it had breathed over her manners, seem to have won for her the affections of those noble and pious ladies who formed the circle of the Queen's society, and Catharine Parr herself is said to have been her friend, and to have received books from her, and to have returned many a kind message There was

THE OLD GUILDHALL, LONDON

probably a more unguarded and fearless spirit in this meek and gentle lady, than in any other of the followers of Christ belonging to her sex and rank. But however that might be, she soon found that all the sweet familiar intercourse she had held on various occasions with the godly ladies of the court must cease; and that her attachment to the writings and memory of them must be locked up, as inviolate secrets in her own bosom; for she was apprehended on the charge of holding heretical opinions against the six articles, with especial reference to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and sent to prison. Her conduct from that time presents a remarkable combination of lofty self-possession, and touching simplicity and sweetness—of firmness, constancy, and a ready wit (according to the ancient meaning of that word), and all these qualities seem to have been in perfect keeping in her character and conduct, and to have made her at the same time one of the most feminine and courageous of her sex.

Two objects were plainly manifest in all the examinations which she underwent—the first was to make her criminate herself, the second to lead her to criminate the Queen and those of her ladies who were suspected of holding "the new learning," as the eternal truths of the Gospel, were termed by the papists.

Surely, few women have so dearly and so truly won the title of heroine, in the highest sense of the word, as the poor persecuted martyr, Anne Askew. Few have possessed a presence of mind so unsupported by human strength, or even so uncountenanced by human friends, as this young and delicate lady. The wisdom and discreetness which she exhibited in answering the insidious questions, and baffling the crafty designs of her enemies, were no less remarkable than her clear and accurate knowledge of the word of God, and her resolute spirit in cleaving to that word. And thus she met and surmounted all the difficulties, to which she was exposed, in one conference after another with the most skillful and subtle of

the Popish party, and every one who encountered with her was completely foiled by her truth, her simplicity of wisdom, her patience, and her calm trust in God. Her piteous story is enough to melt the sternest man to tears, were it not that the heart must throb, and the cheek burn at the disgraceful consciousness that Englishmen, and English prelates, could be found bad and base enough to make that gentle lady the victim of their diabolical malice.

We read that she was examined and questioned concerning her opinions by Christopher Dare, and Sir Martin Bowes, the then Lord Mayor, and their brother commissioners. With what inimitable simplicity did she reply in that conversation, which is recorded to have taken place between the Lord Mayor and herself: "What if a mouse eat the sacramental bread, after it is consecrated?" was the absurd question, "What shall become of the mouse, what sayest thou, thou foolish woman?" "Nay, what say you, my Lord, will become of it?" she answered. Thus urged, the blundering Lord Mayor replied; "I say, that mouse is damned!" "Alack, poor mouse," was her quiet reply; and so at once all his divinity was discomfited.

She herself, in the most artless language, gives the account of her various examinations. In her interview with a priest she likewise called upon him to answer his own questions, on which he told her "that it was against the order of the schools, that he who asked the question, should be required to answer it;" she at once tells him, that "she is but a woman and knows not the course of schools." She then recounts her conference with his Archdeacon, when sent for by Bonner, and afterward with Bonner himself, when he endeavored to gain her confidence by a pretended interest in her welfare, and so to put her off her guard, "He brought forth this unsavory similitude," she said, "that if a man had a wound, no wise surgeon could minister help unto it, before he had seen it uncovered: in like case," said he, "can I give you no

good counsel, unless I know wherewith your conscience is burdened." I answered, said Anne Askew, that my conscience was clear, and that to lay a plaster upon a whole skin was much folly.

But we pass over these examinations, in which the patience of those adversaries who could not overcome her patience, was at length exhausted. These bold and crafty men were determined to spare neither threat nor violence by which they might extort from her some word or other, as a ground of accusation against the Lady Herbert, who was the Queen's sister, or the Duchess of Suffolk, and so at last Queen Katherine herself. As yet they had discovered nothing. Rich and another of the Council came to her in the Tower where she was then confined, and demanded that she should make the disclosures which they required concerning her party, and her friends. She told them nothing. "Then they did put me on the rack," she relates, "because I confessed no ladies or gentlemen to be of my opinion; and thereon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Rich took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead." These two wretches, it is recorded, provoked by her saint-like endurance, ordered the lieutenant of the tower to rack her again. He, Sir Anthony Knevett, "tendering the weakness of the woman," positively refused to do so. Then Wriothesly and Rich threw off their gowns, and threatening the lieutenant that they would complain of his disobedience to the king, "they worked the rack themselves, till her bones and joints were almost plucked asunder." When the lieutenant caused her to be loosed down from the rack, she immediately swooned. "Then" she writes, "they recovered me again." After that, "I sate two long hours reasoning with my Lord Chancellor on the bare floor, where he with many flattering words persuaded me to leave my opinion; but my Lord God (I thank His everlasting goodness) gave me grace to persevere, and will do, I

hope, to the very end." And she concludes this account to her friend, by saying, "Farewell, dear Friend, and pray, pray, pray."

She gives her confession of faith, and concludes it with this beautiful prayer. "O Lord! I have more enemies now, than there be hairs on my head! yet Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words, but fight thou, Lord, in my stead: for on Thee cast I my care! With all the spite they can imagine, they fall upon me, who am Thy poor creature. Yet, sweet Lord, let me not set by them that are against me; for in Thee is my whole delight. And, Lord, I heartily desire of Thee, that Thou wilt of Thy most merciful goodness, forgive them that violence which they do, and have done unto me; open also Thou their blind hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in Thy sight, which is only acceptable before Thee, and to set forth Thy verity aright, without all vain fantasies of sinful men. So be it, O Lord, so be it."

Unable to walk or stand from the tortures she had suffered, poor Anne Askew was carried in a chair to Smithfield, and when brought to the stake, was fastened to it by a chain which held up her body, and one who beheld her there, describes her as "*having an angel's countenance, and a smiling face.*" The plate annexed is the view of Smithfield as it appeared that day. She had three companions in her last agonies, fellow martyrs with herself, John Lacels, a gentleman of the court and household of King Henry, John Adams, a tailor, and Nicholas Belenian, a priest of Shropshire. The apostate Shaxton, preached the sermon. The three Throckmortons the near kinsmen of the Queen, and members of her household, had drawn near to comfort Anne Askew and her three companions, but were warned that they were marked men, and entreated to withdraw.

As we stand now on the area of Smithfield we can picture to ourselves the scene on that memorable night. There it was, under St. Bartholomew's Church. There sat Wrioth-

esly, Lord Chancellor of England, the old Duke of Norfolk, the old Earl of Bedford, the Lord Mayor, with divers others.

At the very last, a written pardon from the King was offered to Anne Askew, upon condition that she would recant. The fearless lady turned away her eyes, and would not look upon it. She told them that she came not thither to deny her Lord and Master. The fire was ordered to be put under her, "and thus," to use the words of John Foxe, "the good Anne Askew with these blessed martyrs, having passed through so many torments, having now ended the long course of her agonies, being compassed in with flames of fire as a blessed sacrifice unto God, she slept in the Lord, A.D. 1546, leaving behind her a singular example of Christian constancy for all men to follow." *Her crime was, the denial of the Mass.* "Lo, this," she wrote, "is the heresy that I hold, and for it must suffer death." She kept the faith to her God, she kept the faith to her friends, for she betrayed no one, enduring shame and agony with meek unshaken constancy. O, none but Christ, none but Christ could have made the weakness of a delicate woman so strong, the feebleness of a mortal creature so triumphant!

And thus the Square of Smithfield, which was made in the reign of Henry the First, "a lay stall of all ordure or filth," and the place of execution for felons and other transgressors, has become not only drenched with the blood of martyrs, but hallowed by the faith and patience of the saints, by the witness of their good confessions, and by the breath of their dying prayers and praises.

But why bring these horrible details forward? Because, I repeat, if ever there was a time when it was right to show the real character of Popery, it is now. The principles of Popery are beginning to spring up throughout the length and breadth of the land, openly in some parts, covertly in others; and men whose Bibles might have taught other things, are beginning to be enamored with the delusions and ensnaring

allurements of a system which can appear to be any thing or every thing in order to suit all times and all circumstances: a system which, in the doctrine of tradition opens the door to the most unbridled license, and finds a cloak for every enormity. Are we to be told that those deadly superstitions, those savage persecutions, those inhuman tortures were rather the fruit of those dark ages than peculiar to Popery? I can not agree to this. Popery contains in itelf the germ of all the deadly errors and dreadful practices which have ever been inseparable from bigotry and superstition.

The opinion of one of the most profound and acute observers that ever lived—we speak of Lord Bacon, is to be noted on this point. In his Essay on Superstition, he speaks of the causes of superstition, and one would almost think that he were describing the *characteristics of Popery*, when he enumerates, what he terms the *causes of superstition;* these are, he says, "pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies—excess of outward and pharisaical holiness—over-great reverence of traditions, which can not but load the Church—the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre—the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties—the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which can not but breed a mixture of incoherent imaginations; and lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters." Here we find, that what many of shallow and modern reasoners put first, laying the blame rather on the times than on the system, he places last among his causes.

I have met with this objection also, that men of other churches holding a pure faith have also been persecutors. I reply that the pure churches to which they belonged, never taught them to persecute as part of their system. When this bad spirit is found in any man, it is to be attributed to his own corrupt heart, perverting that which is in itself good and holy: but with regard to that man, his Bible and his Church

unequivocally condemn him. The Popish Church, on the contrary, in this and in many other ways, sides with the worst corruptions of the human heart—with the Romanist, persecution even unto death, is not the *perversion of his system, but part of the system itself.* I copy word for word, from the notes of "the Douay Bible and Rhemish Testament, extracted from the quarto editions of 1816 and 1818, published under the patronage of the Roman Catholic Bishops and Priests of Ireland, as the authorized interpretation of the Church, and the infallible guide to everlasting life." And there, in the note appended to the sixth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Revelations, it is written: "*The Protestants foolishly expound, 'drunk with blood' of Rome, for that they put heretics to death, and allow of their punishment in other countries; but their blood is not called the blood of saints, no more than the blood of thieves, man-killers, and other malefactors: for the shedding of which, by order of justice, no commonwealth shall answer.*" And as a practical commentary on this, we may pass from the fires of Smithfield, to the later carnage of St. Bartholomew, when at a low calculation 30,000 of the unoffending professors of a pure faith, were put to death; or to the dreadful slaughter at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Up to the present day, the same doctrine has been secretly taught. In confirmation of the note above cited in the Douay Bible, we have but to turn to another well-known book, the Theology of Peter Dens, a work which has been industriously circulated of late years, among the Romish priests of Ireland, in which this same doctrine, of the lawfulness of putting heretics to death, is expressly taught.

These facts are not brought before you, my reader, to inflame you against Papists, but to inform you about the real character of Popery. Heedless people who do not read much, and take up popular opinions and argue on them, do not know and do not care about these things; but those who

read, or I should say, search and judge for themselves, will perhaps agree with me, that the more we know of this heretical system, the worse it appears. To turn away from Popery to the pure Christianity of the Holy Bible, is like raising the eyes from the gloom of Smithfield, lighted only by the flames of blazing fagots and dying martyrs, and resounding with the shouts of savage persecutors, to the broad expanse of heaven, as it appears to me to-night. Though all is wrapt in partial gloom below, far, far above, the moon is rising in her mild and quiet glory, and the stars are sparkling silently in the calm clear depths of the cloudless sky.

LUTTERWORTH CHURCH.

Lutterworth.

A MILD spring morning had succeeded to the cold deep gloom of night. Broken clouds were scattered here and there over the clear sky, but the rising sun spread the radiance and the glow of its glorious beams over the whole broad expanse, steeping the nearer clouds in a flood of golden light, and flushing the more distant with rosy lustre; and pouring down its brilliant rays over a truly English landscape. Pastures were there, clothing the sloping hills with lawns of richest verdure, some sprinkled over with cowslips, others yellow with buttercups; hedge-rows of vivid green, whence the milk-white flowers of the hawthorn filled the air with perfume: a little stream winding its silvery way through the meadows of the valley—the tender haze of morning still hovering over its glassy surface. A soft and genial shower was just over, and the glittering rain-drops trembled upon the leaves and springing grass, while the freshened earth gave forth that balmy smell which rises after gentle rain. All was green, and fresh, and sparkling with the warm and golden sunshine.

The last traces of a long winter, seemed on that morning to have passed quite away. There was no touch of the cold cutting east, or the sharp north, in the soft playful breeze: no marks of wintry barrenness upon the ground: the humbler plants on every bank were pushing forth their bright green shoots, or unfolding their leaf-buds, or opening their tinted blossoms to the sun. Even the gray branches of the backward ash were hung with foliage. The bees were grop-

ing and murmuring in the bells of the cowslips: butterflies in constant motion upon the buttercups of the meadows, and in the branches of the ash tree a goldfinch was fluttering its bright wings, and warbling forth its sweet and merry song. Every sight that met the eye, and every sound that fell upon the ear seemed to speak one language: night is gone, and winter is past. It was a scene, and a season, and a morning such as Chaucer, nature's true poet, would have painted with words breathing of the sweetness and freshness of the morning air. It brought to mind his lovely Fable of the Flower and the Leaf, and his description of the morning hour.

> "When sweetest showers of rain descending soft
> Had caused the ground full many a time and oft
> To breathe around a fresh and wholesome air,
> And every dewy plain was clothed fair
> With newest green, and bright and little flowers
> Sprung here and there in every field and mead;
> So very good and wholesome be the showers,
> That they renew whate'er was old and dead
> In winter time, and out of every seed
> Bursteth the herb, so that each living wight
> In this fresh season waxeth glad and light."

But higher thoughts than those which brought to mind Chaucer's description of a gladsome spring morning were linked with that spot. From the field-path which crossed those soft green pastures, the eye passed onward over the little stream, to the quiet country town upon the slope of the opposite hill. The mass of houses where the slant sunbeams glanced upon many a window-pane, was Lutterworth, and the tower of the venerable church which rose above the town and crowned the summit of the hill, standing forth in the full bright sunshine, and in bold relief from a dark mass of purple clouds—that was the church where Wycliffe preached.

The very pastures, and the still waters of the stream were the same where once that godly shepherd looked round upon

the sphere which God had made his pastoral charge, and like the Psalmist, beheld in them the lovely types of spiritual comfort and heavenly refreshment to his flock.

Alas! the Englishman who stands shame-stricken upon the broad area of Smithfield, may well feel that the night season and its brooding darkness is best suited to the associations of that sad and memorable spot. But morning and the glad spring season of the year accord with Lutterworth. There the men of England may bless God from the fullness of their grateful hearts, that their own countryman was called forth to take the lead in the great struggle, which then commenced in this most favored land, for God's pure word of truth, and for the faithful preaching, and the free circulation of that blessed word.

A spring morning in the quiet pastures of Lutterworth, recalled the language of a higher, holier mind than that of Chaucer. Milton in his glorious words, has given the description of the dawn of heavenly day, from the black night of ignorance and error.

"When I recall to mind at last," he writes," after so many dark ages, wherein the huge, overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the Church; how the bright and blissful reformation (by divine power) struck through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny; methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears; and the sweet odor of the returning gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new erected banner of salvation, the martyrs with the unresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon. . . . . .

and our Wycliffe's preaching, was the lamp at which all the succeeding reformers lighted their tapers."

Lutterworth is a small market town in the neighborhood of Leicester. There the church may still be seen, where this great and early reformer of the English Church preached the Gospel of Christ crucified in its entireness and its simplicity. The very pulpit is the same from which he held forth the word of life to his people, and in the vestry is preserved the old oak chair in which, according to the tradition of the place, the pastor of Lutterworth died; this with a solid table, which is also said to have been his, came out of the old Rectory, when it was pulled down some fifty years ago. The church tower is a sort of land-mark to the country round, standing on the highest spot in the immediate neighborhood.

At Lutterworth, the name of Wycliffe, is still dear to the hearts of the people. Its pastors are faithful to that great commission, which Wycliffe first opened there. "Time was," said one—then preaching in that hallowed pulpit on the occasion of the putting up of a monument to the memory of Wycliffe in Lutterworth. "Time was when the name we meet to honor, was the very by-word of scorn; when they who avowed regard for it were hunted for their lives; when the books which are now preserved in libraries, as the most sacred of their treasures, were denounced as containing deadly poison; when the men who retained them after warning were committed to the flames. And now this man takes his place in the very first ranks of the world's benefactors: after the lapse of four centuries and a half, his memory is as fresh as ever; the very children in our cottages are taught to love their native place the better, because it was once his home, and afforded him a grave, and the simple announcement that we desire to *thank God for that which he wrought*, becomes a rallying cry for a whole neighborhood."

To all who venerate the great name of Wycliffe, I would recommend that eloquent Sermon, as a clear and admirable

digest of the Life and Doctrines of Wycliffe, well worthy of the cause of which the reformer was the meek but dauntless champion, and of the man whose memory the hearers of that Sermon met to honor!*

"A few years ago," the Rev. J. Hampden Gurney writes to me, "we erected a monument to the Memory of Wycliffe, with the assistance of many persons, bishops, judges, and others elsewhere, consisting of a bold relief, representing Wycliffe preaching from the open Bible to a group of attentive listeners, while on the opposite side two friars are looking fearful things at the plain-speaking parson. It was executed by Westmacott, Jun. The inscription is from the pen of the Rev. M. Le Bas:

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN WICLIF,
THE EARLIEST CHAMPION OF ECCLESIASTICAL REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.
HE WAS BORN, A. D. 1324;
PRESENTED TO THE RECTORY OF LUTTERWORTH. A. D. 1375,
WHERE HE DIED ON THE 31ST OF DECEMBER, 1384.

At Oxford, he acquired not only the fame of a consummate Schoolman, but the far more glorious title of "Evangelic Doctor." His life was one impetuous struggle against the encroachments and corruptions of the Papal Court, and the impostures of its devoted auxilaries, the mendicant fraternities. His labors in the cause of Scriptural truth were crowned with one immortal achievement, his translation of the Bible into the English tongue. This mighty work drew on him, indeed, the bitter hatred of all who were making merchandise of the popular credulity and ignorance; but he found an abundant reward in the blessings of his countrymen of every rank and age, to whom he unfolded the words of eternal life.

* A Sermon preached in Lutterworth Church, on Wednesday, Dec. 20, 1837, upon occasion of the erection of a monument to the Memory of Wycliffe. By the Rev. J. H. Gurney, M. A., Curate of Lutterworth. Published by Hamilton and Adams, London.

His mortal remains were buried near this spot; but they were not allowed to rest in peace. After the lapse of many years, they were dragged from the grave, and committed to the flames; and his ashes were cast into the waters of the adjoining stream. *

Most heartily do I respond to the recommendation, of one whose venerated name must be loved by all who love the pure scriptural faith of the Church of England, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, † "*Let* EACH PLACE WHERE THE MARTYRS SUFFERED RAISE A LASTING MEMORIAL, to shew their children, and lead them to inquire into the principles and actions of those to whom, under God, we are so deeply indebted for our present privileges and blessings—an Ebenezer of help which may strengthen us in holding fast the lively truths of God's word."

Here then it was, in this quiet fold, that that faithful servant of Christ, John Wycliffe proved so good a shepherd to the flock which his master had committed to his charge. Those who had seen him only in this retired country town, meekly adorning in his daily practice, the heavenly doctrine which he set forth in such good old Saxon English on the Sunday, so that he might be 'understanded' of the plain people to whom he preached—those that had heard him simplifying, after the gospel plan of glorious plainness, the eternal truths of God's word to the lowliest of his flock, sitting beside the bed of the sick and the dying, and pleading with them for their perishing souls from the word of inspiration, in their native tongue, and thus becoming to the most unlettered peasant, an embassador for Christ; and then kneeling in prayer, and pleading meekly for a blessing on the words

* In speaking of the Pastors of Lutterworth I must not forget to mention that this parish was the sphere of the ministry of that truly "Gospel Doctor," Bishop Ryder, almost from the time of his taking holy orders, till he was made Bishop of Gloucester.

† See his preface to the English Martyrology. Published by Seeleys.

which he had spoken—those that had seen him there and then, might never have supposed, that in that "poor parson of a country-town," they beheld the skillful doctor of the schools, unrivaled in scholastic divinity, and able to vanquish in argument the most renowned scholars of his times. Thus Fuller speaks of his residence in Oxford. "As for this our Wycliffe, history at the very first meets with him a man full grown, yea, a graduate of Merton College in Oxford. The fruitful soil of his natural parts he had industriously improved by acquired knowledge, not only skilled in the fashionable acts of that age, and in that abstruse, crabbed divinity, all whose fruit is thorns, but also well versed in the Scriptures; a rare accomplishment in those dayes. His public acts in the schools he kept with great approbation, though the echo of his popular applause sounded the alarum to awaken the envy of his enemies against him."

"The faculties of this eminent scholar were surrendered to the cold occupation of legal inquiries, and to that world of subtle questions which had been created by the schoolmen. But a complete knowledge of the ground and tactics of the enemy was not to be obtained at less hazard, or at less cost; and such pursuits would enable Wycliffe to unite serenity with ardor, and profound caution with daring enterprise." * Seven years he lived in Oxford, filling a professor's chair during the week, and a preacher's pulpit on the Sunday. "On the week-days" says Fuller, "in the schools proving to the learned what he meant to preach; and on the Lord's day, preaching in the pulpit what he had learned before; not unlike those builders in the second Temple, holding a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, his disputing making his preaching to be strong, his preaching making his disputation to be plain."

Of how great importance was such a professor, such a teacher, and such a preacher to the first University of the

* Vaughan.

realm, as Oxford then was, one who was a match for the most learned there in all the subtleties of Scholastic Divinity, and who was able to clear the Gospel Pearl from the heaps of rubbish, by which he found it smothered, and to hold it forth in its unsullied lustre as that one great treasure as freely offered to all, as it is really needed by all. Latin being then the common and conventional language of the scholar, the University was filled not merely by the youth of England, but by students from all parts of Europe. The mendicant friars were then swarming through the land, outwardly disavowing the luxury and avarice of the monks; but, with some right views of doctrine their teaching was generally error, their lives vicious and corrupt; they presented to imprisonment and even to death, all whom they found not of their order; "traveling to sow God's word among the people," and while they railed to the extortions of other ecclesiastics, they scrupled not to secure, by begging, the same spoil for themselves. These men made use of the mighty engine of preaching, to arrest the attention and captivate the affections of the people, and went every where preaching, but alas, not the pure Gospel of the inspired word, but the vain traditions, and absurd legends of superstition.

Wycliffe was fully persuaded of the high importance of preaching. He was admirably fitted for this glorious calling, which he followed with such wonderful success. The crying sins of his country had drawn down, not long before that time, the most awful calamities from God; a pestilence of frightful and fatal character, such as has scarcely been known in the annals of the world, ravaged every part of Europe. It had continued for two years, spreading from place to place, while earthquakes succeeded one after another. And at last, the plague had reached the shores of England. Heavy rains had fallen with scarce any intermission, from June to December, and in the August of the following year the pestilence broke out at Dorchester, and raged every where with dreadful virulence.

Wycliffe had been spared in this awful visitation, and the impression made upon him by the severity and goodness of God was deep and abiding. He stood forth as one who had been saved from the heavy wrath and hot displeasure of God, to warn others, out of the heart-felt conviction of his own bosom, to flee from the wrath to come. All the advantages of knowledge and learning which the mendicants possessed, abounded in him. Above all, he was deeply versed in Holy Scripture. He was a man of prayer, and felt, to use his own words, that he "*needed the internal instruction of a primary teacher.*" He knew the value of an immortal soul, and the peril of the faithless or slothful teacher. "There is," said he, "manslaughter of negligence or carelessness, of which God speaketh by His prophet to each curate or priest. 'If thou speakest not to the people, that a wicked man keep from his evil way, he shall die in his wickedness. I will seek his blood at thy hand.'"

Like a distinguished prelate of our Church, the present Bishop of Ossory, Wycliffe gave to preaching the first place of all the labors of the ministry. "Most of all," he says, "is preaching of the Gospel." Again he writes, "The highest service that men may attain to on earth, is to preach the word of God; and," he adds, "the Church is honored most by the preaching of God's word; and hence this is the best service that priests may render unto God." Again, "Idleness in this office is to the Church its greatest injury, producing most the children of the fiend and sending them to his court . . . . . therefore preaching, if it be well done, is the best of all."

Who can wonder that such a man was a powerful and most successful preacher, as Chaucer doubtless said of him:

> "He was a learned man, also a clerk,
> That Christ's gospel truly would preach
> His parishioners devoutly would he teach."

The influence of his learning, his truth, his wisdom, his knowledge of God's word, and his plain and eloquent preach-

ing, was felt and acknowledged throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Simon de Islop, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Primate of England, describes him to be "a person on whose fidelity, circumspection, and industry he confided; and he appointed him warden of Canterbury Hall, the College in Oxford of which he was the founder, having fixed on him for that place for the honesty of his life, his laudable conversation, and knowledge of letters."

But Chaucer's portrait is perhaps the loveliest and most faithful limning that can be given of Wycliffe as a clergyman of those times, and a faithful preacher of the gospel:

'A good man of religion did I see,
And a poor parson of a town was he:
But rich he was of holy thought and work,
He also was a learned man, a clerk,
And truly would Christ's holy gospel preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
And patient when adversity was sent;
Such had he often proved, and loathe was he,
To curse for tithes and ransack poverty;
But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
Unto his poor parishioners about,
Of his own substance and his offerings too.
His wants were humble, and his needs but few.
Wide was his parish—houses far asunder—
But he neglected nought for rain or thunder.
In sickness and in grief to visit all
The farthest in his parish, great and small:
Always on foot, and in his hand a stave,
This noble example to his flock he gave;
That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught,
Out of that Gospel he that lesson caught,
And this new figure added he thereto—
That if gold rust, then what should iron do?
And if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
No wonder if an ignorant man should rust:
And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
To see an obscene shepherd and clean sheep.
Well ought a priest to all example give,
By his pure conduct, how his sheep should live.
He let not out his benefice for hire,
Leaving his flock encumber'd in the mire,

While he ran up to London, or St. Paul's,
To seek a well-paid chantery for souls;
Or with a loving friend his pastime hold,
But dwelt at home and tended well his fold:
So that to foil the wolf he was right weary,
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary,
And though he holy was and virtuous,
He was to sinful men full piteous;
His words were strong, but not with anger fraught,
A love benignant he discreetly taught.
To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness,
And good example was his business.
But if that any one were obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him would he sharply check with altered mien,
A better parson there was no where seen.
He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense;
But Jesu's love, which owns no pride or pelf,
He taught—but first he followed it himself."

But it was not his custom to protest against particular errors or vices. He condemned the whole system of the mendicants, both in its principles and in its practice, showing it to be most unlike the poverty of the Lord Jesus Christ and his disciples. Yet even in the true spirit of Christian liberty, he taught, that "men ought while destroying their errors to save their persons; desiring only to bring them to that living which Christ ordained for priests."

I can not refrain from here giving the well known story of Wycliffe's answer to the Mendicant Friars, whose gross hypocrisy and ceaseless extortions, he failed not to make the object of his honest indignation and severe invective even to the end of his life.

While lying, worn out by his labors and the persecutions he endured, very sick upon his bed, "certain friars came to him to counsel him, and when they had babbled much unto him as touching the Catholic Church, and of acknowledging his errors, and of the Bishop of Rome; Wycliffe being moved with the foolishness and absurdity of their talk, with a stout stomach, setting himself upright in his bed, repeated this say-

ing out of the Psalms (Psalm cxviii. 17), "I shall not die but live, and declare the noble works of the Lord."

But the great work and achievement of John Wycliffe was, the translation of the Holy Bible into the English tongue. In that glorious volume he not only did much to fix the language of his country to the pure Saxon English,* which excels all other for force and clearness, and for simple beauty of expression; but he gave to the people of his own country the word of God, in the pure and noble language of their household circles, making the saving truths of God's blessed word plain to every Englishman in his native tongue, and by so doing, began most effectually to drain off the stagnant and unwholesome pools of human tradition, and to open the pure wells of living water, which had long been choked up, by them whose office it was to keep them ever pure and glowing; and for this great labor of love, the Popish Knighton, the unceasing and inveterate enemy of Wycliffe and his pure Bible doctrines, brought against him an accusation which is his highest praise. "Christ delivered His gospel to the clergy and doctors of the Church, that they might administer to the laity, and to waken persons according to the state of the times and the wants of man; but this Master John Wycliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and thus laid it more open to the laity, and to women who can read, than it formerly had been to the most learned of the clergy."

The great effort of Wycliffe's life seems to have been to be good, and to do good; to serve his generation of every class and condition, in every possible way—should we not say

* The Anglo Saxon which still continued to be the staple of the dialect of England, was at this time saturated with Norman words (no great number having been adopted into it since) and while Chaucer was laboring to *fix* the English tongue (its *winged* words) on principles of taste, among the courtiers and nobles, Wycliffe, perhaps even a more perfect master of it still, was establishing it yet more permanently, by knitting up into it the immortal hopes of the people at large and stamping it in a complete translation of the Bible, with "holiness to the Lord."—*Blunt's Sketch of the Reformation in England*, p. 94.

rather to give glory to God and to do honor to God. He was very jealous for the Lord of Hosts. To the service of God and of man, he brought a commanding genius, an apostolic zeal and energy, a mind stored with learning of every kind, an unwearied perseverance and undaunted courage, above all, a heart filled with love—that simplicity of purpose which always distinguishes a truly noble character—and that simplicity of feeling which is inseparable from an unspoiled, or I ought rather to say, a renewed heart. He who was acknowledged even by Archbishop Arundel, to be "a mighty clerk," whose skill in the scholastic discipline was incomparable, he who could dissect and expose the most subtle sophistries of the schools, and reason and triumph with the tongue of the learned, whose "great reputation fixed the eyes of the king and the government upon him, as the fittest person to vindicate his country from the ignominy and oppression of the Papal tribute, who was dispatched among other illustrious men as the representative of her ecclesiastical interests, in the embassy to Bruges, to the sanction of whose judgment, the King and Parliament of England resorted, when they resolved that the very marrow of the realm should no longer be drained out to pamper the greediness and ambition of a foreign court;"* this man could come down to the comprehension of the unlearned, speaking the pure, but homely English to which they were accustomed, with a simplicity, a tenderness, and a sweetness which is scarcely to be equaled; here is a specimen:

"How much the higher a hill is, so much is the wind there greater; so how much higher the life is, so much stronger is the temptation of the enemy. God playeth with his child when he suffereth him to be tempted, as a mother rises from her much beloved child, and hides herself, and leaves him alone, and suffers him to cry, Mother, mother, so that he looks about, cries and weeps for a time, and at last

* Le Bas.

when the child is ready to be overset with troubles and weeping, she comes again, clasps him in her arms, and kisses him, and wipes away the tears. So our Lord suffereth his loved child to be tempted and troubled for a time, and withdraweth some of his solace and full protection, to see what his child will do; and when he is about to be overcome by temptations, then he defendeth him, and comforteth him with his grace. And therefore, when we are tempted, let us cry for the help of our Father, as a child cries after the comfort of its mother. For whoso prayeth devoutly, shall have help oft to pray, and profits much to establish the heart in God, and suffers it not to bow about, now into this, and now into that. The fiend is overcome by busy and devout prayer, and becomes as feeble and without strength to them that are strong and persevering in devout prayers. Devout prayer of a holy soul, is as sweet incense which driveth away all evil savors, and enters up by odor of sweetness into the presence of God."

Were I giving a history of Wycliffe I might speak of the extraordinary discrimination of this wonderful man, as he undoubtedly was, in clearly perceiving and accurately defining, and most triumphantly confuting almost every error of the Church of Rome; and this in those times of spiritual darkness and thralldom. In reading also the list and the account of the views of doctrine which he held, we might almost suppose that we were reading the confession of faith of some learned and enlightened Protestant of our own day. His thorough knowledge of the Word of God is the secret that explained this most striking fact.

But we may be told that Wycliffe did not suffer in the fires of martyrdom. Is he only a martyr, who gives his body to be burnt? Does he not also live the life of a martyr, who may be said not only by the inner conflict, common to every child of God, but by the constant expectation and peril of imminent martyrdom, to die daily? Was he not in deaths oft, over whose head a naked sword hung suspended by a single

thread? And to speak with deepest reverence, was there less of the suffering of martyrdom in the mental agony of the garden of Gethsemane, than in the bodily crucifixion (speaking here only of the bodily portion of our Lord's suffering) on Mount Calvary? It is the apprehension of the mind within the man, that imparts its chief terrors to the sufferings he may be called upon to endure in the body. The fear of a surgical operation gives an excruciating poignancy to the pain inflicted on the flesh; a limb suddenly broken by a fall, or a wound inflicted unexpectedly by an unseen hand, could not, as to bodily torture, be named with the amputation of the same limb by the surgeon's knife.

What was Wycliffe's life for many years before his death, but one uninterrupted course of alarming peril? Every step he took, exposed him to fresh danger, almost every act of his public life brought him nearer to that persecution which ends in martyrdom.

He was fully aware that many of his foes were banded together to compass his death, and only waited for their opportunity to accomplish it, but he felt no alarm, he took no precautions. He had counted the cost of his warfare, and he was prepared for the worst that man could do unto him. In his Trialogus he contends for the necessity of constant preparation for martyrdom. "It is a satanical excuse," he says in the same treatise, "made by modern hypocrites, that it is not necessary now to suffer martyrdom, as it was in the primitive Church, because now all, or the greatest part, of living men are believers, and there are no tyrants who put Christians to death; this excuse is suggested by the devil, for if the faithful would now stand firm by the law of Christ, and as His soldiers endure bravely any sufferings, they might tell the Pope, the Cardinals, the Bishops and other Prelates, how departing from the faith of the Gospel, they minister unfitly to God, and what perilous injury they commit against His people," and he adds, "Instead of visiting pagans, to convert

them by martyrdom, let us preach constantly the law of Christ to princely prelates; martyrdom will then meet us speedily enough, if we persevere in faith and patience."

For many years, some of the highest in rank among his own countrymen held over him the shield of their powerful protection. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and Lord Henry Percy stood by Wycliffe's side when called to answer for himself before the Primate of the English Church, and the bigoted and violent William Courtney, Bishop of London.

When a second time brought up before the Archbishop and the rest of the Bishops in the Chapel at Lambeth, "when all men expected he should be devoured, being brought into the lion's den—then it was that Sir Lewis Clifford, himself a partisan of the reformer, came into the midst of the assembly, and bringing a message from the Queen Dowager, commanding the council not to pass any final sentence against Wycliffe, while the people clamored without for his release; and thus" says Fulier, "his person was saved out of the hands of his enemies, as was once the doctor's namesake," and they "feared the people, for all men counted *John*, that he was a prophet indeed."

When the University of Oxford, which had before protected him from the power of the Papal Bulls, five of which had been fulminated against him, condemned his doctrines, and banished the man who was their chief ornament; the Evangelic Doctor, as he had been named among them, when he was abandoned by the Duke of Lancaster, who bade him give up his novelties, and submit quietly to his superiors; then, when Wycliffe was left alone and unprotected by man —it pleased God in his wise providence, to shelter his faithful servant by the peculiar crisis of the times, the schism which took place in the Popedom. All Christendom was distracted by the claims and conflicts of the rival Popes, and thus the attention of the persecuting spirits of the day was turned away for a time from the bold heretic of distant England.

And now that Wycliffe was left alone and quite unprotected, like a truly noble spirit, he neither shrank from martyrdom nor sought it. He was to be found in his proper place, in his quiet parsonage and parish of Lutterworth. Summoned by Pope Urban the Sixth, to appear before him, and to answer for his heretical opinions at Rome, he was disabled by paralysis from undertaking so long and difficult a journey. He not only declined, however, to obey the summons, but in plainest terms, refused to acknowledge the power of the Bishop of Rome to summon a subject of the King of England before him. He protests, that if he might travel in person, he would with God's will, go to the Pope; but Christ had "needed" him, he adds, to the contrary, and to Christ's will it became both him and the Pope to submit, unless the Pope were willing to set up openly for Antichrist.

Not long after, he was seized with palsy in his own church, at Lutterworth, and died in peace two days after. "Admirable," says Fuller, in his quaint, but expressive style, "that a hare so often hunted, with so many packs of dogs, should die at last quietly, sitting in his form."

Forty-one years after his death, his body was taken up by the decree of the Council of Constance, from its quiet resting-place in the chancel of his own parish church. "Parsons, the Jesuit," says Fuller, "snarls at Mr. Foxe, for counting Wycliffe a martyr in his calendar, as so far from suffering violent death, that he was never so much as imprisoned for the opinion he maintained. But the phrase may be justified, in the large acceptance of the word, for *a witness of the truth*. Besides, the body of Wycliffe was martyred as to shame, though not to pain (as far as his adversaries' cruelty could extend), being taken up and burnt many years after his death." The ashes of the poor remains thus burnt, were thrown into the Swift, the little stream that flows close to the town of Lutterworth; "but the Swift did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn to the narrow seas, they into the main ocean.

And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is dispersed all the world over."

Those are not wanting who are busy to point out the faults of Wycliffe, but I may here remark, that it is a great mistake which men make in judging and writing of the great Reformers of the Christian faith, to assert that the cause is the less just or righteous, because its champions are human, and subject to the errors and the sins of human infirmity. Of the accusations brought against John Wycliffe, there is scarcely one which has stood the test of careful and patient sifting. And if they had been proved—what then? "We have this treasure (saith the Apostle) in earthen vessels," and he that shall endeavor to prove a picture of clay to be a pot of gold, will take great pains to little purpose. Who would wish to hide the faults of godly men? They that do so forget the pattern of the Holy Scriptures, in which the inspired writers put prominently forward the faults and infirmities of God's brightest saints: the faithlessness of faithful Abraham—the artifice of Jacob, a plain man—the angry impatience of Moses, the meekest of men—the impurity of David, the man after God's own heart—the deplorable foolishness of Solomon, the wisest of men—the earthly faithlessness of the devoted and spiritual-minded John—the time-serving, cowardly spirit of Peter, and the angry and unbecoming temper of the affectionate and tender Paul. Let those therefore who wish to search out the errors and the sins of godly saints, return to their Bibles for a wiser and better spirit, and surely they will learn to look upon Wycliffe, and Luther, Cranmer, and Latimer, as among the holiest and noblest uninspired disciples of that blessed and most gracious Master, whom they followed at an almost infinite distance, though nearer than most other men.

HADLEIGH CHURCH.

Hadleigh.

DR. ROWLAND TAYLER.*—SIR RICHARD YEOMAN.

"MAY we all, my brethren, each in his place, be kept faithful to our duty in this trying time. An arduous one at best it is. But it ought to be somewhat lightened, by our being forewarned of its difficulties. And we now know what is before us. A struggle—for I do trust we are united in a determination to struggle in this cause—a struggle with those who avow, that it is their purpose, at all hazards and at all costs, to *unprotestantize* the National Church; and who so far as they have already receded, acknowledge and proclaim that they are bound, and that they are resolved *to recede more and more from the principles* of the English Reformation."†

I could not lay down the book in which I had read these words, without thanking God from my heart for this plain, bold exhortation, from the learned Bishop of Ossory. This is indeed a trying time in which we live, it is a sifting time, and they who are built upon a quicksand, will neither be able to teach others aright, or to stand firm themselves. Never did the Church of England more need pastors deeply learned in God's word, than at the present day; pastors whose faith is firmly planted on the rock. Not only is the Bishop of Rome, and the heretical Church of Rome, seeking to overturn our National Church; but the "ecclesiastical agitators" as they candidly style themselves, within the pale of our own Church,

* The name of the martyr is spelt Tayler on the old stone placed on the spot where he was burnt, and dated 1555.

† Bishop of Ossory's Charge, 2d edition, p. 211.

are doing all in their power to confuse and unsettle the pure and scriptural principles of the English Reformation. "I do hope," continues the Bishop of Ossory, "that these men will find that they have under-rated the attachment of the clergy, and of the people of England too, to the principles against which they have declared open war; that the astonishing success which has intoxicated them, and beguiled them into this salutary manifesto, has been the result of ignorance—most incomprehensible and inexcusable, but still real ignorance—of their designs, and that now they have unequivocally declared themselves, their success will come to an end."

When the faith once delivered to the saints, which is the vital principle of our Church, is assailed, we shall surely do well to contend earnestly for that faith. It is not the morbid sensitiveness of a little mind, but the godly jealousy of a large and enlightened mind, which forbids all tampering with the truth, and says with Luther, "Charity beareth all things, Faith nothing."

I laid down the Charge of the Bishop of Ossory to take up my pen, that I might give some account of Hadleigh, the next spot to which I would carry my reader with me, in my "Memorials of our English Martyrs." It is with no common feeling of interest that I retrace my steps to Hadleigh, the sphere to which I was first called to labor in the Ministry of the Church of England. Hadleigh, being a Peculiar in the diocese of Canterbury, though in the county of Suffolk—I was examined for Holy Orders in the Lollard's tower at Lambeth Palace; and as I set out for my curacy from Cambridge, where I had been ordained on Lefters Dimissory, I entered Hadleigh for the first time from Lavenham,* by the same way that Rowland Tayler came, when he last entered his parish, and passing along through the streets then lined with

* At Lavenham, Dr. Tayler was kept for two days by the Sheriff of Suffolk, who waited there till he was joined by a great number of gentlemen and justices upon great horses, who were all appointed to aid the Sheriff.

his weeping parishioners to Aldham Common, where he was burnt to death at the stake.

From the low sloping hills, which rise on almost every side of the old town at Hadleigh, I saw the steeple of the venerable church rising among the trees, and soon after I looked down upon the winding river, and the green meadows, and the bridge, and the ancient houses of the town. It was at

BRIDGE AT HADLEIGH.

the bridge foot, that a poor man was waiting with his five small children, who, when he saw Dr. Tayler come riding over the bridge, he and his children fell down upon their knees, and held up their hands, and cried with a loud voice, and said, "O dear father, and good shepherd Dr. Tayler! God help and succor thee, as thou hast many a time, succored me and my poor children." "Such witness," adds Foxe, "had the servant of God, of his virtuous and charitable alms given in his lifetime: for God would now that the poor should testify of his good deeds, to his singular comfort, to the example of others, and confusion of his persecutors and tyrannous adversaries. For the Sheriff and others that led him to

death, were wonderfully astonied at this, and the Sheriff rebuked the poor man for so crying."

It is recorded, that Suffolk was the first county in England, in which the scriptural principles of the Reformation took deep root. It is well known, that on the active persecution of the followers of Wycliffe, many of the itinerant preachers of the true and holy doctrines which he taught, came into the eastern counties, and spread throughout Norfolk and Suffolk, the pure "faith once delivered to the saints." There Sir George Sautre, the first martyr to those doctrines, preached the Gospel. Thither also came afterward the celebrated Bilney—Saint Bilney, as Foxe calls him—preaching Christ crucified in godly simplicity wherever he went. The spiritualities of the diocese of those counties, were also at one time held in commission by Dr. Rowland Tayler and Dr. Wakefield, who, according to Strype, were appointed by Archbishop Cranmer when the Popish Bishop of Norwich resigned his see in the reign of Edward the Sixth.

Norfolk and Suffolk were thus, as it were, as a soil prepared for the good seed of the word of God. The men of Suffolk were alike distinguished for their devoted attachment to the truth and their loyal adherence to Queen Mary, supporting her title to the crown of England in preference to the claims of the Protestant Lady Jane Gray, simply because they knew Mary to be the rightful heir. They had stipulated with Mary for liberty of conscience in regard to their faith, before they put the crown upon her head and openly declared for her, and received this answer that, "she meant graciously not to compel or strain other men's consciences otherwise than God should, as she trusted, put in hearts a persuasion of the truth, through the opening of his word unto them;" but the Queen broke her word, when power was in her hands repeating her promise in a proclamation with this addition, "until such time as further orders by common assent may be taken therein."

Hadleigh was, it appears, well worthy of the godly county of Suffolk. "The town of Hadleigh," writes John Foxe, "was one of the first that received the word of God in all England, at the preaching of Master Thomas Bilney, by whose industry the Gospel of Christ had such gracious success, and took such root there, that a great number of that parish became exceedingly well learned in the Holy Scriptures, as well women as men, so that a man might have found among them many that had often read the whole Bible through, and that could have said a great part of St. Paul's Epistles by heart, and very well and readily have given a godly learned sentence in any matter of controversy. Their children and servants were also brought up and trained so diligently in the right knowledge of God's word, that the whole town seemed rather a University of the learned, than a town of cloth-making or laboring people; and (what most is to be commended) they were for the more part faithful followers of God's word in their living."

After Bilney's martyrdom, Thomas Rose kept up the preaching of God's word at Hadleigh for six years, till on suspicion of being concerned in the burning of the rhood at Dovercourt, near Harwich, he was arrested on the charge of heresy, and committed to the Bishop of Lincoln's prison in Holborn.

To Hadleigh, though many efforts were made by his friends there to procure his recall, he did not return; however, he came to Stratford, a village about six miles on the London side from Hadleigh, and there remained preaching the Gospel for three years, so that his faithful friends at Hadleigh had frequent opportunities of communicating with him, and attending his ministry.

In the year 1544, Archbishop Cranmer presented the living of Hadleigh to his Chaplain, Dr. Rowland Tayler, and at Hadleigh this good and learned man fixed his residence, and soon endeared himself to his flock, by the faithfulness of his

preaching, the consistent godliness of his life, and the hearty kindness of his disposition. The character which Foxe gives of Rowland Tayler is so beautiful, that I can not resist introducing it word for word—

"He was a right perfect divine, and parson; who at his first entering into his benefice did not, as the common sort of beneficed men do, let out his benefice to a farmer, that shall gather up the profits, and set in an ignorant unlearned priest to serve the cure, and so have the fleece, little or nothing care for feeding the flock: but contrarily, he forsook the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Cranmer, with whom he before was in household, and made his personal abode and dwelling in Hadleigh, among the people committed to his charge; where he, as a good shepherd, abiding and dwelling among his sheep, gave himself wholly to the study of Holy Scripture, most faithfully endeavoring himself to fulfill that charge which the Lord gave unto Peter, saying: "Peter, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs, feed my sheep, feed my sheep." This love of Christ so wrought in him, that no Sunday nor holy-day passed, nor other time when he might get the people together, but he preached to them the word of God, the doctrine of their salvation.

"Not only was his word a preaching unto them, but all his life and conversation was an example of unfeigned Christian life and true holiness. He was void of all pride, humble and meek, as any child: so that none were so poor but they might boldly, as unto their father, resort unto him: neither was his lowliness childish or fearful, but as occasion, time, and place required, he would be stout in rebuking the sinful and evil doers; so that none was so rich but he would tell him plainly his fault, with such earnest and grave rebukes as became a good curate and pastor. He was a man very mild, void of all rancor grudge or evil will, ready to do good to all men, readily forgiving his enemies, and never sought to do evil to any."

It is a remarkable circumstance, that Dr. Tayler, like his parishioners at Hadleigh, was greatly indebted to Mr. Bilney for the knowledge of the truth. Bilney with his friend and associate Latimer, had been the two great instruments of introducing the pure faith of the Gospel at Cambridge: and at that time Tayler was a resident at that University. There Bilney's holy life and extraordinary influence, and Latimer's plain and faithful preaching, while they stirred up the rancor of the Popish party, and drew down upon them a fierce and powerful persecution, won over to the truth the hearts and consciences of all single-minded inquirers. Rowland Tayler was one of these, resembling Bilney in his modesty and learning, and Latimer in the dauntless spirit and hearty simplicity of his character. Such a pastor, and such a preacher (and Dr. Tayler was by all accounts a most powerful preacher, having been appointed by Cranmer as one of his preachers at Canterbury), would be most welcome to the good people of Hadleigh, prepared as they were to receive and value him.

I recall with pleasure, the old town of Hadleigh, as it first appeared to me, nearly thirty years ago—the broad high street, with a few modern houses planted here and there among its old buildings and lowly cottages—the green churchyard, and the spacious and venerable church—the noble tower which forms the gateway of the old rectory house, with little more than the space of a carriage-drive between that and the church-tower. It was a bright sunny day in spring, and lilacs and syringas were blooming in the cottage gardens, and women sitting at their spinning wheels before their cottage doors, and children playing in the street. I recall with gratitude, the cordial welcome I received at the rectory, where I was at once greeted as a friend by the kind, simple-hearted rector, and his household, and during the five years that I remained at Hadleigh, the affection that I met with from them, was that shown to a son and a brother. I recall with gratitude, also, the kindness and affection of the people of

Hadleigh, toward a young inexperienced curate, as I then was, a mere novice in every sense, though really interested in my holy calling, and desiring to do what is right in my Master's service. I have seen many changes since I left Hadleigh, and met with kindness and attention in many places; but seldom have I found more genuine warmth of heart, than in that old country town, and that pleasant rectory. The ancient red brick rectory tower though built in the reign of Henry the Seventh, by a Dr. Pykenham, at that time the rector of Hadleigh, stands as sound and entire as if but lately erected. The ground story is chiefly taken up by the gateway—on the left side is a kind of dungeon, on the right, the spiral stone staircase leading to the chambers above. Immediately over the gateway of Dr. Pykenham's tower, as it is called, was the study of Rowland Tayler. One of its turrets forms a small oratory, and an old painting of the interior of the church, as it was in former days, is upon the wall above the fire-place. Part of the boards in the floor of this old room, form a trap door to a little chamber beneath, in which a tall man can not stand upright; but where, in times of danger, a person might find a safe and convenient retreat. There is a story current, which those who tell it do not believe, that Rowland Tayler was hidden in this secret chamber, and that he either escaped, or was dragged out through the little window; but the character of so bold and fearless a champion of the truth, gives the lie to the bare supposition; and one thing is certain, that no man of the bulk of the stout-hearted and stout-bodied parson of Hadleigh, could possibly have been squeezed through the narrow mullions of that small window. Another place of concealment was very lately discovered in this tower, a recess in the wall of a small oratory which is in one of the corner turrets—this recess is spacious enough for a man to lie there, at his full length—and is so formed, that he who lay concealed in it might hear distinctly every word spoken in the larger and outer apartment. It is

high in the wall above a door-way, and can only be reached by a ladder. In this recess were found a great number of peach stones, and it was conjectured that the fruit had been given for food or refreshment to the person concealed there.—The ancient tower seems to have been the only part of the rectory house built in Henry the Seventh's reign. The house, which since I left Hadleigh has been taken down, was evidently of a much later date, it was large and contained some good rooms, but was slightly built, and stood apart from the tower, and a communication had been made to it by a covered way.

Hadleigh Church is, from its size, a noble and spacious edifice, with nothing remarkable in its architecture. It is celebrated, not only as the building in which Rowland Tayler preached, but as the spot where Guthrun the Dane, who was converted by King Alfred, was buried in the year 889; Hadleigh was then the capital, or head-liege, where the royal convert fixed his residence, when the government of East Anglia was given to him. A floryed Gothic arch of a much later age, upon the southern wall of the church, marks the grave of the Danish warrior. Dr. Drake relates, that in the year 1767, the tomb of Guthrun was opened, and a massy grave of stone was found, the bottom of which was tesselated with small square glazed tiles, and covered with some light blue ashes. It is also recorded of Hadleigh Church, that the rector of the parish, in the time of Cromwell, a Dr. Goad, finding that a party of ignorant fanatics were entering the church on a work of spoliation, armed himself, and taking his stand within the communion-rails, defended the communion-table at the risk of his life.

There are no written records relating to Rowland Tayler to be found in Hadleigh. I remember when a resident there, passing the greater part of a day in the vestry, in company with my late kind and excellent friend Dr. Drake, searching the documents laid up in the parish chests, for some inform-

ation concerning the noble martyr; but no papers of that period were to be found, whether purposely destroyed, or removed, we could not discover.

The town of Hadleigh, containing about four thousand inhabitants, chiefly consists of one long street of houses, nearly a mile in length, with two other streets branching off at right angles from the high street. At the end of one of these streets, stand the alms-houses, with their little lowly chapel in the

ALMSHOUSES AT HADLEIGH.

midst. There I was accustomed to read prayers once a week to the old people, where, doubtless, good Dr. Tayler had often assembled the little flock of aged pensioners. There I always found, while flowers were to be gathered in his little garden, a posy laid upon the desk for me by the gentle old man who officiated as clerk—thyme and rosemary were never absent from that little nosegay of his gayest and sweetest flowers. Often have I stood before the last of those small dwellings, with my eyes fixed upon the casement, through which the kind-hearted pastor flung in his glove, in which he had put all the money that remained of his little store, as he was led by that way to Aldham Common. Never was a more

shameful, or a more noble spectacle, than when that faithful pastor rode along through the streets of his own parish, turning to his weeping flock as he passed through them, and repeating the same words, "I have preached to you God's word and truth, and am come this day to seal it with my blood." A steep lane, with high banks on either side, leads up to the spot where Rowland Tayler was burnt. The distance is but short, and from thence, the tops of the houses, and the church-steeple are seen beneath. It was then an open common, but is now a wide inclosed field: and at some distance beyond, the little tower of Aldham Church may be seen, from whence the Popish priest, "master Averth," was brought by Clark and Foster to perform the service of the mass in Rowland Tayler's Church. An old rude stone marks the very spot

THE MARTYRS' STONE.

where this servant of Christ stood erect at the stake, and upon it these words are still to be read: "1555, D. Tayler in defending that was good, at this plas left his Blode." My rector, Dr. Hay Drummond, in conjunction with Dr. Drake and some others, placed a monument on this spot, which bears the following inscription, written by himself:

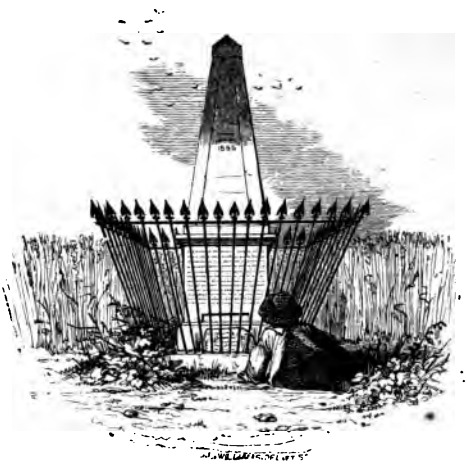
"THIS IS THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH THE WORLD, EVEN OUR FAITH."—John v. 4.

Mark this rude stone, where Tayler dauntless stood,
Where zeal infuriate drank the Martyr's blood:

Hadleigh! that day how many a tearful eye,
Saw thy lov'd Pastor dragged a victim by;
Still scattering gifts and blessings as he past
"To the blind pair" his farewell arms were cast:
His clinging flock, e'en here, around him pray'd,
"As thou hast aided us, be God thine aid,"
Nor taunts, nor bribe of mitred rank, nor stake,
Nor blows, nor flames, his heart of firmness shake:
Serene—his folded hands, his upward eyes,
Like holy Stephen's, seek the opening skies:
There fixed in rapture, his prophetic sight
Views truth dawn clear on England's bigot night;
Triumphant saint! He bowed, and kissed the rod,
And soared on seraph wing to meet his God.

On the back is inscribed—

THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED 1819, BY PRIVATE SUBSCRIPTION.



THE MARTYRS' STONE—MODERN

The Rev. R. Yeoman, Curate to Dr. Tayler, after a series of the most cruel persecutions, which he endured with exemplary patience and fortitude, suffered martyrdom at Norwich, July 10, 1558.

I do not intend to relate in this paper the Story of Dr. Rowland Tayler; but I wish to awaken an interest in the subject, in those who are not already acquainted with it; and to induce them to read that story, word for word, in "Foxe's Acts and Monuments." It has been reckoned by many of admirable taste and judgment, to be one of the most beautiful and affecting records ever written, of the holy life, and cruel sufferings, and faithful death of a truly godly pastor. In every relation of life, Rowland Tayler appears to have adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. Bold and unflinching in his opposition to error, true to his trust, and faithful to his flock, walking simply and steadfastly in the path of duty, wherever it led; undismayed by danger or difficulty, whether rebuking the Popish priest, who had intruded into his own church, or turning to his faithful servant John Hull, and resisting his entreaties to save himself by flight, saying: "Oh John, shall I give place to this thy counsel and worldly persuasion, and leave my flock in this danger! Remember the good shepherd Christ, which not alone fed His flock, but also died for His flock, Him must I follow, and with God's grace will do; therefore good John, pray for me: and if thou seest me weak at any time, comfort me, and discourage me not in this my godly enterprise and purpose." Again, what can be more manly and more faithful, than his plain dealing with the wily Bishop Gardiner, when examined before him! What more lovely, than the tribute that he paid to the mild and holy Bradford, whose companion in the King's Bench prison he became; when he told his friends who came to visit him, "that God had most graciously provided for him, to send him to that prison, where he found such an angel of God to be in his company to comfort him." His cheerful spirit has been objected to by some; but they seem to have forgotten the rude simplicity of those days, and to have made but little allowance for the natural temperament of this extraordinary man. He was devout, solemn, and grave,

even to tenderness, when he spoke of parting from those he loved on earth, and going to meet a Master, for whose dear sake he suffered death: but about the mere putting off of the body of his death and the circumstances that attended it, he was calm and fearless, and could even jest, though without levity, on the indignities which would be offered to his mortal frame. Can any thing be much more affecting, than the account of his supper in the prison, with his wife and son, and his faithful servant John Hull, who were permitted through the gentleness of the keepers to come to him; or the scene of the following morning, when his wife and her two children, the one an adopted orphan, went to meet him from the porch of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, at two o'clock in the morn-

ST. BOTOLPH'S CHURCH, ALDGATE.

ing in the depth of winter, having watched all the night for his passing by; his interview also immediately after with his son and his faithful servant; when the latter lifted up the child, and set him on the horse before his father, and the father taking off his hat, lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and prayed for his son; then laid his hat on the child's head, and blessed him; and so delivered the child again to John Hull, whom he took by the hand and said; "farewell John Hull, the faithfulest servant that ever man had," "and so they rode forth," says Foxe, "the sheriff of Essex, with four yeoman of the guard, the Sheriff's men leading him."

The account of that journey from London to Hadleigh is full of interest, and the last scene that closed the earthly pilgrimage of this true soldier of the cross, who did indeed endure hardness, with a right cheerful spirit, is worthy of his life. No one of all the company present on that memorable spot where he suffered, was so calm, or self-possessed as the martyr himself. Though forbidden to speak, he would not be prevented, but said again, with a loud voice: "Good people, I have taught you nothing but God's holy word, and those lessons which I have taken out of God's blessed Book, the holy Bible; and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." He was much loved by his flock, and one of them, a poor woman, with a resolute spirit, when he kneeled down and prayed, pressed forward and knelt down beside him. The wretches who conducted the execution, attempted to drive her back, but she would not move, but prayed with him. Even to the last, he was ill-treated and insulted, but holding up both his hands, he called upon God and said; "merciful God of heaven, for Jesus Christ, my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into Thy hands." "Then stood he still," continues Foxe, "without either crying or moving, with his hands folded together." He seems not even to have muttered a groan in the midst of the flames, while they raged around him. At last a drunken fellow named Soyce, struck him on the head with a halbert, when his brains fell out, and the dead corpse fell down into the fire.

Let those who think little of the danger to which the Church of England is exposed in the present day, from the designs of the enemies of the Church of Christ, consider the life and the death of Rowland Tayler; and let them pause, before they conclude too hastily, that Popery has changed its character; and ask themselves, if for any other fault than that which Romanists call heresy, but which the Word of God declares to be the truth as it is in Jesus, this most learned, godly, and faithful pastor of Christ suffered martyr-

dom. Heretics, as we have before seen from the notes of the Roman Catholic Bible, may be punished with death.

Indifference, though utterly unlike prejudice, is alike the child of ignorance; and alas! where we find prejudice against the vital principles of the Christian faith, and indifference as to the fact of its essential difference from Romanism, we may usually trace them both back to one and the same source—ignorance—a deplorable and disgraceful ignorance of Christian truth.

To those who have searched the Scriptures diligently, and studied them honestly, with prayer for the light and teaching of the Holy Spirit—to those indeed who are not ignorant, the indifferent and liberal spirit of the present day, is a very painful subject of consideration. Alas, for that country where the religion of Jesus Christ is professed, but where men, ignorant of the Holy Scriptures are found among her legislators, and where the words of the Apostle might be addressed to some even of her ordained ministers: "when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God!"

I do the more deplore the indifference of which I speak, because I can well remember the time when I was of the same mind myself. I confess with shame and sorrow, that I was once indifferent, and that when I was indifferent, I was ignorant, *indifferent* because *ignorant*. But I can now declare from my heart, that the more I have searched the word of the living God, and the more I have studied and calmly considered the whole system of Popery, the more entirely have I come round to the mind of one of the greatest divines of the present day, "one of whose paragraphs would have made another man's sermon;" that Romanism, in the guise of religion, is really a conspiracy to invade the prerogative of Jehovah; to usurp the thrones of kings, to subvert every government founded in equity; and to debase and enslave the universe, by seducing, corrupting, and de-

moralizing mankind. He has been dead more than twenty years, but he proved that he had thoroughly considered the subject, and he anticipated the times in which we are now living, when he said that he "had beheld with grief and indignation, the ceaseless endeavors of apostate Rome, to invade a constitution which Protestantism has consecrated to religion, to loyalty, and to liberty; and to insinuate herself into the rights and privileges of the Church, whose doctrines breathe the primitive purity of the Christian Religion."— Fully would he have concurred in an admirable remark of a late editor of the Christian Observer; that "the signs of the times, and the effort made to weaken the Protestant Church, and to encourage the Church of Rome, clearly show that the whole question of the Reformation must be taken up anew, as our godly Reformers took it up, upon scriptural grounds. The only solid argument upon which we can fall back with confidence is, that Popery is anti-scriptural, and that it is our duty to oppose it, and to go to the stake, as the godly Martyrs did, rather than embrace it."

When a young curate at Hadleigh, I looked upon Popery as a mass of exploded error. I thought, with many others, that the men of the present day were too enlightened, and the age in which we live too advanced, for it to be possible that any one of sound intellect should take up seriously a system so utterly opposed to pure and vital truth. I could not help wondering, as I turned over the pages of some of the old sound divines of our Church, that they should have thought it necessary to write so many pages about the Romish Apostasy, and to bring before their readers so many strong and decided protests against the pretensions of the Church of Rome. Usher and Barrow, and those giants of other days, had been fighting with, what appeared to me, only a huge and almost fabulous chimera.

I remember also laying down with pity for the confined ideas of the writer a little treatise on Popery, written by a

modern author, which was put into my hands at Hadleigh, remarking as I did so, that such works were not needed at the present day.

I looked with sorrow and indignation upon the Martyr's Stone, as I stood on Aldham Common; for who could stand on that spot unmoved? but I felt also a joyful confidence that the spell of that frightful and spiritual thralldom was forever broken; that whatever might be the dangers of the times, the Romish superstition was no longer one among them, and when I opened a fine old volume of the Acts and Monuments of John Foxe, in the library of the Rectory Tower, it was only to close it again, believing that it belonged to the doings and the dangers of times long gone by, that I might be better employed than in searching into the accounts given of that corrupt and apostate Church—when she possessed the power to persecute and to kill. I regarded her as in her last state of decay—that decay which in a body politic, as in the body physical, is the natural and necessary consequence of a state of corruption.

But now I open Foxe's Book of Martyrs with very different feelings. I pause and reflect as I read page after page of his truthful records.

I feel that the Book of Martyrs is truly a book for the present times, and for all times, till Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots and abominations of the earth, which did corrupt the earth with her fornications, and was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls: in whom is found the blood of prophets and saints, and of all that were slain upon the earth, is fallen—is fallen. I saw with gratitude and with joy, the costly reprint of the work of the honest Martyrologist, by Messrs. Seeley, and only regret that it is not printed also in so cheap a form, that it may be read and re-read by all classes even to the lowest and poorest.

Much has been written to disprove the statements, and to

throw doubt and suspicion upon the testimony of the venerable historian of those days of dark and deadly superstition. But there is an argument for the truth of John Foxe's volumes, which can not be set aside; the argument that the book bears in itself, of the genuine truth and faithfulness of the writer. It thus commends itself to every unprejudiced reader, and bears in itself internal evidence to the truth of the writer's statements, and the soundness of his views. It proves to us by facts, which are the best arguments, that Popery, while it "forms manacles and mufflers for the human mind," forges weapons to destroy the happiness of God's creatures. And it insults Christianity, by the monstrous caricature which it presents of its principles and its institutions.

But I return with my reader, to the monument of Rowland Tayler, and the old rude stone which was placed upon the spot, where that noble confessor of the truth us it is in Jesus, poured out his blood at the stake. I bid him read with me the inscription on the old brass plate, which is affixed to the pillar opposite the rector's pew, in Hadleigh Church:

"GLORIA IN ALTISSIMO DEO."

Of Rowland Tailor's fame I shew
  An excellent devyne,
And doctor of the civill lawe,
  A preacher rare and fine.

Kinge Henrye and Kinge Edward's dayes
  Preacher and parson here,
That gave to God contynuall prayer,
  And kept his flocke in fear.

And for the truthe condemned to dye,
  He was in fierye flame
Where he received patyentlie
  The torment of the same.

And strongly suffered to th' ende,
  Which made the standers by
Rejoice in God to see their frende
  And pastor so to dye.

Oh Tailor, were thie myghtie fame
Uprightly here inrolde,
Thie deides deserve that thie good name
Were siphered here in golde.

Obiit Anno Dni, 1555.

The excellent and pious wife of Rowland Tayler, remained for a short time at the Rectory, after her husband was summoned to appear before Bishop Gardiner. It is said, that she and her children were forced to leave their home, by one Robert Bracher, a Popish priest who came down to Hadleigh. She is described by John Foxe, as an honest, discreet, and sober matron; and of her children he says, they were well nurtured, brought up in the fear of God and good learning. Whether she ever came back, we are not told; but here is a passage in one of Bradford's letters: I met with it in turning over the volumes containing his remains, in which we find Bradford offering a shelter to the wife of his dear friend, Master Humphrey Hales, during her confinement. "I have caused a place to be provided for your wife's deliverance," he writes, "where she may so safely and quietly remain, that for the avoiding of the perils and dangers of these days, I see none more convenient. I mean it in Hadleigh, at Dr. Tayler's house, where I trust there is no peril to youward, nor to any that feareth or regardeth any peril that thereby may happen." This letter is dated the 5th of August, 1554, but I can not help thinking that there may be a mistake in the date; for one can hardly suppose, that Hadleigh Rectory after the apprehension of Rowland Tayler, would be the safest place that could be found for a suspected person, who sought for a secret retreat in perilous times, unless indeed on the presumption that the nest which had been despoiled, both of the parent birds and their young, was not likely to be searched again. When Dr. Tayler was forced to leave his parish and his family, his place was supplied by an aged and godly minister, Richard Yeoman, who had been before Dr. Tayler's curate. Rich-

ard Yeoman was well read in the Holy Scriptures, and fed his flock with the good food which God has supplied in His word for his sheep. But the living of Hadleigh now came into the possession of one Master Newall, a Popish priest, who did not come immediately to reside there, but driving out the good old curate, he put in his place a Popish curate to keep up there the Romish religion. The adventures of this good man seem to have been from that time until his death, little else but a series of persecutions. Aged as he was—for he was upward of seventy—he would not consent to be a slothful servant of the master whom he loved. Like the itinerant followers of John Wycliffe; and like the Protestant colporteurs of France, he wandered from place to place, seeking to spread, wherever he went, the pure doctrines of the faith for which he suffered. "Then wandered he a long time from place to place," says Foxe, "moving and exhorting all men to stand faithfully by God's word, earnestly to give themselves unto prayer; with patience to bear the cross now laid upon them for their trial, with boldness to confess the truth before their adversaries, and with an undoubted hope to wait for the crown and reward of eternal felicity." But when he perceived his adversaries to lie in wait for him, he went into Kent. He went forth in humble guise as a peddler, with a little packet of laces, pins, and points, and such like ware. And he went from place to place selling his goods, thus seeking to earn something toward the support of his poor wife and children. In Kent, however, Yeoman found himself again in danger, for there he fell into the hands of a noted persecutor, a justice named Moyle, who set the good old pastor in the stocks a day and a night. Yeoman returned after this secretly to Hadleigh, and for more than a year he was concealed in the Town House or Guildhall. He was locked up in a chamber, and passed his time in devout communion with his God, and in carding wool which his poor wife spun. His wife was accustomed during the time that her husband thus lay hid,

to go to those of his flock, who had loved and valued the ministrations of their godly curate, to beg bread and meat for herself and her children.

The new Popish rector at length discovered the retreat of Richard Yeoman, suspecting probably that his wife was supporting him by the alms she collected, in some place of concealment. With heartless cruelty he determined to apprehend the good old man, and taking with him the bailiff's deputies and servants, he came by night, and broke open five doors, and came at last into the chamber where the aged pastor was in bed with his wife and children. With disgusting indecency of speech and action, he attacked the good minister and his wife, and endeavored to drag the clothes off their bed. Yeoman, however, held the clothes fast, saying to his wife, "Wife arise, and put on thy clothes;" and to the brutal priest he said, "Nay, parson, no harlot, nor whore, but a married man and his wife, according unto God's ordinance; blessed be God for holy matrimony."

Good old Yeoman was then taken to the cage, and set in the stocks till it was day. There he found a poor man named John Dale, who had been sitting in the stocks three or four days, for somewhat roughly upbraiding Newall and his curate, while performing the Romish service in Hadleigh Church.

In the cage Yeoman and Dale were kept till Sir Henry Doyle, the justice came to Hadleigh. On his arrival, Newall urged him strongly to send both the heretics to prison. "Sir Henry Doyle," says Foxe, "earnestly labored and entreated the parson to consider the age of the men and their poor estate," they were persons of no reputation, nor preachers, wherefore he would desire him to let them be punished a day or two, and so to let them go—at the least John Dale, who was no priest, and therefore seeing he had so long sitten in the cage, he thought it punishment enough for this time. When the parson heard this, he was exceedingly mad, and in a great rage called them pestilent heretics unfit to live in the

commonwealth of Christians. Wherefore, I beseech you, Sir, quoth he, according to your office, defend holy Church, and help to suppress these sects of heresies, which are false to God, and thus boldly set themselves to the evil example of others against the Queen's gracious proceedings. Sir Henry Doyle seeing he could do no good in the matter, and fearing also his own peril, if he should too much meddle in this matter, made out the writ, and called the constables to carry them forth to Bury jail. So they took Richard Yeoman and John Dale pinioned, and bound them like thieves, set them on horseback and bound their legs under the horses' bellies, and so carried them to the jail at Bury, where they were tied in irons; and for that they continually rebuked Popery, they were thrown into the lowest dungeon, where John Dale, through sickness of the prison and ill-treatment, died in prison, whose body, when he was dead, was thrown out, and buried in the fields. He was a man of forty-six years of age, a weaver by his occupation, well learned in the Holy Scriptures, faithful and honest in all his conversation, steadfast in his confession of the true doctrine of Christ set forth in King Edward's time; for the which he joyfully suffered prison and chains, and from this worldly dungeon he departed in Christ to eternal glory, and the blessed paradise of everlasting felicity."

Richard Yeoman, after the death of John Dale, was sent to Norwich jail, where after strait and evil keeping he was examined of his faith and religion. Boldly and constantly the godly old minister declared and confessed himself to be of the faith and confession set forth by the late king of blessed memory—and from that confession he would never vary. Being required to submit himself to the Holy Father, the Pope, "I defy him," quoth he, "and all his detestable abominations. I will in no wise have to do with him, nor any thing that appertaineth to him." The chief articles objected to him, were on the subject of his marriage, and the mass-sacrifice. Wherefore, when he continued steadfast in con-

fession of the truth, he was condemned, degraded, and not only burnt, but most cruelly tormented in the fire. So ended he his poor and miserable life, and entered into the paradise of the Blessed enjoying with Lazarus the comfortable quietness that God hath prepared for his elect saints.

Sir Henry Doyle was at one time the friend as well as the parishioner of Rowland Tayler, and was accustomed to go with his godly pastor to visit and give alms to his poor parishioners; but he had received the word of God as he that receiveth the seed into stony places; and having no root in himself, his profession endured only for a while: and when tribulation and persecution arose because of the word, he was offended. After the imprisonment of Rowland Tayler, he kindly interceded for the curate of Hadleigh, and the honest and plain-spoken weaver, John Dale. Sir Henry Doyle was probably then by profession, a Papist, but moderate in his views and gentle in his disposition; but those who fall away from good to bad, must fall from bad to worse. When Alice Driver and Alexander Gooch were burnt at Ipswich, Sir Henry Doyle, then sheriff, was present, and would not suffer the poor victims to proceed in their devotions. They entreated to be allowed time for their prayer, saying, "Will you not suffer us to pray?" "Away to the stake with them," was the brutal reply of the sheriff. When they were bound to the stake, many came and shook hands with them. "Lay hands on them, lay hands on them," cried the enraged sheriff. When John Cooper also was hung, drawn and quartered, on the accusation of being a traitor, the stern and persecuting sheriff was Sir Henry Doyle.

The name of Sir Henry Doyle is still remembered in Hadleigh, and Overbury Hall, the residence of the Doyle family, is still standing. It was, when I last saw it, a fine old picturesque mansion, though not of much extent. I remember a pleasant parlor lined with small panels of dark oak. Behind the house were traces of its former spacious gardens;

a few old stately trees, and fish ponds half choked with weeds.

There are some old mansions still remaining in the town of Hadleigh; and at the commencement of the lane leading up to Aldham Common, lofty walls, built apparently at the time of the tower of Hadleigh Rectory, have doubtless inclosed a house of some importance. I think I have heard that a monastery once stood there; the remains of a large building within the walls, also of dark red brick, are now used as a barn. There was, I well remember, one house in the high street which I much admired, and often applied for, to reside in it. It then belonged to a wool-stapler. The answer I always received was, that it had been shut up for many years, and that it was used as a warehouse for wool, and could not be let to any one. Some relations, however, of its owner, were more successful than myself in their application to hire it. The rooms were emptied of the wool, and it was altered and repaired for its new tenants. It was of a very ancient date, its outer stuccoed wall adorned with quaint figures in bold relief, one of them David with the head of Goliath in his hand. The entrance was through wide gates, and a passage into a little court, surrounded on every side by the building. On the side of this passage wide doors opened into the hall, in which was a broad oaken staircase with large heavy balustrades of black oak. The ceilings of the upper rooms were paneled, and at the angle of every panel was some embossed device, curiously painted and gilt; one large parlor on the ground floor was my especial admiration, it was entirely lined with oaken panels, some of which I now possess, either beautifully fluted, or carved in scrolls; the ceiling was also of oak, every beam and cross-beam delicately reeded, so were the beams and panels of the graceful angular window which projected into the court; the doors were the most elegant part of the room, being not only of more ornamental paneling, but enriched in parts with open work, also in

carved oak, of vine-leaves and clusters of grapes. Above the paneling, on the south side of the room, in one or two places just under the ceiling were long, narrow, horizontal windows placed there apparently to let in the warmth and light of the sunny aspect—a luxury of light and warmth, since forbidden to us by the window tax. The greater part of this beautiful room was dismantled, and the window-frame and ceiling were about to be painted, but at my entreaty they were only covered with water-paint which might easily be washed off. But I must here finish my descriptions of dear old Hadleigh.

Other thoughts are awakened, when I think of the martyred rector of that old country town of Suffolk. I am more and more determined to endeavor to awaken others to the dangers to which the truly apostolical and evangelical Church of England is exposed from the threatening aspect of the times. We who love the pure and undefiled religion of the Bible, did not *begin* to agitate the question which is now convulsing all orders and classes of men throughout the empire. But we will not consent to sleep, while the enemy is so busily sowing tares among the wheat. It is not to attack, but to resist attacks, and to drive back assailants that we feel obliged to come forward; and from the pulpit, from the platform, and by the press, we will not cease to sound the trumpet of alarm as faithful watchmen over our flocks, and good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great captain of a Church, which, if faithful to him, must keep the field as a Church militant, and a Church protestant while here below.

"Many thought," writes the faithful champion of the truth, the Bishop of Ohio, in one of his admirable Charges to his clergy, that the "spirit of evil was laid when I published my last work, and that it came too late. I believed on the contrary that it was then continually gaining strength, and would be gaining, till, with its parent Popery, the Lord shall destroy it 'with the brightness of his appearing' in the day when the cry shall be heard 'Babylon is fallen, is fallen.'"

"Since then, it has been continually enlarging its influence, multiplying disciples, infecting partially those whom it did not poison entirely, and enfeebling the hold of the truth upon those whom it did not wholly pervert. It is now fast preparing minds in which it has not yet effected a lodgment. Every new publication of its leading organs exhibits some new development of designs, of tendencies, of results. It displays a boldness in avowing its objects, and uncovering its principles and springs, which once would have been its death.

"The whole aspect of the literature of the age, attests the truth of what the Lord's faithful watchman on the towers of the Church in India declares, that the controversy connected with the Tractarian movement is 'the most momentous struggle in which the Church has been engaged since the period of the blessed Reformation.' It is precisely and avowedly the same struggle as that of the Reformation. The object of the one side is boastfully published, to 'unprotestantize' the Church, to get back what the Reformation drove away. The main difference of circumstance is, that the Reformers were contending with Romanism in its dotage, with all its horrible corruption of morals around it to shame it; with all Europe groaning under its oppressions, and with all its poetic associations of antiquity drowned in the practical consciousness of its iniquity. The contest is now with Romanism, revived in its early youthfulness. The great adversary of the Church would not lay aside an instrument so precisely to his mind, and for centuries so triumphant. He could transform the dry tree into the green as easily as his magicians did once change their dry rods into active serpents. The work has been done. The old root of Rome, dead at the top, has thrown up in the midst of us a youthful sapling, vigorous, aspiring, full of life, 'heady, high-minded.' It is already a great tree. I believe most solemnly, that under this new shape, we have a revival of antichristian heresy and opposition to 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' which can not be dreaded too seriously, or resisted too

earnestly. There is no controversy of these times comparable with this. We have important controversies about the polity of the Church; this is about the very life of the Gospel."

In too many places, where the martyrs of our glorious Reformation suffered, their names have been long forgotten. It is not so at Hadleigh. There the name of Rowland Tayler is still familiar as a household-word. He was truly one of those remarkable men, whom the Lord God had raised up from time to time to fight the good fight of faith in the forefront of the battle, a man who might be classed in the list of those warriors, as one of the three mightiest was among David's captains. He would have said with the Psalmist, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." Never did his dauntless and masculine courage forsake him. When summoned by Gardiner to appear before him in London, and entreated by his Hadleigh friend to seek safety in instant flight, "Flee you," he replied, stoutly, "I am fully determined, with God's grace, to go before the Bishop, and to tell him to his beard, that he doth naught. Our Almighty Father will hereafter raise up teachers of His people, who shall instruct them with much more fruit and diligence than I have done. God will never forsake His Church, though now for a time He trieth and correcteth us, not without just cause. As for me, I am fully persuaded that I shall never be able to render such effective service to my gracious Lord, and that I shall never have so glorious a calling as at this present time." And what he said he would do, he was enabled to perform. After calling him knave, traitor, and heretic, the savage Chancellor exclaimed, "Thou villain, how darest thou look me in the face for shame: knowest thou not who I am?" "Yes, my Lord," said Rowland Tayler, "*I do* know who you are; you are Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor; yet but a mortal man I trow. How dare you, for shame, look any Christian man in the face; seeing you have forsaken the truth, denied our Sav-

iour Christ, and His word; and done contrary to your own oath and writing." Thus also when after a long confinement in prison, he was brought before ten of the Popish Bishops, and condemned by those, his inhuman judges, because he denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, and maintained his right, as a minister of Christ, to be a married man, &c., instead of quailing before them, he boldly exhorted them to repent for bringing the realm from Christ to Antichrist, from light to darkness, and from verity to vanity; and when he came out from their presence and found an immense crowd pressing forward to see him, "God be thanked, good people," were his fearless words; "I am come away from them undefiled; and I will confirm the truth with my blood." The concluding passages are taken from the last will and testament of this bold and steadfast witness to the truth.

"I say to my dear friends of Hadleigh, and to all others who have heard me preach; that I depart hence with a quiet conscience, as touching my doctrine; for which I pray you thank God with me. For I have, after my little talent, declared to others, those lessons which I gathered out of God's book, the blessed Bible. Therefore if I or an angel from heaven should preach to you any other gospel, than that ye have received, God's great curse upon that preacher.

"Beware for God's sake, that ye deny not God, neither decline from the word of faith, lest God decline from you, and so ye everlastingly perish. For God's sake, beware of Popery; for though it appear to have in it unity, yet the same is in vanity, and antichristianity, and not in Christ's faith and verity.

"Beware of the sin against the Holy Ghost now, after such a light opened so plainly and simply, truly, throughly, and generally to all England.

"The Lord grant all men his good and Holy Spirit, increase of his wisdom, increase of contemning the wicked world, increase of hearty desire to be with God, and the heavenly company, through Jesus Christ our only Mediator, Advocate,

Righteousness, Life, Sanctification, and Hope. Amen, Amen, Pray, Pray.

"ROWLAND TAYLER, departed hence in sure hope, without all doubting of eternal salvation, I thank God my heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ my certain Saviour. Amen.

The 5th of February, Anno 1555."

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom then shall I fear? (Psalm xxvii.) God is he that justifieth; who is he that can condemn? (Rom. viii.) In thee, O Lord, have I trusted, let me never be confounded." (Psalm xxi.)

THE GUILDHALL, NORWICH

Norwich.

THOMAS BILNEY.

I WAS agreeably surprised, on visiting Norwich for the first time, a few years ago. The ancient city still retains much of that imposing appearance, which shows it to have been in former times, one of the most distinguished places in the kingdom. The country, at least that part of it which I passed through, improved on approaching Norwich, the monotony of a dull flat, extending on every side as far as the eye could reach, was exchanged for bold sweeps of sloping ground, partially clothed with wood, and presenting a pleasant and cheerful landscape. I have seldom seen so grand a building of the kind as the old keep of Norwich Castle as it then appeared, rising above the other houses of the city, and standing boldly out against the deep blue sky. There was a freshness of tone about its color, which made it appear as if hardly touched by time, while the massive breadth of its walls, and the rows of circular arches running like a graceful frieze along various portions of them, carry back the mind to the times of our Norman ancestors. "Norwich," as is remarked by one of the most powerful and graphic writers of the present day, "was once the capital of a large and fruitful province; it was the chief seat of the chief manufacture of the realm. Norwich had also a court in miniature. In the heart of the city stood an old palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, said to be the largest town-house in the kingdom, out of London. In this mansion to which were annexed a tennis-court, a bowling-green, and a wilderness, stretching along the banks of the Wansum, the

noble family of Howard frequently resided, and kept a state resembling that of petty sovereigns. Drink was served to guests in goblets of pure gold. The very tongs and shovels were of silver. Pictures by Italian masters adorned the walls. Here all comers were equally welcomed from Christmas to Twelfth-night. Three coaches, one of which had been built at a cost of five hundred pounds, to contain fourteen persons, were sent every afternoon round the city, to bring ladies to the festivities. In the year 1693 the population of Norwich was found by actual examination, to be between twenty-eight and twenty-nine thousand souls."

One of the old stately customs of those days still lingers in Norwich—the swan forms a usual dish in the city banquets; and there is an establishment there, in which the noble bird is fatted and prepared for the table. I had received a kind invitation from the late excellent Bishop, and was his guest when I first visited Norwich. I found myself, with no little interest, the inmate of that ancient palace which had been the abode of many a prelate, whose name has come down to us in the history of this country. In that same palace had dwelt the warlike and haughty Bishop, Henry Spencer, who was the furious persecutor of the Lollards in the reign of Henry the Fourth and his son, Henry the Fifth, giving out, that if he found any in his diocese, he would "make them hop headless, or fry a fagot." It was, as the price of his release from prison, or as an act of penance, commanded by this stern prelate, that the Erpingham gateway was built by the knight of that name, which is considered by Britton as one of the most original and beautiful structures of the kind in England. There it stands, close to the Cathedral, in all its richness of decoration, unmutilated, after the lapse of four centuries, a monument of superstitious tyranny. It is supposed that the first wife of Erpingham was a favorer of the Lollards, and had embraced their simple and scriptural views; and that during her life-time her husband had been

won over by her to profess the same doctrines. The friendship of Henry the Fourth, and the timely recantation of this distinguished knight, probably saved him from the fate of Lord Cobham. He had been one of the bravest of the brave, in the field of Agincourt, where he commanded the English Archers; and is said to have given the signal for the commencement of the battle, by throwing his truncheon into the air, and crying out, "Now strike." The King had himself interfered, to reconcile the knight and the prelate; and it was at his command that they embraced, and peace was made between them; after which, Sir Thomas Erpingham, whose religious convictions were neither so deep nor so true as his martial courage, became as zealous a partisan of the Romish Church, as the haughty and exacting Bishop could desire. In scarcely less troublous times, the Bishop's palace had owned as its master Nixe, the prelate who wrote to Archbishop Warham complaining of the erroneous books in English, which had been brought from beyond sea, and were evidently translations of the Bible, in our own tongue. He speaks of himself as "cumbered with such as keep and read such books, and give credence to the same, and teach others that they should do so:" and of its being impossible for him to suppress such parsons. He concludes by complaining of a "college in Cambridge, in which there is no clerk who does not savor of the frying-pan;" and then speaks of the zeal and love that he owes to Almighty God as causing him to write thus: "It was this blind Bishop," to use the words of Foxe, "who sent for the writ to burn Bilney." In the same palace dwelt also the merciless Bishop Hopton, who, with his Chancellor Dunning were notorious for their abominable cruelty, especially in the case of the martyr Samuel, the clergyman of Berghlt, whose sufferings, even at the stake, seemed light to those which he was forced to endure by two implacable tormentors in his prison. Fuller, after speaking of the unmerciful visitations of Bishop Hopton, says,

of his Chancellor, "that he played the devil himself, enough to make wood dear in those parts, so many did he consume to ashes."

In that palace had resided, for no long period however, the godly and devout, but witty Bishop Hall, whose blameless and harmless spirit was as remarkable as his learning and wisdom—the acute and uncompromising opposer of the corrupt Church of Rome—whose well-known words, the title of one of his works, have passed into a proverb with every enlightened advocate of the truth as it is in Jesus—"No peace with Rome." Hall lived in times so troublous, that though nominally Bishop of the Diocese of Norwich, his income was straitened to that of one of the poorest of his clergy, and he was forced to quit his episcopal mansion. In Higham, a village on the inland side of Norwich, by the river-side, the house is still standing to which this gentle and holy prelate retired; there he passed the remainder of his life on earth, and there he died and was buried. His tomb is to be seen in Higham Church. How different were the times when the pious and amiable Bishop Horne presided over the Diocese, and dwelt in the same old palace—times of peace—but, alas, such times have often proved in the Church on earth a season of stagnation, and of danger to her vital interests, to her influence, and to her real welfare. Horne, however, was one of the few that were distinguished for godly zeal, and for clear views of doctrine; or, I should rather say, he was one of the least affected by the degenerate spirit of those days.

Many indeed are the associations connected with the place where I then was, with the old episcopal palace, and the fine old Norman cathedral, with the castle, and many of the churches of that antique city. At other times I might have sought out the dilapidated palace of the Dukes of Norfolk, to the north of the present market-place; or the site of the convent of Carmelites, where John Bale passed some of his youthful days; or the localities of Ket's noted insurrection; but one

object was alone before me, to find out the place where Bilney had suffered martyrdom. It was, I knew, in the Lollard's pit, the spot where many of those brave and simple-minded men had laid down their lives for the love of Christ, and for the pure doctrines of the inspired word. But poor justice is often done to these remarkable men, to whose labors of love and untiring zeal in spreading the truth throughout every part of the kingdom, we owe more than perhaps to any other body of men. So great at one time was their influence, and so extensively that influence had spread, that it is recorded that one-half, or at least one-fourth of England, was leavened by the holy truths which they taught. The following remarkable character is given to them by Reinher, a Romish inquisitor of those times: "They are men of a serious, modest deportment, avoiding all ostentation in dress, mixing little with the busy world, and complaining of the debauchery of mankind. They maintain themselves wholly by their own labor, and utterly despise wealth, being fully content with bare necessaries. They follow no traffic, because it is attended with so much lying, swearing, and cheating. They are chaste and temperate; are never seen in taverns, or amused by the trifling gayeties of life. You find them always employed, either learning or teaching. They are concise and devout in their prayers, blaming an unanimated prolixity. They never swear; speak little; and in their public preaching they lay the chief stress on charity. They never mind canonical hours, because they say that a paternoster or two, repeated with devotion, is better than tedious hours spent without devotion. They explain the Scriptures in a different way from the holy doctors and Church of Rome. They speak little and humbly, and are well behaved in appearance."

I traversed the whole length of a long street, or rather lane, with many turnings, from the cathedral precincts, through the parish of St. Helen's, and crossed the river by an old bridge called, as I was told, Bishop's Bridge. I knew

then that I was near the spot I sought. But the inquiry, "Where is the Lollard's pit?" was made in vain to several persons whom I met. At length an old man gave me the information I desired and led me to the spot I was seeking; and I stood and gazed around me on the hallowed place. Passing through the open gateway of a small inclosed plot of broken ground, I found myself close to the spot where the pit had once been seen. There is a lime-kiln at the farther end, under the steep cliff which rises on the side opposite to the entrance. I clambered up the mounds, which have been formed of heaps of thrown-up soil, till I reached a place which commanded a view of the surrounding objects. The gas-works and the railway station are in the immediate neighborhood of that almost-forgotten spot, and the dull, dark stream of the Wansum flows within a yard of it. The city of Norwich, with the castle and the cathedral, are plainly seen at a little distance beyond the river.

Here it was that Bilney suffered martyrdom: a nobler and still brighter witness to those holy truths, for which the earlier Lollards had yielded up their lives, and given their name to the spot. His story is as affecting as it is edifying.

"I will bring the blind," saith the Lord, by the prophet Isaiah,* "by a way which they knew not." This scripture found a striking illustration in the case of a learned and elegant scholar of the University of Cambridge. After having studied both civil and canon law, and having taken his degree as a Bachelor of Law, his mind was drawn to the study of Divinity. But he had no light beyond the dim light of his own understanding, and the false light of Popish teachers. He was a man of peculiarly sensitive mind and tender conscience, and his meek spirit became wounded and depressed under a keen sense of unworthiness and inability to keep the law of God. In answer to his anxious inquiries, he was di-

* Isaiah xlii. 16.

rected to be diligent in outward observances, in watchings and fastings, in mortifying the body with penances and in all those bodily exercises which are enjoined so rigorously by the corrupt and fallen Church of Rome.

About this time, the New Testament of Erasmus fell into his hands; he had heard its style commended and bought the book. He was charmed by the elegant Latin in which it was written. But it was not the inspired truths now for the first time presented to him, that engaged his attention, but the graceful form in which those truths were conveyed. So at first it seemed to him; but it pleased God to make His own word the quick and powerful sword of the Spirit to the heart of the learned yet ignorant reader, and then to pour in its healing balm by the same word which had pierced and wounded him.

The scripture plan of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, was now first revealed to him by the Holy Spirit. The place where he was reading, was one of the most important and delightful scriptures in the whole range of the written word. It was the first chapter of the first Epistle of Paul to Timothy, at the fifteenth verse, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." But we must hear his own account of the matter:

"But at the last, I heard speak of Jesus, even then when the *New Testament* was first set forth by Erasmus; which when I understood to be eloquently done by him, being allured rather for the Latin than for the word of God (for at that time I knew not what it meant) I bought it, even by the providence of God, as I do now well understand and perceive: and at the first reading (as I well remember) I chanced upon this sentence of St. Paul (O most sweet and comfortable sentence to my soul!) in his first Epistle to Timothy, and first chapter:—'It is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be embraced, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save

sinners, of whom I am chief and principal.' This one sentence through God's instruction and inward working, which I did not then perceive, did so exhilarate my heart, being before wounded with the guilt of my sins, and being almost in despair, that immediately I felt a marvelous comfort and quietness, insomuch, that my bruised bones leaped for joy.

"After this, the Scripture began to be more pleasant to me than the honey, or the honey comb; wherein I learned that all my travail, all my fasting and watching, all the redemption of masses and pardons being done without trust in Christ, which only saveth his people from their sins: these, I say, I learned to be nothing else but even (as St. Augustine saith) a hasty, or swift running out of the right way, or else, much like to the vesture made of fig-leaves, wherewithal Adam and Eve went about to cover themselves, and could never before obtain quietness and rest, until they believed in the promise of God, that Christ the seed of the woman should tread upon the serpent's head. Neither could I be relieved or eased of the sharp stings and bitings of my sins, before I was taught of God that lesson which Christ speaketh of in the third of John:—'Even as Moses exalted the serpent in the desert, so shall the Son of Man be exalted, that all which believe on him should not perish, but have life everlasting.'"

And now did Bilney implicitly obey the divine injunction. "Arise! shine!" The word that bade him arise from the darkness and the shadow of death in which he had been lying, bade him go forth with its light in his hand to enlighten others. Blameless and harmless as a child of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, and shining as a light in the world, he held forth the word of life, and wherever he went he led others to rejoice in its light. From his childhood he had been brought up at Cambridge, and there the scene of the first labors in the extension of the truth was laid. He began with Cambridge. Good Master Stafford, the public lecturer on Scripture at the University,

may have been one of his converts, as well as his earliest coadjutor. Latimer and Barnes were undoubtedly two of the first-fruits of his quiet labors. His way of proceeding there, though not a common, was a very simple one, and the extraordinary success that attended it, proved that it was an eminently good one. He singled and sought out the individual, and obtained a private interview, and then, when they were quite alone, he spoke first of the goodness of God to his own soul. He set forth with all gravity and gentleness the dealings of God with himself, and probably while his thoughts burned within him at the remembrance of that glorious scripture which had entirely subdued his own heart, he preached to his companion Jesus coming into the world to save even the chief of sinners, and rejoicing with all His hosts of angels over the one sinner that repenteth. Few turned away from these appeals of the blessed Master Bilney. His system of religion was not only pure truth, but it was peculiarly spiritual, experimental, and practical. Like Paul, he planted, but like Apollos he also watered; indeed the office in the church for which he seemed peculiarly fitted was that of "him who watereth." His instructions were like the quiet dew, or the gentle rain upon the tender grass. Having travailed in birth of his spiritual children till Christ was formed in them, he was then gentle as a nursing-mother in cherishing them.

It is delightful to dwell on such a character, one of so tender, and yet so resolute a spirit, meekly braving the waves of that sea of storms through which his course was thrown. His Lord and master had come to him, walking on that troubled sea, and had bidden him to come down and walk with Him upon the billows. Strong in faith, the modest Bilney obeyed the call. To walk with Christ became his only care, his chief delight; as seeing Him, who is invisible except to the faith of His devoted followers. He might indeed be said to realize at all times his Master's presence, as in his loving

spirit he brought to one and to another the good tidings of grace, mercy, and peace.

He is said to have been "the framer of the University of Cambridge in the knowledge of Christ." His influence there, and elsewhere, was perhaps second to none in the great work of the Reformation in England. But although the name of Bilney ought to occupy a chief place among the leaders of that glorious Reformation, it has scarcely been brought forward with the prominence that is due to it. His fame, like his character, won over the affections rather than commanded the attention of men; for in his labors he was as much as possible unobtrusive of himself, acting in lovely accordance to the inspired description which the Lord God has given of his own way of extending his own kingdom. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." * "Blessed saint Bilney," as Latimer loved to call him, was one of a truly meek and lowly spirit, sweetly exemplifying, in his disposition and temper, the apostle's words, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle toward all men, apt to teach, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."

He appears to have had no taste for public disputations, nor did he ever meddle with politics; but with quiet and unwearied perseverance, he gave himself up to that department of the work for which he was peculiarly qualified. Among others who owed to him, under God, their first religious impressions, Lambert must not be forgotten, who was one of Bilney's most distinguished pupils. "He was once, says Foxe, a mass priest in Norfolk, and afterward a martyr in London." The first introduction of the principles of the Reformation, at the sister University of Oxford, may also be traced to Bilney, for the party of scripturists transferred by Wolsey in 1524, to his new college at Oxford, were many of them the friends and followers of Bilney. Frith was one of

* See Foxe.

them, and Clark their leader was a man of like spirit to the blessed Bilney.

After laboring for some time with such wonderful success at Cambridge, Bilney sought for a season a new sphere of action. He left Stafford and Latimer with Barnes and some others at Cambridge, and went forth into Norfolk and Suffolk, journeying from place to place, and preaching wherever he went. Ipswich and Hadleigh appear to have been two of the towns in which he labored longest, and with most success. In the former town, the churches in which he preached, were St. George's and Christ-church. Gentle as he was in private, he was doubtless a bold, unflinching advocate and expounder of Protestant truths as a preacher, and his plain and faithful protest against error gave such intolerable offense, that he was twice torn from the pulpit. But the people came in crowds, even out of the country, to hear him, and the principles which he taught, took deep root, not only in the town, but in the surrounding country.

Hadleigh as we have already seen, was one of the first towns in all England that embraced the truth, so that instead of a population of clothiers, it rather seemed to be filled with devout and learned clerks, and the instrument under God of this extraordinary work, was the godly and zealous Bilney. But though not more than a year and a half, or two years, were spent by Bilney in this itinerating work through Norfolk and Suffolk, his labors were blessed of God in no common degree, his work of planting and watering was in simple accordance with the truth as it is in Jesus, and God accordingly gave the increase to it. The seed sown took root downward and bore fruit upward. He appears to have been the first man who went forth, after the generation of the poor priests had died away, as a missionary from place to place, according to Wycliffe's plan. His deep humility, his thorough knowledge of Scripture, his talents as a preacher, the unspotted purity of his life, and the peculiar sweetness of his dispo-

sition, endued him with singular wisdom in winning souls to Christ. "There never was a more innocent and upright man in all England, than he was," says honest John Foxe; "he was given to good letters, very fervent and studious in the Scriptures, as appeared by his sermons, his converting of sinners, his preaching at the lazar cots, wrapping them in sheets, helping them to what they wanted, if they would convert to Christ; laborious and painful to the desperates, a preacher to the prisoners and comfortless, a great doer in Cambridge, and a great preacher in Norfolk and Suffolk; and at last, in London, he preached many notable sermons." The lazar cots, or pest-houses, are still found in many towns of England, at a little distance from all the other dwellings. Though no longer needed or used for their intended purpose, they still retain the name. The two old stone pest-houses still remain at the upper end of Hadleigh, separated by a few pleasant fields from the alms-houses which Rowland Tayler passed on his way to Aldham Common; and, doubtless, the blessed Bilney, while he sojourned at Hadleigh, was a frequent visitor to their poor diseased inmates, regardless of the infection of their loathsome diseases, tenderly waiting upon them, and doing many an office of love for them with his own gentle hands, while he spoke to them with all his winning sweetness, of that good and gracious Master whom he served, and entreated them to cry to him for spiritual healing in the words of the leper of old, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" telling them also of the reply of Jesus, "I will, be thou clean." When leaving Cambridge, on his missionary tour, Bilney had taken with him one of his converts, Master Thomas Arthur, and with the same companion, on leaving Suffolk, he took his journey to London, and from thence to Willesden and Greenwich. He preached many sermons in London, and the report of one of these sermons at St. Magnus, in which he boldly protested against the new idolatrous rhood lately set up there, caused so great a sensation, that he and

Arthur were apprehended, and summoned before Bishop Tonstall, who committed them to the coal-house, from whence they were removed to the tower. In whatever manner Bilney attacked the rhood at St. Magnus Church, we have the concurrent testimony of an enemy and a friend, as to the spirituality of Bilney's sermons. Brusierd, a priest of Ipswich, who was a violent opposer of his preaching, charges him in one of his conversations with him with being like "one rapt to the third heaven of high mysteries." "What a ridiculous thing it is," says the scoffing and carnal-minded priest, "for a man to look so long upon the sun that he can see nothing else but the sun." The same priest complains of his vehement violence in preaching, but praises at the same time his towardly disposition. Pybas, of Colchester, in his examination, as recorded by Strype, declares of Bilney's preaching, that he had heard him preach at Ipswich, and that after he had heard him, he published and declared that sermon to divers persons, and set it forth as much as in him was. He adds, "that Master Bilney's sermon was most spiritual, and better for his purpose and opinions than any that ever he heard in his life."

During his abode in London the lovely spirit of Bilney shone forth with new lustre. During a year and a half he* commonly took but one meal a day, and would carry his dinner and supper to some prison, where he would give them to some poor prisoner whom he went to exhort to repentance.

After Bilney and Arthur were arrested, they were not only brought before the Bishop of London, but before Cardinal Wolsey, in the Chapter House of Westminster. Wolsey, however, saw them himself but once, and turned them over to his commissioners, who were some of the bishops. The charge of teaching the people the heretical opinions of Luther was brought against them, and several examinations of them took place. Copies of these examinations and three of the

* See Foxe.

beautiful letters written by Bilney to Bishop Tonstall are to be found in Foxe. The prisoners were found guilty; Arthur at once recanted, and no further mention is made of his name. Bilney refused to recant, and continued for three days steadfast to his refusal, but at length overcome by the solicitations of many of his friends, and the persuasions of Tonstall, his resolution gave way. He consented to recant and to abjure his errors, and to submit himself to the sentence which should be pronounced upon him. Tonstall showed some kindness to him; for the usual punishment of branding the heretic with a hot iron was dispensed with, but Bilney was condemned to walk bare-headed before the procession in St. Paul's Cathedral on the following day, bearing a fagot on his shoulder, and

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thus to stand all the sermon-time before the preacher at St. Paul's Cross. To all this the poor bewildered prisoner consented, overcome for the time by the sophistries of his advisers, and by the fear of death. Alas! who would not weep over the fall of so humble and holy a disciple, yielding for a little time to those infirmities, which are so natural to the

best and most faithful of men. Surely the gracious Jesus whose truth he thus lamentably betrayed, looked down in pity upon his weak and faithless follower. Well were His compassionate words to the faithless Peter applicable to Bilney. "Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat, but I have prayed for thee; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

Bilney returned to Cambridge, and was welcomed with joy by his loving friends, but his heart was overwhelmed with grief. Like the Apostle who denied his Lord, he sorrowed and suffered with no common sorrow and suffering. They sought to comfort him, but he refused to take comfort. His conscience always tender, and often wounded before, had been outraged, and his peace of mind was gone. He had forfeited his own self-respect, and what could he care for the respect of others. He never held up his head; he answered not wher spoken to, even by his dearest friends. "For a whole year,' we are told, "he was in such anguish and agony, that nothing did him good, neither eating nor drinking, nor any communication of God's word. He thought that all the whole Scriptures were against him, and sounded to his condemnation." I many a time conversed with him, said Latimer, who was his familiar friend, "but all things whatsoever any man could allege to his comfort seemed to him to make against him." "I knew a man," said Latimer again, "Bilney that blessed Martyr of God, who what time he had borne his fagot, and was come again to Cambridge, had such conflicts within himself (beholding this image of death) that his friends were afraid to let him be alone. They were fain to be with him day and night, and to comfort him as they could: but no comfort would serve, and as for the comfortable places of Scripture, to bring them unto him, it was as though a man had run him through the heart with a sword." Ah, who can wonder that such should have been the state of so simple and sincere a child of God as this fallen saint assuredly was. How

would he recall with the bitterness of death, all his former exhortations, all his tender truthful pleadings with others, and the recorded experience of all the mercies of his Lord to him, on which he had dwelt so sweetly and so eloquently to them. He had given the direct lie to the whole argument of his former discourse and past consistency of life and conduct. He had been a traitor to his most dear Lord, and a deceiver toward every convert that he had made. But this anguish of spirit in the tender Bilney was not without its use to his beloved companions. He was reading them a lesson they would never forget, and preparing and strengthening them by the warning which his state presented, for the short-lived, bodily sufferings which many of them were afterward to endure at the stake and in the flames of martyrdom. Long after Bilney had himself suffered, they would recall with a softened and subdued spirit the intolerable anguish which he had brought upon himself by yielding to the temptations of the evil one, and the infirmity of his own heart, and shrinking from the disgrace and the death to which a manly confession of the faith would expose the true disciple of Christ Jesus in those days of darkness and terror.

But though heaviness may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning. The heavy night of Bilney's sorrow was about to clear away, and a new and brighter day than he had ever seen was soon to dawn upon him. "I have prayed for thee," said his gracious Lord. And he who called the broken hearted Peter by name, did doubtless come to this poor sorrowing disciple who loved him so truly, and bewailed with such heartfelt sorrow his falling away from his steadfastness. When the servants of God sorrow after a godly sort not according to the sorrow of this world which worketh death, but unto a repentance not to be repented of, then it may be truly said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," then God will give them according to His Gospel promise "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for

mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." By God's grace, and by the constant study of His blessed word, the spirit of the contrite Bilney at length revived. He who never breaks the bruised reed; He whom the poor penitent offender sought with the tears of a genuine repentance, said, Peace—and there was a great calm.

It was nearly two years after his fatal deed of recantation, that in the hall of his college—Trinity Hall*—at ten o'clock at night Bilney suddenly announced to his astonished friends that he was about to take leave of them and of his beloved University for ever in this world. The cloud of his heavy affliction had quite passed away, and with a calm and smiling countenance and a cheerful voice, he told them that he would go up to Jerusalem, and so would see them no more. Mild and gentle as he was, his mind was steadfast to the purpose he had formed, and bidding them at once farewell he immediately departed.

They next heard of him in Norfolk, where he preached first privily in houses to confirm and strengthen the brethren and sisters, and also to confirm an anchoritess whom he had converted to Christ. He then proceeded to take the most public course of action. Regardless of danger, and desirous in the most decided way to undo as much as possible the effect of his sad fall upon that cause which was dearer to him than life; he preached publicly in the fields—openly confessing his sin and beseeching his hearers to take warning from his base weakness, and never to trust to human councilors, nor to deny the truth, but to be rather ready and willing to lay down their lives. A charge was soon found against him, and made the handle for his apprehension. A strange charge for Christian men to take offense at. He had given a copy of Tindal's English New Testament, to the anchoritess at Norwich, and for this, Nixe the Bishop of Norwich threw him

* This College was rebuilt at the end of the seventeenth century, but the Hall is on its original site.

into prison to wait there till he had sent up to London for a writ to burn him.

All means were taken by the Popish party during his imprisonment, to prevail on him a second time to recant and to die in their opinions; the Bishop sent to him the best men that he could find, that they might prevail with him by their arguments and entreaties; among others, as Foxe relates, Dr. Call, Provincial of the Gray Friars, Dr. Stokes, an Augustine Friar, and one Friar Bird, with one eye, who was a suffragan in Coventry, and afterward Bishop of Chester—the notorious persecutor of the Rev. George Marsh, whom he burnt at Chester—and another named Hodgkins of the Black Friars, who afterward proved a mere time-server. These four orders of Friars were sent, it is said, to bait Bilney; but he had planted himself upon the rock of God's word, and continued unshaken and steadfast to the end. Stokes, however, remained disputing with him, till the writ came for his burning. It is recorded of Dr. Call, that by the good doctrine and sweet spirit of the blessed Bilney, he was then partly won over to the truth.

The place of Bilney's imprisonment was the Guildhall of Norwich, a view of which is given in this paper, and I have had a drawing sent me of the dungeon under the Guidhall, which was, doubtless, the prison of Bilney; the frame of an old oaken bedstead, which is still there, is given in the sketch.

Saturday, which was market-day at Norwich, was appointed for the burning of the blessed Bilney. No man ever maintained a more calm and cheerful spirit even to the last. He had been degraded before Dr. Pelles the Chancellor of the diocese, and then committed to the lay power and to the sheriffs of the city, one of whom, Thomas Necton, was his friend, who to his great sorrow was forced to receive him as his prisoner, but absented himself at his execution.

He was from this time, owing to the orders of Necton more kindly treated than he had been under the Bishop and the

Friars. On the Friday evening, previous to his death, many of his friends came to him to the Guildhall. They found him eating an ale-brew with a cheerful heart and quiet mind; and one of them expressing how glad he was to see him thus heartily refreshing himself, so shortly before his heavy and painful departure, "O," said Bilney, "I follow the example of the husbandmen of the country, who having a ruinous house to dwell in, yet bestow cost as long as they may to hold it up, and so do I now to this ruinous house of my body, and with God's creatures, in thanks to Him, refresh the same as ye see."

While there sitting with his said friends in godly talk to their edification, some put him in mind, that though the fire which he should suffer the next day should be of great heat unto his body, yet the comfort of God's Spirit should cool it to his everlasting refreshing.

What must have been their astonishment when, at this word, Bilney put his hand into the candle which burned before them, and feeling the heat, he said to them, I feel by experience that fire is naturally hot, but yet I am persuaded by God's Holy Word, and by the experience of some, spoken of in the same, that in the flame they felt no heat, and in the fire no consumption; and I constantly believe, that howsoever the stubble of this my body shall be wasted by it, yet my soul and spirit shall be purged thereby, a pain for the time whereon, notwithstanding, followeth joy unspeakable. He then spake much to them on this place of Scripture, the beginning of the forty-third chapter of Isaiah. "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee! when thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the fire kindle upon thee." In his own tender and graceful manner, he spoke to them upon this great promise of God's word, so applicable at that time to himself; and to find, perchance, as fitting an application at no very

distant hour to some of them. So highly spiritual, and so deeply affecting were his simple words, and "some took such sweet fruit therein," says his biographer, "that they caused the whole said sentence to be fairly written in tables, and some in their books; the comfort whereof in divers of them, was never taken from them to their dying day." In the library of Corpus Christi College, at Cambridge, Bilney's Bible may yet be seen, and the passage above cited, is there marked with his own hand. Truly a divine hand had imprinted that inspired promise in characters of light upon his heart—as the word that liveth and abideth for ever!

And now the morning of his execution had arrived, and the good and modest Bilney came forth from his prison door in a layman's gown, with his sleeves hanging down, and his arms out, his hair hacked and mangled after a piteous fashion—which had been done when they degraded him and gave him over to the civil power—but his small slight form erect, and his good and upright countenance calm with inward peace. As he appeared, one of his friends drew nigh, and gently prayed him in God's behalf to be constant, and to take his death as constantly as he could. With a quiet and mild countenance, Bilney replied to him, "Ye see when the mariner has entered his ship to sail on the troubled sea, how he for a while is tossed on the billows; but in hope that he shall at length come to the quiet haven, he beareth in better comfort the perils which he feeleth. So am I now toward this sailing, and whatsoever storms I shall feel, yet shortly after my ship is in the haven, as I doubt not, desiring you to help me with your prayers to the same effect." Bilney had begun to experience the full comfort of that beautiful scripture: "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." He passed along through the streets, giving much alms by the way, by

the hand of a friend, and through the Bishop's gate, which was then standing on the old bridge, and so over the Bishop's bridge to the low valley under St. Leonard's hill, called the Lollard's pit, from the martyrdoms which had taken place on the spot. The name is found there no longer.

Here it was that Thomas Bilney came to die, a victim to the wicked policy of Rome; here he came to add another holy name to the glorious band of God's martyrs to the truth; here he stood, and here the preparations were made for the cruel death, to which a savage bigotry had condemned this holy, harmless man. Let us not be told, I would say again and again, that these are the abominations of a former age, and belong rather to the times when Bilney lived, than to the party which passed sentence upon him—no, these abominations might be more easily practiced and more openly defended in a former age, but they are part of a system which does not change.

There must be the humble confession of deep and daring iniquity from that mouth which still speaketh "very great things;" there must be the entire renunciation of all those well-known enormities, which have been the work of the great iron teeth and the trampling feet of the mysterious monster which "made war with, and wore out the saints of the Most High." But till this shall be done—and will that time ever come?—we will meet the insidious defenses of that fallen Church with its own assertion—that Rome can not change—that Rome is infallible. Whatever its most skillful partisans may pretend in their jesuitical sophistry, or whatever its ignorant and honest members may believe in their unconscious delusion—though Rome may attempt to "change times and laws"—times and laws do not change Rome. And therefore I would bid my reader stand beside me on the spot where the modest Bilney died in agonies of body, but with a calm and cheerful spirit. It is now a solitary spot, though in the outskirts of the busy city of Norwich, close to

the gas-works, and the railway station, we see before us the castle and the cathedral, and the mass of houses, and hear the hum of active life—but this little plot of ground is truly as solitary a place as it ever was, since the old city rose from its first foundations. The wild mignonnette and other field flowers, peculiar to a chalky soil, flourish here untrodden, and untouched, but by a hand which, like my own, would carry away a memento from the spot; for here it was that Bilney's ashes were mingled with the earth beneath our feet. It was no solitary spot on that memorable day, and before and afterward, the frequent martyrdoms which occurred there, had given it the name of the Lollard's Pit. I found, however, on my first visit to Norwich, but one person, an old man, who could point out to me the hallowed ground. I made inquiry in vain till I met with him—now it seems to be better known.

On that sad morning, my reader, the heights and the surrounding banks of the rude amphitheatre where we stand together, were covered by crowds of town and country people, who had flocked hither to witness the last confession of the steadfast saint. As we stand here with the dull river and the old city before us, and the little ruined walls of Ket's castle crowning the hill to our left, we may picture to ourselves the approach of the humble, holy sufferer from the streets of the city, over the ancient Bishop's bridge, till he stood on the spot where we stand.

Every sound was hushed as he lifted up his firm voice to address his parting words to the assembled people. He spoke to them with calmness of his death, and then he rehearsed the articles of his belief. Devoutly he raised his eyes and hands to heaven; and when he spoke of the incarnation of our blessed Lord, he paused, and seemed to meditate within himself. On coming to the word "crucified," he humbly bowed himself and made great reverence. His address being ended, he put off his gown, and knelt down upon a little ledge

projecting from the stake, which had been made that he might stand upon it to be better seen of the assembled multitude.

Thus he offered up his prayers in silence, but with an earnest upturned gaze, often raising his hands also in the fervency of his supplication. His private prayers being ended, he exclaimed aloud, in the words of the hundred and fourteenth Psalm, "Hear my prayer, O Lord, consider my desire;" and the next verse he thrice repeated, as one in deep meditation, "and enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified."

He then turned to the officers of justice, and asked if they were ready. On receiving their reply, he put off his jacket and doublet, and stood in his hose and shirt, and went to the stake and took his place upon the ledge, and they fastened the chain around him. His beloved friend* Dr. Warner, the parson of Winterton, whom he had chosen to attend upon him in his last moments, and who had accompanied him to the place of execution, now came forward to bid him farewell, but spake but few words for weeping, upon whom, adds Foxe, the said Thomas Bilney did most gently smile, and inclined his body to speak to him a few words of thanks, and the last were these, "O Master Doctor, feed your flock, feed your flock, that when the Lord cometh, He may find you so doing, and farewell good Master Doctor, and pray for me." And so Warner departed without any answer, sobbing and weeping. The sweetness of Bilney's disposition even toward his enemies, showed itself at this trying hour; for when a party of friars, who had been maliciously present at his examination and degradation, said to him, O Master Bilney the people be persuaded that we be the causers of your death, and have procured the same, and they will withdraw their charitable alms of us all, except you declare your charity toward us and dis-

* Dr. Warner had been a Scripture Lecturer at Cambridge. Winterton is on the sea-coast of Norfolk, between Yarmouth and Happisburgh, and is distinguished for its noble church-tower.

charge of the matter. The gentle saint turned to the people, and said with a loud voice, "I pray you, good people, be never the worse to these men, for my sake, as though they were the authors of my death—it was not they!"

The fagots and reeds were now heaped around him, and the reeds were set on fire, and a fierce flame burst forth; but though it disfigured his face, the flame was blown away from him by the violence of the wind, which was during that day and two or three days before, unusually strong. For a short time he stood scorched, but unburnt by the fire, at times knocking at his breast, or lifting up his hands and saying sometimes, Jesus, and sometimes Credo (I believe). Thrice the flame departed and returned. At length the fagots burnt fiercely, and then he gave up the ghost, and his body being withered, bowed downward upon the chain. Upon this, one of the officers, with his halberd smote out the staple in the stake behind him, and the body fell into the midst of the fire.

And thus was Bilney faithful unto death.

Ah! there have been few, very few, like this gentle, loving disciple of our blessed Lord—few of a spirit at once so meek and so dauntless, so tender and so firm—few have united such a sweet persuasive winningness in private intercourse, with such a burning zeal in his public preaching of the word. There was in Bilney the humility of a child, and yet the boldness of a lion. Matthew Parker, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of the witnesses of Bilney's martyrdom, and bore testimony to his steadfast faith even to the end—in opposition to the well-known slander of Sir Thomas More—that he recanted at the last, a slander which Foxe has entirely refuted.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, TOWER OF LONDON

Manchester, Cambridge, and London.

JOHN BRADFORD.

"BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kindom of heaven!" We sometimes see in the midst of this proud and contentious world, the lovely saint-like characters described in these words, and we discern in the unwavering faith and in the undisturbed peace of their inward spirit—that spirit which shines through their fleshy tabernacle, like the pure flame burning and shining with intense brilliancy through a lamp of crystal—the bright assurance that the kingdom of heaven is within them, that its unextinguishable light is already kindled in their hearts, is always burning like the lamp of the wise virgins: to shine, not only with its steady lustre while they wait and watch for the Bridegroom's coming, but to burn with its brightest, fullest radiance when the night-watches are ended, and when at the deep, dark midnight, they obey their sudden summons and go out to meet Him, and go in with Him to the marriage. The lowly John Bradford was one of these saint-like characters. We weep over the story of other martyrs; but while we read the record of his course of suffering—and cruel indeed his sufferings were—our tears cease to flow, and as we consider his life and death, our sympathy is insensibly awakened rather to rejoice with one that rejoiced, than to weep with one that wept.

I know not whether any house can be pointed out, in the densely-populated city of Manchester, as the birth-place of the

martyr Bradford, to whose story of suffering and death I would now call the attention of my reader. These pages may come under the eyes of some one in Manchester, who is not only interested in the subject of this chapter, but may have the leisure to inquire, and the kindness to inform me.

I can fully enter into feelings of those who view with enthusiasm the mean and comfortless tenement in which our wondrous Shakespeare is said to have dwelt; but without passing any slight upon him who is perhaps the first genius among poets, I freely confess that I would much rather see before me the house in which the early days of the holy John Bradford were passed under the care of that "good and most dear mother," to whom he wrote those noble and earnest letters, when he took his last farewell of her. "My most dear mother, in the bowels of Christ I heartily pray and beseech you to be thankful for me unto God, which thus now taketh me unto himself. I die not, my good mother, as a thief, a murderer, an adulterer, &c., but I die as a witness of Christ, his Gospel, and verity, which hitherto I have confessed, I thank God, as well by preaching as by prisonment; and now even presently I shall most willingly confirm the same by fire." It was thus that he wrote, who was one of the brightest jewels of our Church of England.

Where did he dwell in Manchester? If there is no memorial of Bradford there, are there no traces left, no stories told, of one of Manchester's greatest names? Has all passed away? Does not one record linger of that lovely and martyred saint —that unflinching witness of God's truth? Is there no spot like the garden of Pembroke College, in Cambridge, still pointed out, to which the name of John Bradford had imparted a hallowed interest? Is there no story still narrated, like that story which can not die or be forgotten—which has kept the name of Bradford familiar to the lips of many who know no more of him than what that story tells—how, on meeting a murderer on his way to the place of execution, this holy and

harmless man exclaimed, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford!"

I have seen the effect of that story upon one who himself was a murderer. Not many years have passed since I was called upon by the Chaplain of Newgate, to preach to ——, whose execution was to take place within eight-and-forty hours. His crime was of the darkest character—a deed of blood which has ranked his name among the most notorious murderers of the age. The Chaplain begged me to come and take his place in the chapel. The murderer had persisted in the denial of his crime, and owing to some circumstances, which it is not here necessary to detail, had even hardened himself in that denial. It might please God, the good man added, with much earnestness and humility, to bless an appeal made in a manner different from his own. I felt that on such an occasion, I could not make my address too simple or too solemn, if I would impress upon the mind of the wretched man the reality of every word I spoke; and though I knew it to be necessary to think over and prepare what I might say to him, I took neither a written sermon, nor even notes with me, but with the Bible open before me, I spoke to him of the love of Christ for the vilest and most abandoned sinner, and endeavored to show to him that the same Gospel which is death to the sin, proclaims pardon and life to the repentant sinner. I felt as I stood there, face to face with the guilty and condemned criminal, I, the favored and privileged preacher of the Gospel of life, he, the condemned and hardened offender, not only against the law of God, but of man, that it was the grace of God, which had made us to differ: and I remembered, with deep and humble thankfulness the solemn admonition, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." What had I that I had not received? what had I to glory in, but the cross of Christ and the grace of God? Under the impression of such a conviction, how could I speak but with the spirit of deep feeling for him who, though stained

with the blood-guiltiness of a murderer, was still my fellow-creature! How could I do otherwise than with a broken voice and deep emotion entreat him, while it was yet called to-day, to flee for refuge from the wrath to come, to Him who hath borne our sins, even to Him on whom the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all, and assure him that there was yet time to cry for pardon and for grace, through that gracious Saviour whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. In his cell I was with him afterward, and there he told me that his heart had been softened by the way in which I had spoken to him, and the feeling I had shown for him; but what had touched him most deeply, he said, was that story which I had told him of the man on his way to execution, and of the minister who had said of him, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bradford."

That memorial which Bradford would alone have desired, has been kept up in Manchester. No monument may yet be raised to tell the passing stranger that John Bradford was a native of that vast and busy city. No ancient gabled mansion may be pointed out as the house in which he dwelt, but that pure and scriptural truth for which he witnessed a good confession, is faithfully and lovingly preached at Manchester Like one of old who suffered as he did, a martyr's death, and who said—when speaking of our blessed Lord—"He must increase, but I must decrease," Bradford would doubtless have said—"Let nothing be left to honor the memory of a hard-hearted unthankful sinner; but the Lord grant that Manchester may be favored and blessed with preachers of the everlasting Gospel—men who shall desire to know nothing among their flocks but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Such would have been his wish and prayer, and especially at Manchester, where in his days, there were many local hindrances to the preaching and spread of gospel truth. There were many Roman Catholic families of note residing in the town and neighborhood whose influence was great, and whose op-

position to the new learning, as it was termed, was strong and determined, and Collyer, the Warden of the Collegiate Church, was a Papist, and an opposer of the truth. Lancashire was then, and has been up to this day, a strong hold of the Romanists; but we all know that both at Manchester and Liverpool, God has many men valiant for the truth, and among them those two faithful champions, Hugh McNeile and Hugh Stowell, men who may have been strangely overlooked by the timid and worldly-wise among our rulers, but who live in the hearts of their people, and who have not ceased, through evil report and good report, to stand boldly forward in unflinching opposition to the idolatrous and heretical Church of Rome, bearing the testimony of their enlightened and vigorous minds, and of their eloquent voices against "the Mother of Abominations." That which would have been the first wish of Bradford's heart, has been nobly fulfilled.

John Bradford was born in Manchester, soon after the year 1510, of respectable parents. In his early manhood he forsook the worldly calling upon which he had first entered, when he served Sir John Harrington, one of the treasurers of King Henry the Eighth, and his son Edward the Sixth, as secretary.

He had, doubtless, served an earthly master, not with eye-service, but as the servant of the Lord; but he desired and sought a calling, where, as the minister of the sanctuary, he might wholly serve God, and proclaim to others, that Gospel of grace and peace, which had filled his own soul with gladness. It seems that he had received his first serious impressions under one of Latimer's powerful exhortations, and his conscience being awakened by God's word and Spirit, he saw at once in its true light some act of injustice in his past life, by which, however, he had not advanced his own interests, but those of his employer. He appealed to him to make restitution; but finding that his appeal was fruitless, he took it upon himself to do so, though he was obliged to give up his own patrimony in consequence.

Bradford left London on resigning his employment, for the University of Cambridge, where he soon became the friend and associate of the wise and holy men of the reformed faith who were then residing there. He was made a fellow of Pembroke Hall, and by the advice of Martin Bucer, was induced to take orders sooner than he had at first intended. In reply to Bucer's solicitations, Bradford had urged, that he was too unlearned to preach, but Bucer would take no denial; "If thou hast not fine manchet bread," was his pithy reply, "yet give the poor people barley bread, or whatsoever else the Lord hath committed unto thee."

Bishop Ridley, who was Warden of Pembroke Hall, ordained Bradford Deacon, kindly dispensing with some superstitious observances to which he had objected in the ordination service, as it was then administered; and giving him a license to preach. He made him also a Prebend of St. Paul's Cathedral.

"In this preaching office," says Foxe, "by the space of three years, how faithfully Bradford walked, how diligently he labored, many parts of England can testify. Sharply he opened and reproved sin, sweetly he preached Christ crucified, pithily he impugned heresies and errors, earnestly he persuaded to godly life. After the death of blessed young King Edward the Sixth, when Queen Mary had gotten the crown, still continued Bradford diligent in preaching, until he was unjustly deprived both of his office and liberty by the Queen and her Council. To the doing whereof (because they had no just cause) they took occasion to do this injury, for such an act as among Turks and Infidels would have been with thankfulness rewarded, and with great favor accepted, as indeed it did no less deserve."

I stand in silent meditation in the busiest thoroughfare of the busiest city of the world. The rolling carriages, the rattling carts, the hurrying throng of foot passengers, and the loud ceaseless hum that rises on every side are scarcely heed-

ed by me. My mind is occupied with the thoughts of by-gone days. The grand and magnificent Cathedral which now stands before me has disappeared, and in the place of the gigantic dome, and the beautiful towers and stately porticoes of its Corinthian architecture, and all the stately proportions of the wide-spread edifice, the old Cathedral of St. Paul's has arisen—a noble Gothic pile of vast dimensions, with an unrivaled spire. I see the Lollard's tower surmounting the cathedral walls on the west, and here, on the eastern side, stands Paul's cross. A preacher enters its stone pulpit, and

OLD PAUL'S CROSS—RIOTS IN 1556.

the crowd stand in silence listening to his sermon—but soon a murmur rises and spreads among the throng. The preacher has not only given his undisguised commendation to Popish errors, he has dared to cast aspersions on the name of the young and godly Edward the Sixth, whose beloved memory is embalmed in the hearts of the hearers, and the murmurs of the people have burst forth into a tumult, and the shouts of angry voices are mingled with groans and hisses. Vainly

does the Lord Mayor exert his authority to restrain the rage of the people, vainly the fierce and bloated Bishop Bonner scowls and blusters. The burst of popular indignation yields to no such interposition, a dagger is hurled at the preacher. In another moment he has withdrawn himself, and the pulpit is occupied by one who has only to be seen to calm the tumult with his gentle presence. "Bradford, Bradford! God save thy life, Bradford!" is the cry which now resounds, and gradually the storm of popular rage subsides, as every eye is fixed upon that calm sweet countenance, where the eloquent blood gives its pure glow to the cheek and lip of the speaker, as with mild energy he pleads with the people, and gravely commands them to disperse, and retire peaceably to their houses. It was at the entreaty of Bourne,* the preacher who had given such offense, that John Bradford had come forward. He had been standing behind him, and the dagger that was aimed at Bourne had rent his sleeve and well-nigh wounded him. But Bradford did more than interpose from the pulpit to save the preacher's life. Yielding a second time to his urgent desire, he with Rogers guarded Bourne till he reached the schoolmaster's house, which was next to the pulpit, in safety, Bradford keeping close behind him, and shadowing him with his gown from the people, and so he brought him in safety away.

The greater part of the multitude had by that time quitted the spot, but many still lingered about, burning with anger at the attack which Bourne had made upon the king, who had been so deservedly loved by his people. "Bradford, Bradford," said one gentleman, as they passed by, "thou savest him that will help to burn thee. I assure thee, that if it were not for thee, I would run him through with my sword."

The same Sunday, in the afternoon, Bradford, as Foxe relates, preached at the Bow Church in Cheapside, and notwithstanding a private warning which he received, not to

* Afterward Bishop of Bath.

run so great a risk with the people who were still deeply incensed, he did not scruple with godly faithfulness to rebuke them sharply for their seditious outbreak.

I find this notice of Bourne in Fuller's Church History. "The like quiet disposition of Gilbert Bourne, Bishop of Bath and Wells, secured Somersetshire. Indeed he owed his life, under God, to the protection of a Protestant; for Mr. Bradford, at Paul's Cross, saved him from a dagger thrown at him in a tumult; and this, perchance, made him the more tender to Protestants' lives. Yet, in the register of his church, we meet with one Richard Leech condemned by him, though his execution doth not appear; and yet it is probable that this poor Isaac, thus bound to the altar, was afterward sacrificed, except some intervening angel stayed the stroke of the sword."

Is it to be credited, that from the conduct of the mild and saintly Bradford on this occasion, a serious charge was brought against him of sedition, and of taking upon himself to govern the people. "They could repress the rage of the populace in a moment," said the Queen, "doubtless they set it on." A speech betraying that this wretched woman was as quick to discover a double motive as she was to yield to suspicions. Within three days of that same Sunday, he was taken into custody, and committed to the Tower, where the Queen then was, to answer before the Council. His enemies did indeed prove themselves to be put to a hard shift to find any cause of accusation against him, when they were forced to ground their charge upon a deed of Christian love.

He had periled his life, and exerted the influence, which God had given him over the people, to whom he had preached the gospel in all love and faithfulness for three years, in order to save a fellow-creature from a violent death: and for this he was called to account as a criminal. Well did he exemplify the words of the apostle: "If ye suffer for righteousness sake, happy are ye, for it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing." He

was removed from prison to prison during the next fifteen months; but wherever he went, it was with him as with the godly Daniel, God brought him into favor and tender love with those around him. And thus prison was scarcely a prison to this gentle follower of Christ, for he inspired his very jailers with so perfect a confidence in his truth and uprightness, that he had license, upon his promise, oftentimes to go in and out; and during his imprisonment, both in the King's Bench, and the Poultry Compter, he was permitted to preach twice a day continually until sickness prevented him. In his chamber, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was often administered, and many godly persons were admitted to be present on such occasions; so that his chamber was often crowded with Christian worshipers and hearers. Preaching, reading, and prayer was all his occupation, and his continual study was upon his knees. "In the midst of dinner," says Foxe, "he often used to muse with himself, having his hat over his eyes, from whence came commonly plenty of tears, dropping on his trencher: very gentle he was to man and child, and in so good credit with his keeper, that at his desire in an evening, he had license, to return again that night, to go without any keeper to visit one that was sick. Neither did he fail his promise, but returned to his prison again, rather preventing his hour than breaking his fidelity: so constant was he in word and in deed."

The description of his person has been given by the honest old historian, and our readers may like to look upon it even as they would upon a painter's portrait, for his outward frame seems to have been a fitting tenement for his inward spirit. "Of personage, he was somewhat tall and slender, spare of body, and of a faint sanguine color, with an auburn beard." We see him, keeping this description in our minds, in his first interview with the wily Lord Chancellor, Gardiner, and the other commissioners, in the council chamber of the tower of London—as he rose up from kneeling down on

his knee, in token of respect toward the Council, when the Lord Chancellor had bidden him to stand up. While he stood there, we are told that Gardiner fixed his eyes upon him with a settled searching stare, as if he would have "belike over-faced him," by earnestly looking upon him. But Bradford shrank not from the searching look. "He gave him no place, but he ceased not to look steadfastly on the Lord Chancellor still continually, save that once he cast up his eyes to heaven-ward, sighed for God's grace, and so over-faced him."

The first charge brought against him, was his seditious interposition for Bourne, at Paul's cross, for which he had been thrown into prison, but this was too absurd for them to make much of it. A new accusation had arisen during his long continued abode in prison. The Earl of Derby complained that he had done more harm by his letters and treatises written from his prison, than by all his preaching and proceedings when at large. Bradford might indeed have said with the great Apostle, when referring to the influence that he had exerted during his confinement in prison: "the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel, so that many of the brethren of the Lord waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear," "and I therefore do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice." Those letters and papers are treasures to the Church of Christ, written as they were by so godly a man, and at the time when he might have said with the Apostle, "I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." To these vain charges was added the old complaint and accusation brought against almost every one of our noble and faithful Reformers—his true and scriptural doctrine concerning the Lord's Supper, as overturning the idolatrous and monstrous doctrine of the mass. With admirable wisdom—the wisdom of the serpent combined with the innocence of the dove—Bradford met the varied and sub-

tle arguments of those who entered into discussion with him. He was not to be thrown off his guard, nor would he, however strongly urged, seek a conference with any man among them, being determined never to admit that his own faith was not settled, or that he needed any confirmation from discussion with them. But at last, he boldly threw off all the guards and fences, to which he had been compelled in such discussions, and manfully avowed his faith without fear of consequences. His beautiful answer must not be passed over. "Wilt thou have mercy?" was the question put to him. "I desire mercy with God's mercy," was his reply, "but mercy with God's wrath, God keep me from." He was condemned to die, and how finely is he described by Foxe, when he received the announcement from the jailer's wife—trembling and weeping while she made it—that his execution was to take place on the following day. Reverently raising his cap, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, he said, "I thank God for it. I have looked for the same for a long time, and therefore it cometh not now to me suddenly, but as a thing waited for every day and hour; the Lord make me worthy thereof."

During the previous night Bradford had been troubled by dreams in his sleep. He had dreamed that he saw the chain which was to fasten his body to the stake, brought to the gate of the Compter, and that he should be taken the next day, which was Sunday, to Newgate, and thence on the Monday to the stake in Smithfield, and so it actually happened to him.

After the time appointed for his execution had been communicated to him, he thanked the keeper's wife for her gentleness, and went at once to his chamber, taking with him the companion who had occupied that chamber with him—when there he retired by himself alone, and continued a long time in prayer. Then returning to his companion, he put his papers into his hands, and gave him some directions which he

wished him to attend to after his death. He passed the rest of the night in prayer with his companion, and in conversing about his affairs. Some of his friends came to him at night, and with them he also prayed, evidently with such unction and fervor—Foxe says, "so wonderfully, that it was marvelous to hear and see his doings." He was to leave the Compter that night; but before he went, he made a prayer of his farewell, with many tears, and he put on the long white shirt, such as the martyrs wore at the stake, which a pious woman had made for him to wear at his death, and then he prayed again, comparing his shirt to his wedding garment. On leaving his chamber he also prayed, and gave money to every servant and officer of the house, exhorting them to fear and serve God, and to eschew all evil. Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed earnestly that the Lord would give effect to the words he had spoken. Prayer seemed to be the element in which he lived; and thus he sought to realize at all times the presence of God, and to be ever in communion with his Lord. As he passed through the court of the prison, all the prisoners cried out to him and bid him farewell, with many tears.

It was toward midnight when he left the Compter on his way to Newgate. That time was probably chosen, in the expectation that the streets would be empty, but they were thronged with a multitude of people, who came to see the man of God whom they loved, and gently they bade him farewell, and weeping, they prayed for him as he passed along, and as gently he bade farewell to them, praying most fervently for them in return. Here, through this busy street, the meek and faithful followers of the Lamb, went to the slaughter. How different the scene which rises before us, as we stand here in silent and abstracted thought, while the mind wanders back along the stream of years to the Cheapside of those distant days; the strange old houses, with their carved and gabled ends, their open shops and their projecting

stories overhanging the causeway, and our countrymen and countrywomen of those days are about us—how different the fashion of their dress; the beards of the men, and the ruffs of the women, the long loose woolen gowns, the sleeved and straight-hanging mantles, the doublet and hose, the kirtle and the coif. Ah, there were hearts as true, and as tender, under that quaint attire, as any in these, so-called, enlightened days —we doubt if a throng of more zealous lovers of God's Word, and of Christ's saints, could be found at midnight crowding our modern Cheapside, to bid farewell, and bless with broken voices, and with flowing tears, a sufferer for pure scriptural truth on his way to a martyr's death. Do not let us be told, according to the common cant of these days, told with supercilious coldness, that such throngs could not be gathered now, because no fires could possibly be kindled in Smithfield; we have no fears of fires and tortures in the open face of day, but Popery does not change. Its principles are still what they have ever been, and far better would it be for us, to be forced to give our bodies, and the bodies of our wives and children, to the flames in this world—than to be craftily deluded to give our souls to a more dreadful fate hereafter. The fires of Smithfield have doubtless been put out forever, for, if I know any thing of the spirit of my countrymen, there are thousands, and tens of thousands in this present day, who would not only weep over another Bradford, but who would manifest a stern and decided spirit in his defense; and stand forward in their godly strength, to forbid and to prevent any such execution, at the peril of their own lives. Popery in this country has lost its power forever, and can not, dare not make an open display of its dark and terrible vengeance against "the marked men," and "the gospelers," as they were formerly called, who would rather die at the stake now, as they did then—than give up the Bible and its inspired truth; but the same diabolical spirit has been, and still is at work in Ireland. There the curses of the priest have been as deep and terrible as the

loud and brutal blasphemies of the blustering Bonner—there the thirst for vengeance has been as fierce and as unscrupulous, as it then appeared in the cruel and crafty Gardiner. Secret and unlegalized murders have been there, instead of open and legalized burnings—that is the only difference; the same spirit has been at work, only in a viler and more cowardly way. The plotter of the crime of blood skulks in the shadowy background, while the blinded and brutalized agent gives the deadly blow, and the abominable confessional sanctifies the crime, and absolves the criminal. And there are those who dare to throw the blame of these almost unparalleled atrocities upon the noble-minded men who are the true friends of Ireland, attributing the state of that wretched country, to what they presume to call the interference of the Protestants who circulate the Bible without note or comment, and preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, as the power of God unto salvation. I have met with men belonging to this country, who have been holding subordinate offices in Ireland, men of common observation, and good plain sense; and when speaking to me of the state of Ireland, I have asked them, what appeared to them the cause of its disturbed and distracted condition, and the answer has been always the same: "Oh, sir, Popery and the priests, to be sure; no one who lives among the Irish people can think otherwise." Let Popery, therefore, clear itself from the blood of its hundreds of murders; let it cease to prowl like the wolf in Ireland, before it comes to bleat like the lamb in England. The lovers of the truth in the one country, are no more likely to be cajoled by the specious smoothness of a Wiseman in the one country, than they are to be terrified by the coarse violence of a M'Hale in the other. Popery has been long well-understood, and has been long manfully withstood by many of us, both in Ireland and in England, and a vast number of upright and honest members of our own Church are beginning to comprehend its real character, and to withstand its insolent and yet

wily aggressions. Two books must be studied, and two only are needed to learn what Popery really is—one is the history of our own country, the other, the Holy Bible.

I return to Bradford.—It had been given out, that his execution would take place at four o'clock in the morning, doubtless in the expectation that the citizens of London would not leave their beds at so early an hour, and that few, if any spectators would be present. But that night was a sleepless night in London, and thousands and thousands of the people were about and stirring all night; and came pouring in streams along every avenue that led to Smithfield. "By four o'clock, the crowd assembled was so dense and numerous, that it appeared to many who had gone up to the house-tops as if so great a multitude could not have been assembled at such an early hour unless almost by a miracle. Mrs. Honeywood, who died in 1620, used to relate, that she went to witness this martyrdom, but the crowd was so great, that her shoes were trodden from her feet, and she was forced to return barefooted. The hours passed slowly away; it was eight o'clock before Bradford was led to execution."* At last he appeared, and in his usual saint-like dignity. His stake-companion was a youth of 19 years old, a poor apprentice named John Leaf, whose offense, the common one in those days, was his refusal to affirm that the bread in the eucharist was not bread but flesh; unable to write, the dauntless boy, when required to sign a paper setting forth the truths he held, pricked his hand with a pin, and sprinkling his blood upon the paper, he bade them take it to Bishop Bonner as a proof that he was ready to confirm his confession with his blood. This was the only companion of Bradford. The veteran in arms and the young and newly enlisted soldier stood side by side in the battle-front, and received at the same time the crown of victory. They both fell on their faces to the ground in prayer, but were scarcely allowed a minute, for the sheriff was alarmed by the

* Stokes' "Days of Queen Mary."

pressure of the crowd. The self-possession of Bradford seemed never to forsake him. He rose up and kissed the stake, and having put off his garments he addressed his last words of warning to the people, "O England, repent thee of thy sins; beware of idolatry; beware of false antichrists; take heed they do not deceive you." The sheriff would not allow him to say more, but bade them tie his hands if he would not be quiet. "I am quiet," said the martyr, "God forgive you this, Master Sheriff."—"If you have no better learning than that," said one of the men employed to make the fire, "you are but a fool, and had best hold your peace." To these insulting words, the gentle Bradford made no reply, but asked forgiveness of all men, and declared his forgiveness of all men. Then turning his head to his youthful fellow-sufferer, he spoke a few words of sweet encouragement to him: "Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night." No words were afterward heard from his lips but these, as he embraced the reeds which were piled around him, "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto eternal salvation, and few there be that find it." And thus, added Foxe, they ended their mortal lives, most like two lambs, without any alteration of countenance, being void of all fear. No more words were heard by the bystanders, "but they saw that he endured the flame as a fresh gale of wind in a hot summer's day."

Nobly did Bradford thus bring into life and action his own words in his Treatise against the fear of death:—"Embrace him," he writes, "make him good cheer, for of all enemies, he is the least. An enemy, said I, nay, rather of all friends he is the best, for he brings thee out of all danger of enemies, into that most sure and safe place of thy unfeigned Friend for ever."

"Seeing it is the ordinance of God, and comes not, but by the will of God, even to a sparrow, much more then unto us, who are incomparably much more dear than many sparrows;

and since this will of God is not only just but also good, for He is our Father—let us, if there were no other cause but this, submit ourselves, our senses, and judgment unto His pleasure, being content to come out of the room of our soldiership, whenever He shall send for us, by His pursuivant death."

Truth and love were the two distinctive features of Bradford's character. Those two chief graces and fruits of the Spirit were exquisitely combined in him, the pure and lofty grandeur of the one, with the sweetness and tenderness of the other: no one among his fellow-martyrs, was more inflexible or more resolute in maintaining the truth, no one did so in a more gentle and kind spirit. Great efforts were made, and various ways were tried to bring over one so deservedly loved for his goodness, to the Romanists' side. Long and grievously did his opposers try his patience by protracted imprisonment. Their wisest and most skillful divines were sent to hold discussions with him, and winning and flattering words were addressed to him; but he stood firm himself, and strengthened and cheered others to do the same. His influence was as extensive as it was extraordinary. He exhorted, warned, instructed, and comforted all with whom he personally associated, and all whom he could reach by his letters. Rowland Tayler and he were a mutual support to one another in prison.

Bishop Ferrar was at one time his companion in the King's Bench, and Bradford was, under God, the instrument of preventing his yielding to the persuasions of the Papists when they had prevailed upon him to consent to receive the sacrament in one kind only. He was led to see his danger by the plain and faithful remonstrances of Bradford, and "would never after yield," says Foxe, "to be spotted with that papistical pitch." So effectually the Lord wrought by this worthy servant of his. Such an instrument was he in God's Church, that few or none there were that knew him, but esteemed him as a precious jewel and God's true messenger.

CARDIFF CASTLE

Carmarthen, Cardiff.

ROBERT FERRAR, BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S MARTYR.—
RAWLINS WHITE, MARTYR.

THE most sad and shameful day that ever dawned upon this fallen earth was the most glorious day that her children ever saw. A still more glorious day is yet to dawn, for He, who came in deep humility, and expired under the hands of his murderers and departed in that human body in which he had yielded to death, and in which he had, by yielding conquered death, He will come again in His glory to sit upon the throne of his glory, and to take possession of His kingdom, and to reign in righteousness. He will then come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe; and then will be the day of perfect glory for the Church triumphant. Still that sad day of unspeakable suffering and shame and death, was the most glorious day this earth has ever yet seen. It was the day of glory to the Church militant on earth—the day on which the great Shepherd and Bishop of our souls became the great martyr of the Church; and this truth was propounded in the most affecting and astounding way to the world, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." For He who then agonized and bled was God as well as man—God manifest in the flesh—the foundation, the rock, and the chief corner-stone of His house, which is the Church.

It was in like manner a glorious day for the reformed Church established in this country, when many of her first bishops became her martyrs—when the Archbishop of Can-

terbury and the Bishops of London, and of Gloucester, and of Worcester, went forth in meek and resolute spirit to the stake and to the flames, choosing the reproach of Christ, and preferring rather to yield up their lives than to deny the faith. Thus they kept the truth which God had committed to them pure and unadulterated, and thus the blood of our martyrs was indeed the seed of our Church.

Wales had also her martyr-bishop, and we are now journeying, my reader, to the western shores of our island, to the town of Caermarthen. The honored name of Robert Ferrar, Bishop of St. David's, has given a mournful interest to the place where he suffered with unshaken faith and constancy for the love of Christ, and the pure creed of the Gospel.

I turn over the books of tourists among the wild mountain-scenery and the lovely valleys of Wales; but I look in vain in those volumes which I have seen, for the name of the martyr-bishop, and for a memorial of his death. There is a groping for facts and narratives among the rubbish of old legendary histories, and an accurate detail of the improvements of modern times; an account of promenades and ball-rooms and races; but not a word of Bishop Ferrar's trial and of his dreadful death at Caermarthen, nor of the imprisonment and the martyrdom of Rawlins White at Cardiff and Chepstow.

It was in this market-place of Caermarthen, on the south side of the spot, where the high cross once stood, that the good Bishop, having been condemned and degraded by his false judge and accusers, was led forth to execution at the stake, and nobly gave up his life for the truth and the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But let us turn aside from this busy throng of buyers and sellers crowding the market-place, to the venerable church, where the Bishop underwent those final examinations which issued in his death. Though now almost in the centre of the town, this church formerly stood without the walls of the ancient Caermarthen. It is said to have been once a fine speci-

men of the early English style of architecture, and was built in the form of a cross; but it has been altered and modernized, and of the old building only the chancel, the nave, and the south transept are standing, and even here the modern windows have greatly changed the character of the edifice.

At another time you may hear the story of Sir Rhys ab Thomas, whose tomb is the most noted of the ancient monuments of this church, and who fought under the Earl of Richmond at the battle of Bosworth field, and is said to have slain Richard the Third with his own hand, and was made Knight of the Garter on the spot. Let us turn to another monument, that of Bishop Ferrar in St. Peter's Church, which was erected chiefly at the expense of a lineal descendant of the martyr. This is the inscription:

Sacred
TO THE MEMORY OF
ROBERT FERRAR, D.D.
BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S;
BURNT IN THE MARKET PLACE OF CAERMARTHEN,
30th MARCH, 1555,
FOR ADHERING TO THE PROTESTANT RELIGION.
"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."—*Psalm* cxii. 6.
THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED
A.D. 1842.
AS A TRIBUTE OF PIOUS RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRED BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE.

But we will leave the town, and find some quiet spot where we may discourse together of that blessed man of God, Master Ferrar. I am a stranger here, but I have heard much of the beauties of the vale of the Towy. We have already caught some fine views of that noble river from the town, but if I mistake not, there is a pleasant lane leading from the high road which is now before us, and which will bring us to the point I wish to find. The ascent is steep; but the shadows are lengthening, and the slant sunbeams are flinging a golden radiance over every object—the heat of the day

is gone, and the delightful freshness of the cool evening breeze has succeeded. Yes, this must be the lane, it leads only to the little church of Llangonner. Now we have gained the summit of the hill. How lovely the view which bursts upon us! Well does it deserve the fame which has ranked it among the most beautiful valleys of this beautiful Wales. What luxuriant woods, what swelling hills rising on every side, how graceful the sweep of the shining river as it flows through the sweet valley beneath us, and what a noble object in the view is the town of Caermarthen, with its church-towers and its ruined castle, and its old bridge of many arches spanning the broad stream, where that tall vessel with her sails unfurled, and her light pennon floating in the breeze, wends her majestic way toward the sea.

It is with no overstrained fancy that we may picture to ourselves the good and simple-minded Bishop Ferrar leaving the town beneath us for such a spot as this—leaving behind him the din of slanderous tongues, and losing for a little while the disquietude of sorrowful thoughts, while gazing upon the natural beauties of this delightful scene. I see him wearing the broad hat and the flowing gown at which his malicious accusers love to rail, as marks of his folly. His little son is with him, looking with innocent smiles into his father's mournful face, and I hear the sweet tones of the child's voice, as he tries to draw his father's attention to the various objects which attract his own notice. And now he rests upon some pleasant bank, and opens the clasped volume, which he takes from his bosom, and bids the playful boy sit down beside him, and reads to him of the early years of that wise and holy child who was found sitting among the doctors in the house of God, both hearing them and asking them questions, while all who heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers, and who as he grew in stature also grew in grace, and in favor with God and man. And now all the cheerfulness of the boy is gone, while the father speaks to him of the

sorrows and the sufferings of that child when he grew up to be a man; and tears are in the boy's eyes, as he hears how Jesus was wounded in the house of his friends, and how he went to the place of his execution, toiling and fainting beneath the ponderous cross to which they nailed his sacred hands and feet, and on which he died—for he was never spared to see old age—but how he died breathing forth in tender love and pardon, prayers of intercession to his heavenly Father for the wretched men who murdered him, and mocked and taunted him in his dying agonies. And still he speaks of Jesus with all the glowing love of his full heart, as God as well as man, and as rising from the grave in the power of God, and saving by his death every dying sinner, that looks to him as his Saviour and his God, and as he tells of his going up through the clear air, even till a cloud had hidden him from the sight of those who stood below; the child looks up into the deep blue of the heavens above him, his eyes beaming with admiring love, as if expecting to behold the ascending form of the triumphant Redeemer.

One of the bitter charges brought against this holy martyr, was, that he was a married man;—a strange charge for that church which has unduly exalted above his inspired brethren the only apostle, whose wife is spoken of in holy Scripture. One of the demands which were tauntingly made upon him, was that he should repudiate his wife, and renounce the bonds of his chaste marriage vow.—"You made a profession," said the insolent Gardiner, "to live without a wife." "No, my Lord," replied Bishop Ferrar, "that did I never. I made a profession to live chaste—not without a wife." Another of the accusations brought against this godly Bishop, was "that he used to whistle to his child, and that he said the boy understood his whistle when he was but three days old"—and this absurd charge was gravely brought forward in court against him. He answered it in these beautiful words, "that he did use with gravity all honest loving entertainment of his

child, to encourage him hereafter willingly at his father's mouth to receive wholesome doctrine of the true fear and love of God, and that he hath whistled to his child, but said not that the child understood him." When Bishop Ferrar was called upon to appear before the crafty Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the company of Bishop Hooper, Master Rogers, Master Bradford, Master Sanders and others, he was not condemned with those noble martyrs, but remanded to prison again. He was afterward closely questioned by Gardiner, and one of his examinations is given in the book of the Acts and Monuments of Foxe, a notable specimen of overbearing insolence on the part of Gardiner, and more in the style of the bold and blustering Bonner, than of his usually assumed smoothness. The manly and Christian spirit of Bishop Ferrar was not, however, to be intimidated by the violence of the Chancellor. He stood his ground modestly, but firmly. When Bishop Ferrar was in the King's Bench prison, he was sorely pressed by the Papists to receive the sacrament in one kind only on Easter Sunday. He had yielded, and given his consent, after much persuasion, and was almost overcome to take, what would probably have proved the first downward step, departing from the true faith; but on Easter Eve, the very night before he was to have done this, Bradford, as we have already seen, was brought a prisoner to the King's Bench. With godly faithfulness he expostulated with Bishop Ferrar against such lamentable backsliding, and he was enabled to bring him back to that holy steadfastness, from which never before or afterward did he turn aside. When these examinations were ended, Bishop Ferrar was sent down to Caermarthen to be brought before a Commission, the authority of which he would not consent to acknowledge. It consisted of his former accusers, with the man who had been put as Bishop in his place; and in this mind he continued during the two first citations which he was called upon to attend. He was again summoned, and then with much gen-

tleness, he humbly submitted himself, and agreed to receive the charges that were brought forward against him, but required a copy of the several articles, and a reasonable time to answer them. Those articles he refused to subscribe, and we can not wonder, when we read them. Our only astonishment is that any men professing to believe the true articles of the Christian faith could have had the hardihood to bring them forward. In those articles "the Bishop was required to renounce matrimony and to give up his wife. To grant the natural presence of Christ's body and blood in the sacramental elements of bread and wine. To acknowledge the mass to be a propitiatory sacrifice for the quick and dead. To agree that general councils lawfully congregated never did and never can err. To acknowledge that men are not justified before God by faith only; but that hope and charity are necessarily required to justification. That the Catholic (or rather Romish) Church, which only hath authority to expound Scripture, and to define controversies of religion, and to ordain things appertaining to public discipline, is visible, and like unto a city set upon a mountain, for all men to understand."

The Romish Church, at the time of the Reformation, has here furnished to us a valuable document, or witness, from her own confession, to her most deadly and pernicious errors; for all these articles are utterly repugnant to the word of God, and are the very errors and heresies which all sound and Bible Christians from that day to the present have solemnly protested against.

The question has been very properly asked: "Are any of these doctrines now disavowed by the Church of Rome?" I may add: "Are any of them to be found among the Articles of the Church of England, and in fact of the Christian faith, as set before us in the only word of God's inspiration?"

Bishop Ferrar had been promoted to the see of St. David's, by the Duke of Somerset, when he was Lord Protector of England in the reign of Edward the Sixth; but on the fall and

death of the Protector he had been first summoned to answer numerous charges brought against him, as Foxe relates, by certain covetous canons of the Church of St. David's. The Martyrologist has given these several articles at full length, with the answers of the Bishop, and an account of the various proceedings carried forward against him, and at the end of the tedious detail he adds: "And thus you have heard the first trouble of this blessed martyr of the Lord in King Edward's days, with the whole discourses thereof: which we thought the rather here to express, to give other good bishops warning to be more circumspect whom they should trust and have about them."

When Queen Mary came to the throne, new troubles arose to the persecuted Bishop. He had been detained in London during the examination of the witnesses against him on the former charges, but graver accusations on points of doctrine were now brought against him, and his name is henceforth to be added to the devoted band of faithful confessors whose unflinching faith and pure doctrine on questions of vital importance brought them to the stake.

The Romanist Bishop who occupied the see of St. David's, from which Master Ferrar had never been lawfully ejected, summoned the poor prisoner once more to appear before him, and demanded of him, for the last time, "whether he would renounce and recant his heresies, schisms, and errors (as he called them) which hitherto he had maintained, and if he would subscribe to the Catholic articles otherwise than he had done before. Bishop Ferrar made his appeal from the pretended Bishop to Cardinal Pole—but he did so in vain. He was excommunicated without delay as a heretic by the angry and violent man who occupied his rightful place, and delivered over to the secular power. He had been condemned on the 11th of March, 1555: on the 30th of the same month, which was the Saturday before Passion Sunday, he was led to the place where the stake was prepared for his burning. It was,

as we have already seen, on the south side of the market-cross at Caermarthen. He was faithful to the last—and his constancy was tested in a remarkable manner. There came to him shortly before his death, a knight's son, named Richard Jones, lamenting over the painfulness of the suffering he was about to endure. The martyr, strong in that strength which is made perfect in weakness, replied to him, that if he should see him once to stir in the pains of his burning, he might then give no credit to his doctrine. Was there faith or presumption in this declaration? if the latter, it was surely pardoned—but we may trust it was not presumption, but faith, which prompted this assured and confiding reply—faith, in the very present help of the Lord his righteousness and his strength. The noble martyr stood motionless in his heavenly patience, holding up the stumps of the hands which he had held up from the first as if welcoming the Lord in the fire, while he continued praying to Him for fresh and fresh supplies of strength and patience.

And so he continued, till a person named Gravitt, pitying, some have supposed, his protracted sufferings, dashed a violent blow with a staff upon his head, and he fell down lifeless into the flames. The descendants of this man are, I am told, still residing in the neighborhood of Caermarthen. In the Garden of the vicarage, a large square stone is to be seen, handed down from vicar to vicar, on which the martyr is said to have stood. Such was the end of this godly Bishop's mortal course. "He was, so far as we can see," said Soames, "a man of unsullied reputation, as well as of unshaken constancy."

And now, my reader, we will leave Caermarthen, and turn our steps toward the scene of another martyrdom which took place in the town of Cardiff, in the neighboring county of Glamorgan. And here, not the shepherd, but one of the poor sheep of the flock, fell under the cruel tyranny of those Romish heretics who ravaged the fair pastures of Christ's flock in the days of the infatuated Queen Mary.

We stand on the shore of the same waters in which the good old fisherman, Rawlins White often launched his little bark. That stately castle is now the private residence of rank and wealth,* but the ancient keep and those ruined walls, still a noble pile, was the prison of the poor and persecuted servant of Christ. Perhaps on this very spot the good old fisherman has often sat, mending his nets and listening to the sweet childish voice of that little son who was his constant companion, when he went forth to speak to all who in the neighboring villages would hear his testimony to the goodness and the grace of His great Redeemer. Here he may have received, like the inspired Peter, a fisherman of Galilee, his Master's call, and felt willing to leave his nets and all that he possessed to follow Him.

He had once been ignorant and superstitious (as the ignorant usually are), knowing nothing of the truth as it is in Jesus, but what he vainly sought for in the foolish legends and traditions of the corrupt Church of Rome; but he had heard of a purer faith, and had begun to discover the errors of that apostate Church, and to distrust the teaching to which he had hitherto blindly yielded, and he had become a diligent hearer and a great searcher out of the truth.

He had not had the advantage of education in his youth; he had not even learnt to read, and he was already much advanced in years—but he was heartily desirous to become acquainted with the word of God. The way that he took was a very simple one. Occupied probably during the whole of the day with his boats and his nets, in working to maintain his wife and children, he sent his son to school to learn to read English; and every night, throughout the year, so soon as the boy could read, the Bible was opened and a portion of the inspired word was read; and the father learnt from the lips of his child more and more of its wonderful truths. Thus he at length became a well-instructed scribe in

* Cardiff Castle is now in the possession of the Marquis of Bute.

the sacred volume. So delighted was he with the treasures of knowledge and wisdom which he thus acquired, that he went forth every where to endeavor to enrich others with the stores that he had received, and many were the souls that were brought out of the darkness of unbelief and sin by the blessing of God upon the teaching of the good old man. Every where his little son went with him, carrying the Holy Bible, and reading the passages to which the old man referred, and so extraordinary was his memory, so accurate his knowledge of the word of God, that he would often cite the book, the leaf, the very sentence in that volume, in which he was quite unable to read a word.

After the death of the young and godly King Edward, the poor old fisherman found that it was necessary for him to be more circumspect in his proceedings; but his zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of his fellow-creatures burnt with even more intense fervor in the inmost depths of his heart. He felt even more forcibly the necessity of letting that light which filled his own heart with its glorious effulgence shine forth in the darkness that was gathering around. He did not cease to speak of Christ to his benighted neighbors, but he was wisely guarded in his way of doing so; and in retired and secret places he would meet together with those who earnestly desired to know the way of life, and there he was wont to speak to them and to pray with them, and to lament over the sad state of religion in the land.

But the light can not be hidden, neither can any faithful witness of the truth be long unknown. His friends perceived his danger—they warned him, while it was yet in his power, to withdraw to some distant place of safety. The old man was well aware that his life was in jeopardy, he looked every day to be apprehended and sent to prison—but he had counted the cost of the cause which he loved so well, and he was ready to lay down his life for his Saviour's sake. He told his kind friends plainly, that while he thanked them

heartily for their good-will, he had learnt one good lesson concerning the confession and denial of Christ, which was this:—that if he, upon their persuasions, should presume to deny his Master Christ—Christ in the last day would utterly deny and condemn him; and "therefore," said he, "I will by his favorable grace, confess and bear witness of Him before men, that I may find Him in everlasting life."

The fears and forebodings of his friends were too well founded; the poor old fisherman was taken by the officers of the town as suspected of heresy. The Bishop of Llandaff was then at Chepstow, and to Chepstow the good Rawlins White was carried. There after many combats and conflicts with the Bishop and his chaplains, he was thrown into prison, but was so ill guarded—perhaps as being too insignificant a person to be worthy of much care—that he might often have escaped with ease. You saw the dark dungeon in the castle of Chepstow, my reader, where the dim light only serves to make the gloom more dismal, as it marks out the groining of the vaulted roof, and reveals the rings in the damp walls to which the wretched prisoners were chained. You looked down through the narrow aperture by which that dim light is admitted upon the rolling waters below, and shuddered and grew dizzy as you looked down into that frightful abyss. It was doubtless there, that this poor innocent victim first learnt to familiarize himself with the horrors of a prison, and to acquaint himself more intimately with that gracious Master, whose presence gives liberty and light to the captive in the darkest dungeon. Rawlins White was removed to another prison—for a whole year he lay in the castle of Cardiff which is now before you.

I must refer you to the narrative of John Foxe for the details of his imprisonment and his examinations. I hope you will read the whole of the sad story. It was given to the honest martyrologist by one who was still alive when his work was published. A young man named John Dane, the

son of a godly gentlewoman, who befriended the martyr when in prison, "was almost continually with him during his trouble unto his death," and took care to keep an account of all that took place. Few men among the martyrs of the Marian persecution were more meek in endurance—more bold for the truth, and more faithful unto death, than the poor old godly fisherman of Cardiff. You will read of his gentle and loving spirit; of his bold protest against the idolatry of the mass. Rawlins White had been forced to be present in the Bishop's chapel during the celebration of the mass, and had continued kneeling in a retired corner till the bell rang for the elevation of the host; at the ringing of the bell he rose up and came to the choir door, and there standing awhile, turned himself to the people, speaking these words, "Good people, if there be any brethren among you, or at the least, if it be but one brother among you, the same one bear witness at the day of judgment that I bow not to this idol," meaning the host that the priest held over his head. He had been summoned a second time to Chepstow, there he had been again brought before the Bishop and his chaplains, there, after his protest against the mass, and a further conference with the Bishop, he received his sentence, and was sent to die at Cardiff, being confined there till he was led forth to the stake, in a dark and filthy prison called Cockmarel. All his time in every prison where he lay, he spent in prayer and praise. His last message to his wife was to beg her to make and send to him his wedding garment—for so he called his shroud—and the poor, sorrowing, but faithful woman was obedient to his request. Early in the morning of the day in which he died, this wedding garment was brought to him, and he received it joyfully. He put it on and went forth, when the appointed time was come. He looked about him, when he saw the great company of armed men that guarded him on every side, and said with meek astonishment, "What meaneth all this! all this needed not! By God's

grace, I will not start away; but I, with all my heart and mind, give unto God most hearty thanks, that He hath made me worthy to abide all this for His holy name's sake!"

Another sight now met his eyes, and the sudden shock almost overcame him. His poor wife and children had come to look upon him for the last time as he passed along; and they stood weeping and making great lamentation. The tears trickled fast down the old man's face, but he went forward striving with the natural weakness of his loving heart. And he knew where to seek for strength, and strength was given him. "Ah flesh, stayest thou me so," he cried, striking his breast with his hand, "Well, I tell thee, do what thou canst, thou shalt not, by God's grace, have the victory." He now came to the place where he was to die; the stake was already set up, and the wood heaped up prepared for the fire. Boldly he went forward, and kneeling down kissed the ground. He rose up, and the earth sticking to his face, he said, "earth unto earth and dust unto dust—thou art my mother, and unto thee I shall return." Then with a cheerful countenance he set his back to the stake and stood erect. But again his spirit sank, when seeing his faithful friend John Dane standing near, he said, "I feel a great fighting between the flesh and the spirit, and the flesh would fain conquer, and therefore I pray you if you see me tempted, hold your finger up to me, and I trust I shall remember myself." No such token, however, was needed. The martyr grew stronger and stronger in the faith for which he suffered. When chained to the stake he busied himself in gathering as far as his hands could reach the wood and straw which they were bringing to the stake, and he arranged them around him.

When all was ready, a Romish priest mounted a platform which had been raised opposite the martyr, and stood up to address the people who were gathered in crowds at the place, for it was market day. Rawlins White heard him quietly, till he began to bring forward scripture to support the per-

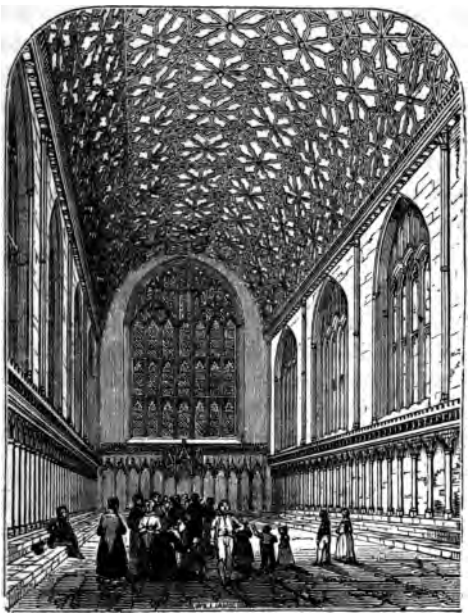
verted doctrine on the sacrament, which he preached. Then looking up, he solemnly rebuked him with such effect, that the priest was silenced. The fire was kindled, and the flames burnt fiercely, but the godly martyr stood erect, calmly and cheerfully enduring the agony of mortal suffering. His venerable countenance and white flowing beard appearing above the fire, and his whole expression seeming to be altogether angelical. For awhile he bathed his hands in the flames till the sinews shrank, and still while the fire raged, his voice was heard pouring forth this earnest godly prayer; "O Lord, receive my soul! O Lord, receive my spirit," until he could no longer open his mouth. He suffered long, but with unflinching courage and unshaken constancy. In patience he possessed his soul, till patience had her perfect work, and the martyr's spirit entered into rest.

Adisham, Canterbury.

JOHN BLAND, PASTOR OF ADISHAM, AND MARTYR.

MANY years have passed since the pleasant days I spent in the neighborhood of the spot to which I would now bear my reader with me. I was a school-boy then, but I well remember those pleasant days at Lee Priory, and the kindness of its host and hostess to their boy guest. They had invited me with my father and elder brother to visit them. They were tenants, if I remember rightly, to the owner of the place, Sir Egerton Bridges, whose circumstances had compelled him at that time to let his costly and elegant residence. The house had been built by him, and I heard many a remark by those whom I met there, as to its superiority to Strawberry Hill, which I had not then seen, and which, in some respects, it resembled. It wanted to my eyes the charm of association with the tales of ancient times, like other mansions with which I was familiar; but it was so richly adorned with fine old portraits and other graceful memorials of the past, that when I gazed upon them, I almost forgot they had not always been assembled within those very walls; and the place itself (I know not that I should think so now) seemed to me so admirable a copy of the mansion of other days, that I loved to yield myself to the delusion and look on it as such.

It was in the year 1808, when the jubilee was kept to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the reign of the good old king, George the Third, and I formed one of the party at a grand review at Canterbury, when cannon were fired and troops manœuvred, and I was in the midst of the noble and



INTERIOR OF CHAPTER-HOUSE, CANTERBURY

the gay and the beautiful assembled at the stately spectacle. On the same evening my youthful eyes were dazzled by the lovely faces and the brilliant jewels of the high-born ladies, with whom our party were associated; but I found no enjoyment that I cared for in that splendid circle. My delight was to return to the pictures at Lee Priory, to watch the rich glow of morning or evening light upon Vandyke's magnificent portraits—the almost breathing grace of those sweet and delicate features, his noble forms, and rich draperies—or to linger in the Holbein parlor, hung on every side with the quaint but expressive limnings of that fine old master in the art. I was scarcely eleven years old at the time, but perhaps no one in that beautiful mansion, not even our courtly host, the lineal descendant and representative of one of our high English families, regarded those charming portraits with so deep a feeling of admiration, or so true an appreciation as myself.

I now bless God with humble thankfulness that He has been pleased to give me higher tastes, and to set before me nobler objects than those with which, for many years, my mind was occupied; that He has graciously raised my thoughts and my affections far, far above such glorious vanities, and that with all the admiration which I still feel for the graceful and beautiful wonders of art, I have been enabled to esteem them at their proper value, and put them in their proper place.

How changed indeed are my feelings, as I now see the walls of Lee Priory gleaming through the dark trees, and the memories of my boyhood rise like a pleasant vision before me; but a vision of short continuance, fading fast-away as we turn aside from the high road at a short distance from Lee Priory, to seek the humble village and the little church of Adisham. How far deeper is the interest I feel in that secluded spot, where the quiet country clergyman was forbidden to preach the great truths of God's Bible to his simple flock: where traitors brought against him as a crime, that which, in the

eyes of all who know and love the truth, is ever the clear evidence of faithfulness in the minister of Christ—that he preached the pure doctrines of God's word, and those alone.

There is a crystalline clearness in the balmy air, and not a touch of chillness in its pure and bracing freshness. Perhaps some days in an English autumn are almost the loveliest of the year. This is one of them—a day peculiar to our temperate zone. In spite of those who rail against the weather of their native land, I can not help suspecting that no climate can be found presenting in the circle of the year, such an abundance of pleasant and enjoyable days. And among them all, one like to-day, an exquisitely fine autumnal day, is surely the most delightful. It finds us on our pilgrimage, with no superstitious feeling, but with a sad and thoughtful spirit, seeking a spot hallowed by the meek suffering of one who was slain for the word of God and his testimony to the truth.

Our path is over the pleasant downs and fertile corn-fields of Kent, leaving behind us the ancient city of Canterbury. The name of this county we are told is derived from a word describing the peculiar character of its landscapes, a country abounding with clear, fair, and open downs. The village of Adisham lies in a hollow of these open Kentish downs. The broad fields are spread over with sheaves of golden corn. The wayside banks are still adorned with their rich enameling of flowers. The hedge-row trees still wear their deep green livery, though here and there a yellow leaf tells of the advancing season. On every hedge the honey-suckle with its creamy flowers and crimson buds breathes its rich odors, and the traveler's joy, or wild clematis, hangs its graceful wreaths in heavy luxuriance; and along the borders of the road the eye is attracted by the blossoms of the wild succory, of exquisite blue, set like stars around their pale green stems. It must be indeed a secluded spot, to which our steps are bent; for the road is through the corn-fields and through gates, which

INTERIOR OF ADISHAM CHURCH.

we have to open as we pass along close by the hedge-row sides. And this is Adisham, this sequestered village, these cottage-homes embowered in trees—a quiet out-of-the-way place, but not to be passed over by those who love the pure faith of their godly and martyred forefathers.

I am not alone—I have one with me to whom I may turn and speak the thoughts and feelings of my heart, when they seek for utterance; but, reader, my fancy calls on thee to bear us company on this sweet autumn day. Thou shalt be most obedient to my bidding, and I will lead thee as I will, to wander by my side—or to lean beside me on that rustic style, and mark the sights and listen to the sounds which catch the wandering glance and steal upon the listless ear. We need not hasten, for although the shades of twilight will soon be falling, the broad disc of the harvest moon has begun to show itself, slowly rising above the swelling hills of golden corn, and gathering itself, even as we gaze upon it, a brighter and more golden radiance. There is no paleness in the beams of this harvest moon, but they spread a light like mellowed sunshine over the sleeping landscape. The fields beneath it bask in a light almost as clear as that of open day. Let us descend this steeply sloping road—for our pilgrimage is to the church which stands below. But thou must bear with me, for I have not brought thee hither to praise or blame with antiquarian feelings, that old square tower without a spire, those heavy and unornamented walls, those narrow lancet windows utterly devoid of moulding. I care not whether the building be graceful or unsightly in its proportions. No, I can not linger with thee in a close inspection of the architecture of this ancient church, its cruciform aisles, its rude tower rising above the intersection of its transepts from the bold arches by which it is supported. I can not stop to lament with thee the unspared abundance of that vulgar white-wash which meets the eye wherever it may turn. I care not for the ladder which shocks the sight in the north

transept, reaching nearly to the roof, and forming the only way of approach to the belfry-door. I take no interest in the piscina in the south wall of the chancel, or the ambry on the opposite wall; the altar-piece with its quatrefoil-panels and its old limnings of the four evangelists, the pavement with its glazed and ancient tiles, the fount of the early and square Norman form, its decorations of intertwined arches, faintly visible beneath the thick crust of that garish and prevailing whitewash. All these things are nothing to me here. I just notice—and have done with them. My mind is full of higher and more hallowed thoughts. This is the place where John Bland of Adisham, the faithful shepherd of God's sheep which then knew his voice, followed his godly calling, and preached with all his heart Christ crucified; and adorned the doctrine that he preached with holy and consistent living. But there were traitors in this little camp, hating the truth their godly pastor loved and lived and preached—men, who being stirred up by the enemy of God and man, betrayed him to the adversaries of the truth. Here in his own parish church, and surrounded by his own people, he met with the first interruption to his ministry, the commencement, as it proved, to that course of continued outrage and persecution, which ended only with his cruel death at the martyr's stake. These silent walls shining in the full radiance of the lovely moonlight, have echoed to the loud and brutal taunts by which this meek and loving pastor was assailed, because he could not consent to suffer the sheep whom he had fed so faithfully and tenderly in the fresh pastures of the word of God, to be poisoned with baneful weeds from the barren wastes of Romish error. My reader, is the story of this country pastor known to thee? If not, we can not do better than seat ourselves upon a tombstone of this green church-yard, and you shall listen to a faithful narrative of the life of one who was taken from the little parish where his walk furnished a bright example of pastoral faithfulness, and made a glorious witness in those fires of

martyrdom, by which the length and breadth of England were lit up, and which served, under God, to rekindle as it were the lamp of truth throughout the land.

Master John Bland, preacher and martyr, had been the tutor, according to Foxe, "of divers towardly young men, which even at that present time did handsomely flourish; in the number of whom was Doctor Edwin Sandys, a man of singular learning and worthiness, a scholar meet for such a schoolmaster,"—the same Sandys who was successively Bishop of Worcester and Archbishop of York. In the commencement of the narrative of Bland, as given by Foxe, the following short and simple letter is found from the martry to his father:

"Dearly beloved Father in Christ Jesus, I thank you for your gentle letters: and to satisfy your mind, as concerning the troubles whereof you have heard, these shall both declare all my vexations that have chanced me since ye were with me, and also since I received your last letters. God keep you ever. "Your son,

"JOHN BLAND."

Master John Bland was a man of exemplary character, and had probably lived in undisturbed quietness in this his retired parish of Adisham, till the commencement of the reign of Queen Mary. It was about this season of the year, for it was upon the third of September, 1553, on the Lord's Day, after divine service was over, but before the pastor had put off his surplice, that one of the churchwardens, whose name was John Austin, went to the Lord's table, and laying both his hands upon it, said, "Who set this here again?" It seems, that on the previous Sunday, the communion-table had been removed, without the pastor's knowledge, having been also, unknown to him, restored to its place. The clerk replied to the churchwarden, that he knew not: and then Austin instantly remarked; "He is a knave that set it here."

The minister, who was then going down the church, and wondering what Austin could mean, told him, that the Queen had set forth a proclamation to this effect, that they should stir no sedition. But, before he could say more, Austin cried out, "thou art a knave." "Well goodman Austin," replied Bland, "What I have said, I have said:" but the insolent churchwarden, cried out again with an oath, "Thou art a very knave." Here, the clerk, who seems to have been a pious man, interposed, and was met by this brutal threat: "Ye are both heretic knaves, and have deceived us with this fashion too long; and if ye say any service here again, I will lay the table on thy face." Then, in a rage, he and others took up the table and removed it. Good Master Bland set off that same night to a neighboring justice of peace to complain of the churchwarden's conduct; and the table was restored to its place. On the 26th of the following November, two others of Austin's family, it seems, came to the church, after the communion service was over, and began to question Bland, and to complain of his having taken down the tabernacle wherein the Popish rhood had been hung, and told him that the Queen's pleasure was that it should be restored. And then they began disputing with their minister about the mass, adding many insulting reproaches, and calling the good man a heretic, and accusing him of having taught them error. Many other taunts were given, too long to relate: at last he was told, that as he had pulled down the altar, he must build it again. They then threatened that they would bring a minister there, and have a mass on Sunday, and a preacher that should prove him a heretic, if he dared abide his coming. The singular patience and gentleness of the Christian minister was evident during all these proceedings, and he observed from that time forth an honest distinction between his allegiance to the King of kings, and his duty to the sovereign of his country. When told it was by the Queen's authority that the Popish priest should enter his church and preach from

his pulpit, he offered no opposition: but on that occasion the priest came not, and a large concourse of people having assembled, Bland would not suffer them to depart without setting the truth before them; and with as much modesty as faithfulness, he made the epistle for the day the subject of his address to them, "desiring the congregation to note three or four places in the same epistle which touched on quietness and love one to another." "Then reading the epistle, he noted the same places, and so making an end thereof, desired all present to depart quietly and in peace, as they did without any manner of disturbance or token of evil." Such is the account given by five witnesses, whose names are signed to their testimonial.

In the middle of the following winter, the village pastor on entering his church found a Romish priest there. He was performing matins, and about to commence the mass; on seeing Bland, he asked him whether he would oppose the Queen's commands, and was answered by the gentle minister that he would not resist the law. The epistle and gospel having been read, Bland requested that he might be permitted to address the people, and then with much plainness of speech, and godly faithfulness to the inspired word, he set before the congregation the many dangerous errors of the mass, and showed how one heretic after another, presuming to alter and add to the word of God, had each added a patch—such were his words—to the service of the mass. "I began to declare," said he, "what men made the mass, and recited every man's name, and the patch that he had put to the mass" As might be supposed, such plain speaking gave great offense. The honest minister was interrupted in an insulting manner, and was violently handled and personally ill-treated by the churchwarden Austin, and others. They ordered him to hear the mass. And Bland, who was determined to be present, but at the same time not to oppose the Queen's commands, stood with his back turned to the priest and his altar, and was finally shut up in the side chapel of his own church. After this, the

minister and his clerk were both conveyed to Canterbury, and there put in prison; but no charge could be made out against them, so that bail was accepted, and they were both set at large again. Two months after Master Bland was a second time seized, and remained for ten weeks in prison, but again obtained his liberty, for his enemies sought in vain for any just cause of complaint against him. His troubles however, were not ended. In the following May, he was summoned to appear in the spiritual court, before the noted Harpsfield, Archdeacon of Canterbury, and Collins the Commissary. The proceedings and examinations to which he was from time to time subjected, are in print, as taken from his own pen. They turn chiefly on what appears to have been the common subject of accusation against the Reformers of those days, the corporeal presence in the mass, which no man of common sense, well read in Scripture, could conscientiously agree to. The arguments of Bland are well worth reading, for they prove, that on repeated occasions, he was enabled with ease to silence and confound his opposers. Many ways were tried to make him criminate himself; but the plain way of truth, and the wisdom of knowing when to be silent, made it very difficult for the adversaries of this simple-minded pastor to prove any thing against him. On one occasion, when required by the Commissary to declare his faith, he at once recited the Apostle's Creed. He was taken from prison to prison, he was placed at the bar with common felons, and put in irons, and taunted and insulted even by his judges. One of them, Sir John Baker, before whom he was examined, said that he himself would give six fagots to burn him, rather than he should be unburned; concluding his brutal speech to this suffering saint with these words: "Hence, knave, hence." The chief judge against him was the Bishop of Dover, Dr. Richard Thornton, a notorious time-server, who had left Popery to become a Protestant in King Edward's days, and who, when Mary came to the throne, turned Papist again.

and was as bitter a persecutor as any. A curious letter is given by Foxe, written to the Bishop of Dover by one Thomas Goldwell, a Roman Catholic priest, from Brussels, in which he solemnly charges him with his apostasy, and reproaches him for his opposition to the Pope, and the sacrament of the altar in King Edward's days.

As in the case of Bradford, the persecutors of Bland seem to have resorted to every kind of shift to keep the good pastor in prison, till the commands of the Queen had been constituted laws of the realm; knowing that till then, they could not lawfully put him to death: and, as also in the case of Bradford, the minister of Adisham, after refuting the calumnies and triumphing over the sophistries of his opponents, at length manfully but meekly declared his faith in the most open and unguarded manner. His condemnation followed, and his execution took place immediately after. "His answers and confession being taken," says Foxe, "respite was given him yet a few days to deliberate with himself. On the 25th day of June, making his appearance again in the chapter house, he there bravely and boldly withstood the authority of the Pope, whereupon his sentence was read, and so he was condemned and committed to the secular power." This was his prayer, before his death, and it bears internal evidence to the pious and lovely spirit of the martyr.

"O Lord Jesus, for whose love I do willingly leave this life, and desire rather the bitter death of this cross, with the loss of all earthly things, than to abide the blasphemy of thy holy name, or else to obey man in breaking of thy commandments, O Lord, Thou seest, that whereas I might live in worldly wealth to worship false gods, and honor Thy enemy, I chose rather the torments of this body, and loss of this my life, and have counted all things but vile dust and dung, that I might win Thee; which death is more dear unto me than thousands of gold and silver. Such love, O Lord, hast thou laid up in my breast, that I thirst for Thee, as the deer that

is wounded desireth the brook. Send Thy holy comforter, O Lord, to aid, comfort, and strengthen this weak piece of earth, which is void of all strength of itself. Thou rememberest, O Lord, that I am but dust, and not able to do any thing that is good. Therefore, O Lord, as thou of Thy accustomed goodness has bidden me to this banquet, and counted me worthy to drink of thine own cup among thine elect: give me strength against this element, that as it is to my sight most irksome and terrible, so to my mind it may be, at Thy commandment, as an obedient servant, sweet and pleasant; and through the strength of Thy Holy Spirit, I may pass through the strength of this fire into Thy bosom, according unto Thy promise, and for this mortality to receive immortality, and for this corruptible to put on incorruption. Accept this burnt-offering and sacrifice, O Lord, not for the sacrifice itself, but for thy dear Son's sake, my Saviour; for whose testimony I offer this free-will offering with all my heart and with all my soul. O heavenly Father, forgive me my sins, as I forgive the whole world. O sweet Saviour, spread Thy wings over me. O God, grant me thy Holy Ghost, through whose merciful inspiration I am come hither. Conduct me unto everlasting life. Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit: Lord Jesus, receive my soul. So be it!"

On the twelfth day of July, 1555, this John Bland the Parson of Adisham, John Frankish, who was also a clergyman, Nicholas Sheterden, Humphrey Middleton, and another named Crocker, were burnt in the martyrs' field at Canterbury. One named Thacker, who was condemned to suffer with them, purchased his liberty by recanting.

Reader, I have more to tell thee of Canterbury, and the godly martyrs who suffered there, but the evening hours are advancing, and we must leave our quiet colloquy in Adisham church-yard. The moon will light us on our walk back to Canterbury, with a light almost as clear and quite as pleasant as that of day.

ALICE BENDEN, CANTERBURY.

BEFORE we go further together, my reader, in our visits to those places, which are some way or other associated with the stories of the martyrs of our great Reformation, we must understand one another better than we do perhaps at present.

Are you quite aware what I am aiming at, in bringing you from place to place to witness such sorrows and such sufferings. Can you suppose for a moment that I am merely anxious to point out to your notice those wretched monsters of cruelty and superstition, whose names lie like stains upon the pages of English history:—their day of brutal, nay, fiend-like power, has long been closed; and upon them, as individuals, it is not for their fellow-sinner to sit in judgment. There is but one to whom belongs the throne of judgment. Again, I am aware that while you read of one after another of those meek children of God, who witnessed a good confession in the flames of martyrdom, and of the insults and torments heaped upon them, after giving way to the full measure of your indignation, you might quietly say to me, All these things are true, I do not doubt them; but they belong to a by-gone age, and you might remind me that, here and there, amid the confessors of a pure faith, the same spirit of persecution and cruelty might be pointed out. Let me in the plainest language give you my reasons for publishing this volume. The Church of Rome has presumed to lift up her head in this land of pure and scriptural truth, as if in smiling and innocent unconsciousness of the crimes against God and man, which have long ago branded her name with infamy as drunk with the blood of the saints. The full exposure of the whole system of Rome has been made by many of the wisest, the most learned, and the most godly of our divines, but as generation after generation has past away, the labors of those mighty minds have been, I will

not say forgotten (for they have scarcely been referred to), but they have been regarded as the lumber of our libraries, out of date and useless, like the huge ordnance-pieces of former ages, laid up as trophies in our armories. "Knowledge has been increased" on every side, and among all classes; but the tide which has been spreading around us, has quitted its deep channels; it covers a vast extent of surface, but it has lost in depth what it has gained in surface; it has become superficial. We are reminded by the present aspect of things of our Lord's words: that while men slept, the enemy sowed tares among the wheat. Men had been long sleeping in this highly-favored Protestant country, without alarm; for all thought of danger from a quarter or an enemy so powerless as that of Rome, seemed but the bug-bear of weak and narrow minds. For many long years little had been heard of the frightful circumstances of Popery. Her superstitious circumstances were still known to exist, and were looked upon as retaining their hold only upon the minds of the ignorant or the credulous. But it was not on the circumstances of Popery that the master spirits of our old divinity bestowed their labors, and left behind them such monuments of their power. It was on the system itself. That system has been admitted by all parties to be a master-piece of policy. Its admirers have deemed it a master-piece of perfection; its opposers a master-piece of Satan. Putting the circumstances of the system out of the question, no one in his senses can doubt, that the system itself still exists in its entireness, as complete a master-piece as ever.

Since the foregoing passage was written, the whole country has been startled from its slumber by the bold and insolent aggressions of Rome. She has come forward to defy the laws of the land, seeming prepared to brave all consequences, and proving that she has never relaxed her efforts to re-assert all her claims and regain all her authority, and that she has been, and now is, as busily at work as ever.

For instance, does my reader recollect the language of Dr. Wiseman's after-dinner address at the consecration of the Romish Cathedral at St. Barnabas, at Nottingham, eight years ago. Dr. Wiseman had complimented Mr. Pugin, the architect (himself a convert to Romanism), on his having built, within a limited period, thirty-four new churches dedicated to the holy Catholic religion—as many churches as he had lived years. He goes on to say—and here I use his own reported words: "And I fervently hope to see England covered with them. He and others have, in little more than six years, built fifty-four churches upon true principles. The one we have this day opened is the largest built since the Reformation. We have also built seven religious houses in three years, and within a short period nine houses for religious men, making altogether thirty new religious houses in six years. Within the last two years, two millions of our publications have been issued from the press at Derby. Numbers of these books are caught at eagerly by our fellow-countrymen, who do not belong to us, and thus the good seed is sown. It is to me a matter of joy and consolation, that we have been joined by no less than nine clergymen of the Church of England, in consequence of the recent movement in that Church." . . . . He adds, "How are we to account for this? It is not the result of the Oxford doctrines, or the circulation of our books, or our architecture; but it is a spontaneous feeling—it is the yearning of the child for its mother."

This speech was interrupted by continued cheers, and concluded amid immense cheering. But I am not aware that this demonstration of confidence, and this plain avowal of the designs of the Romish party, attracted much notice; if it did, it was assuredly thought little of, or soon forgotten, except by those who weep and pray in secret places, while they guard God's truth with a holy jealousy; and, heartily protesting against error and heresy, in every shape and of every kind, contend earnestly and openly for the faith once delivered to

the saints, for their eyes have never been blinded as to the designs of Rome.

The great mistake, which I find many are continually making, is, that they reason on Romanism rather from the circumstances of the system, than from the system itself; not seeming to be aware that the circumstances may be continually shifting and changing, and presenting some new development (it is the very nature of the system that they should do so), but that the system itself knows no change. Rome never changes. Its system is one of fixed principles: it has declared itself infallible! and in this sense stands irrespective of time. Since the grand settlement of every vital question of doctrine at the Council of Trent, the Church of Rome has given it, as it were, under her own act and deed, that her system and her principles are immutable. Nor from that day to the present, has the slightest intimation been given of a disposition to alter or to modify any part of her system, even in the least particular. Notwithstanding the wishes and hopes of some misguided men in our own Church, for a compromise of what they deemed matters of easy adjustment, not a single point has been yielded by the Church of Rome: and those who have been weak enough to indulge the fond hope of uniting the system of clear and inspired truth with that of infallible error, have been many of them already caught in a snare of their own weaving. While the system remains what it was, and is; and since that system could manifest itself in its workings, by circumstances or effects, so horrible and so frightful as those which have marked its course with blood—the blood of its opposers from age to age—what ground have we for believing that it will hesitate—whenever and wherever it has power—to pursue its unwearied course, ever adapting its circumstances to its own ends? And what have we to hope from the system itself, if we insulate it from its circumstances? Does it not lift up its bold and brazen front in proud defiance of the pure majesty of God's

eternal truth, as revealed in His written Word, and revealed there alone? For surely we are justified in saying, not only that the Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of the Protestant, but the Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of the Christian. No man who really understands and truly values the pure Word of God, will consent to admit, along with it, as the rule of his faith and practice, the traditions of the Fathers, the decrees of Councils, or, in plain language, the word of weak and fallible men.

But I may have more to say to you on the system of the Church of Rome, during another of our walks. To-day, my reader, I would only repeat what I am anxious to impress upon you, that no other church, calling itself a Church of Christ, authorizes the shedding of man's blood *as part of her system*, nor is this fact part of her unwritten traditions, it is written in the decrees of her Councils, and in the notes of her translation of the Holy Bible. Her admirers and upholders say, that she would not do so now. I may reply—and with reason—She might, or might not. But one thing is plain, that the system itself involves the principle of such persecution, and would develop itself according as it might deem it expedient to its purposes to punish heretics with death, or to spare them. We sincerely believe that thousands and tens of thousands of Romanists are to be found full of kindly feelings, and shrinking with horror from the bare idea of putting a fellow-creature to death for a difference as to points of doctrine—we doubt not but that thousands of Romanists might have been found at the time of the Reformation anxious to save their friends, nay, their enemies, from the flames of martyrdom: but we maintain, that whatever the temper and practice of many of the members of the Church of Rome may be, the system of the Church has, if we may so speak, consecrated murder as a fixed principle of its faith—and *the system* IS *what it* WAS.

No, my reader, we will not stop to-day to admire the grace-

ful towers of that majestic cathedral which rise above the clustered trees, and the houses of the ancient city we are now approaching. Nor can I pause to gaze upon that justly celebrated gate. I have been familiar with Canterbury Cathedral, and St. Augustine's Gate, and I have been among the most enthusiastic of their admirers. It is with no morbid feeling, that I lead your steps to-day out of the pilgrim's path, and away from the far-famed shrine of the haughty Thomas à Becket. Come, we will rest upon the mount which rises before us. It was in my boyhood that I last stood upon the donjon mount, and little did I then think about the sad events which have given so deep an interest to that field which lies below: and which I now point out to your notice, as the spot where so many a martyr expired in the flames during the fierce persecution of Mary's reign.

It was late one evening in the month of October, that a woman belonging to the rank of the peasantry of this county of Kent, entered the city of Canterbury, in the company of a little boy. Her errand was a most unusual one, for she came to deliver herself up as a prisoner to the castle of Canterbury: and the circumstance of her coming in charge of that child was at once a proof of her integrity, and the noble tenderness of her spirit. She was one of the many victims led to the stake and burnt at Canterbury: her crime was her decided refusal to be present at the sacrifice of the mass in her own parish church at Staplehurst, which, as you are aware, is a village some miles from this city. She had been before a prisoner for the same offense, having been sent thither, with many mocks and taunts. Here she lay fourteen days, till at the entreaty of her husband, some of the wealthy men in the neighborhood of her native village wrote to the Bishop of Dover, entreating her release. Her modest firmness of purpose, however, had not been shaken by her imprisonment, as her answers to the Bishop, when brought before him, plainly proved. Foxe relates that, "being summoned before the Bishop, he

asked the poor woman, 'if she would go home and go to the church?' her reply was very simple. 'If I would have so done, I need not have come hither.'—'Then, wilt thou go home,' said the Bishop, 'and be shriven of thy parish priest?' Alice Benden answered, 'No, that she would not.'—'Well,' said he, 'go thy way home, and go to the church when thou wilt;' whereunto she answered nothing; but a priest that stood by, said, 'She saith she will, my lord;' wherefore he let her go, and she came forthwith home." Such is Foxe's short account of her first imprisonment.

The husband of this godly and devoted woman appears to have been a man guided by no principle, and acting only according to the humor and the will of the moment. On her return home, this wretched man, in the waywardness of his unstable character, seems to have commenced his attack upon her about her attendance at the parish church; and doubtless met with a meek but decided refusal from his wife, who made it a point of conscience not to attend. About a fortnight afterward, when going to the church, he met with a party of his neighbors, to whom he appears to have spoken in the most unkind and unguarded manner of his wife's unalterable decision.

The report of his words was brought to Sir John Guildford, a magistrate, and again the order was made out for the imprisonment of Alice Benden. As if to prove that he had made no mistake in the accusations he had brought forward against his wife in his idle discourse, this base and cruel husband came forward, and offered to take charge of poor Alice and carry her to prison himself, actually receiving the money from the constable to take the trouble out of his hands. It was then that this God-fearing woman, resolved to save her husband from the shame of such an act, and went herself to the constable, and begged him to let his son have the custody of her to prison, promising that she would go there faithfully. Her character for truth must have been known, for her word

was taken, and thus in the charge of a child went Alice Benden, to prison and to death.

This poor countrywoman was no common character. From the few facts that have come down to us of her life and death, there seems to have been a lovely harmony of mental and moral qualities about her; a vigor and clearness of intellect, a forethought and self-possession, and a gentleness and sweetness of disposition, which are sometimes found in persons of higher station, but which are seldom discovered—perhaps only because they are not sought after—among these in a lower rank of life. Many have been bold and courageous, but indiscreet and ungentle; many have been mild and forgiving; but poor Alice Benden presented in her character the union of these graces of the Christian faith in fair and consistent keeping. We are told that while she was in prison, she practiced with another woman, "a prison-fellow of hers," that they should live both of them on two-pence half-penny a day, to try how they might bear the hunger and suffering which they foresaw they should be called to undergo; for it was well known that they would be removed to the Bishop's prison, where three farthings apiece a day was the sum allowed for the prisoners' fare; and on this sum, for fourteen days, was Alice Benden afterward forced to subsist.

The winter drew on, and Alice lay in the cold cell of a cheerless prison. At the end of January, the hard heart of her husband seems to have relented toward the unoffending woman —and he came to the Bishop of Dover and begged that Alice might be released. But now he came too late; the merciless Bishop was not to be moved. He pronounced her to be an obstinate heretic, and one that would not be reformed, and he would not consent to her release. Again the spirit of the unstable man turned against his wife, and he laid information against the brother of Alice, complaining, that Roger Hall (for so her brother was named), had found means to hold frequent communication with the poor prisoner; and he told the Bishop

THE WESTGATE, CANTERBURY

that if he could keep her brother from her, she would turn, for, added the cruel husband, "He comforteth her, giveth her money, and persuadeth her not to return or relent."

The prison of Alice Benden was soon after changed, and she was taken to a wretched dungeon called Monday's Hole, strict orders being at the same time given, that her brother's coming should be watched for, and that he also should be taken and committed to prison. This dungeon was in a vault beneath the ground, and in a place where, in these Protestant days, prisons are not to be found. It was within a court where the prebend's chambers were. The window of the dungeon was surrounded by a paling so high, that the prisoner in the dungeon beneath could not possibly see any one beyond the paling, unless he stood by it and looked over it. There, by the good providence of God, in the absence of Alice Benden's jailer, who was also a bell-ringer, that loving and faithful brother at length discovered the place of her imprisonment. He came at a very early hour while the man was gone to ring the church bell, and he managed with some difficulty to convey money in a loaf of bread at the end of a pole, to his half-starved sister. But this was the only intercourse he could obtain, and this was after she had already lain five weeks in that miserable dungeon. "All that time" says Foxe, "no creature was known to come at her more than her keeper." She lay on a little short straw between a pair of stocks and a stone wall: her fare being one half-penny a day in bread, and a farthing in drink, till she entreated to have the three farthings in bread, and water to drink. And there she lay for nine weeks, without once being enabled to change her raiment, in the depth of the winter.

On her being first brought into that loathsome dungeon, the poor ill-treated woman gave way to complaint and lamentations, wondering within herself, "why her Lord God did with His so heavy justice suffer her to be sequestered from her loving fellows into such extreme misery. And in these dolor-

ous mournings did she continue," adds her biographer, "till on a night as she was in her sorrowful supplications, rehearsing this verse of the Psalm; 'Why art thou so heavy, O my soul'—and again, 'the right hand of the Most High can change all,' she received comfort in the midst of her miseries, and after that continued very joyful until her delivery from the same."

At length, on the 25th of March, it was in the year 1557, Alice Benden was taken from her dungeon and brought up before the iniquitous Bishop of Dover. And the question was again put to her, "Would she now go home, and go to the church, or no?" and great favor was promised her if she would but reform. Her answer shewed the steadfastness of her purpose: "I am thoroughly persuaded by the great extremity that you have already showed me, that you are not of God, neither can your doings be godly; and I see that you seek my utter destruction," and she showed them how lame she was from the cold and the want of food, and the sufferings of her wretched prison; for she was not able to move without great pain. Her whole appearance indeed was most piteous, for after they removed her to the Westgate and her clothes had been changed and her person kept clean for a time, the whole of her skin peeled and scaled off, as if she had recovered from some mortal poison.

The day of her death was nigh at hand. And her deportment was then in keeping with the rest of her exemplary conduct. At the latter end of April she was again called for and condemned to die; and from that time committed to the castle prison, where she continued till the 19th day of June. Two circumstances attending her last hours were peculiarly affecting. In undressing herself for the stake, after having given her handkerchief unto one John Banks, probably a faithful Christian friend who was standing by, to keep in memory of her, she took from her waist a white lace, which she gave to the keeper, entreating him to give it to her brother, Roger

THE MARTYR'S PIT

Hall, and to tell him that it was the last band that she was bound with, except the chain; and then she took a shilling of Philip and Mary, which her father had bent, "a bowed shilling," and sent her when she was first committed to prison, desiring that her said brother should with obedient salutations render the same to her father again. It was the first piece of money, she said, which he had sent her after her troubles began: and then in her lovely spirit of piety, she added, that she returned it to him as a token of God's goodness to her in all her sufferings, that he might understand, that she had never lacked money while she was in prison.

There is little to attract the glance, or mark the spot beneath us, where John Bland and Alice Benden, and others of like faith and courage won the crown of martyrdom. The eye passes over that field of dingy grass, its few desolate-looking elms of meagre foliage, and the martyr's pit with a puddle of foul water at its shallow bottom—to the bright prospect beyond—rich masses of clustering trees, fields of golden corn, and many a cottage-home dotting the pleasant landscape, as it lies, now in shade and now in sunshine, beneath the deep blue heavens, while the shadows of the rolling clouds pass swiftly over it. Here, there is a heaviness in the air, but there, in the open country, the pure breezes are blowing freshly; yet again and again the heart calls back the eye to fix its thoughtful gaze upon the neglected martyrs' field, hallowed by the sufferings of those who, while on earth were "destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom indeed the world was not worthy, but whose names are written in the Book of Life."

Old Clem, Gloucester.

JOHN HOOPER.

Our path lies now in a westward direction, that we may gather whatever information is to be found of the early years of one of our most distinguished martyrs; one as remarkable for the severe simplicity of his creed, as for the noble and glowing affections of his heart. A man peculiarly fitted to take his appointed part in the great work of the Reformation: uncompromising in his principles, inflexible in his integrity, unflinching in his courage, and adorning the high position which he occupied, with a calm and graceful dignity in all the shifting scenes of his eventful life. John Hoper, or Hooper, was born in Somersetshire. Probably it was on this northern side of the county that his father dwelt, for the name is still found here. He has perchance stood on this wide-watered shore, where the wall of rocks rises to the height of a hundred feet, abruptly from the beach of the Bristol Channel, and caught, or thought he caught, at times, the deep and swinging sound of the vesper bell from the abbey above; or, in his credulous boyhood, gazing upon the broad waters, opened his eyes with childish wonder, as he pondered the strange legend he had listened to, over the glowing embers of his father's hearth; when, in the long winter evenings, the gossips there, told how the famous Saint Decuman floated on a bundle of rods across the waves, and, leaving Wales, made this part of the country the scene of his miraculous presence. It was in the seventh century that St. Decuman flourished; and, after landing on these shores, built, as we are told, his her-

ST. MARY OVERY, SOUTHWARK

mitage among the rocks and woods of this beautiful coast. He was nourished by the milk of a cow, which followed him wherever he went, till one of the pagan inhabitants of this country coming behind him at his devotions, murdered him, and cut off his head. The body took up the head, and washed it in the clear spring where St. Decuman was wont to bathe, and near that same spring his remains were buried with great reverence. A strange story, my reader may say; but not more strange nor absurd than those legends which Mr. Newman thought it expedient to publish, in a series of numbers (some of which I possess) a short time before he openly went over to the Church of Rome; a Church which requires an implicit credence in such wretched fables, and has still a store of tales as wondrous for her benighted members, in her Estatica and Adolorata, her pictures distilling tears of sacred blood, and her Roman Bambino.

Come, let us climb this winding path, to seek the chapel on this rock, where the youthful Hooper may have often knelt, and crossed himself, as he sought the favor of the murdered saint; and then we may ask our way to the once celebrated Abbey of the Old Clyve. This must be the spot; these must be the ruins of Clyve Abbey, and this lovely valley is surely the Vallis Florida of the old charters! Such was always the site chosen by the Cistercian monks for their residence; they never built their abbeys in towns, but in some lonely and sequestered valley; and doubtless, when these dismantled walls were standing in their strength and in their magnificence, there was a wild and desolate beauty about the place. The bright waves of the Bristol Channel are not more than two miles distant, but the ground slopes upward, from the site of the Abbey to the summit of the lofty cliffs which rise above the sea, and the eyes of the cloistered recluse would rest only on the quiet features of this home view. The Abbey of Clyve, or Cleve, was founded by William de Romara, Earl of Lincoln, and bestowed by him,

with all his lands and liberties, &c., at Cleve, on the Cistercian monks whom he placed here.

The ruins are still extensive, and have been long roofed in, and inhabited as a farm-house, and two or three of the abbey fish-ponds are still to be found here. They, however, who behold the ruined abbey as it now appears, can form but a faint conception of the stately building, and the domain surrounding it, in the days of its prosperity. That fine old gateway is still a noble specimen of what the monastery of Clyve once was. My readers will find a view of it in Grose, taken in 1754, and another in Collinson's Somersetshire, as it appeared in 1791. Here then, it was that Hooper came, attracted perhaps by the cherished associations of his childish years, and enamored with the imaginary charm of monastic life. Like Martin Luther and John Bale, John Hooper commenced life by retiring from it, as a monk.

He had come hither from Oxford, where he had been brought up under the tuition of his uncle, William Hooper, a fellow of Merton College. Having taken his degree as Bachelor of Arts, in the year 1518, he had soon after removed to Cleve, and became a monk in the Cistercian monastery. But the legends of Popish saints, and the dark and wretched superstitions of a monastery, were to be soon abandoned by the honest-minded monk; and the quiet seclusion of the flowery valley, and the lofty rocks of Cleve, exchanged for the busy scenes and the stirring conflicts of active life. The monk that bowed his knee to many mediators, and his mind to many traditions, was soon to become the disciple of one Master, even Christ, and the student of one book, the Holy Bible.

The mind of John Hooper was graciously released from the trammels of its early prejudices and associations. He was not a man to be made the creature of circumstances. The events of his future life plainly prove this. and truth, when once revealed to him, became dearer to him than life itself.

He strove to live up to the light God gave to him, and followed with dauntless energy and eager zeal its first faint shining; and He who giveth more grace to those who improve His gracious gifts, guided this young and earnest disciple by his Holy Spirit unto all truth.

He left the abbey, disgusted perhaps with the ways of some of his associates—for the immoral practices of the inmates of most of the religious houses in England became soon after notorious, and though some good and pious men were found in every monastery, the preamble to the act of Parliament for the dissolution of Religious Houses, founded upon the report rendered after the visitation of the monasteries, states, that "manifest sin, vicious, carnal, and abominable living is daily used and committed in Abbeys, Priories, and other Religious Houses of Monks, Canons, and Nuns; and that albeit many continual visitations have been heretofore had by the space of two hundred years and more for an honest charitable reformation of such unthrifty, carnal, and abominable living, yet that nevertheless little or none amendment was hitherto had, but that their vicious living shamefully increased and augmented." John Hooper returned to Oxford. The writings of some of the godly continental Reformers fell into his hands. In a letter to Bullinger, who afterward became one of his dearest friends, he gives the following account of his conversion. "Beloved brother in Christ, not many years since, when I lived at court and my life too much resembled that of a courtier, I happily met with some writings of the excellent Zuinglius, and the Commentary upon the Epistle of Paul, which you published for the general benefit, and which will prove a lasting memorial of your name. I was unwilling to neglect these excellent gifts of God, thus set forth by you to the world at large, especially as I perceived that they seriously affected the salvation of my soul and my everlasting welfare. Therefore I considered my work to be so valuable, that with an earnest study and an almost superstitious diligence,

I employed myself therein both night and day; nor was I ever weary of that labor. For after I was grown up, and by the kindness of my father, my wants were liberally supplied, I had blasphemed God by a wicked worship and an almost idolatrous heart, following the evil ways of my forefathers until I became rightly acquainted with the Lord. Being at length set free by the kindness of God, for which I am indebted to Him, and to you as the means, nothing now remains so far as the remainder of my life and my last end are concerned, but that I should worship the Lord with a pure heart."

Such was the godly desire of this earnest inquirer, and it became by God's grace the vital and directing principle of his future life. He gave heed no longer to fables and endless genealogies, which minister questions, rather than godly edifying which is in faith, but with a pure heart and a good conscience, and with faith unfeigned, he went on his way, resolute to follow Christ through evil report and good report. He had become an enlightened, zealous, but sober-minded Protestant; and when in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the statute of the six articles was put in execution, "falling into displeasure and hatred," as Foxe relates, "of certain Rabbies in Oxford," Hooper quitted the University, and became Chaplain and Steward to Sir Thomas Arundel of Devonshire. Sir Thomas Arundel, it seems, on becoming acquainted with the religious opinions of his Chaplain, but having high esteem for him, managed to send him on a message to Bishop Gardiner, writing a private letter to the Bishop, in which he besought him to confer with Hooper, and "to do some good upon him," but requiring him in any case to send him home again. The conference between Hooper and the Bishop of Winchester lasted four or five days, and at the end of that time, Gardiner sent him back to Sir Thomas Arundel, commending his learning and his ability, but bearing forever after a secret grudge and enmity against him. Hooper soon found out, however,

that his patron's house was no longer a safe abode for him, and borrowing a horse of a certain friend, whose life he had saved a little before from the gallows, he secretly fled to the sea-coast and escaped to France. He resided for a short time at Paris, and then returned again to England and found a home with a Mr. Sentlow. But being again in danger, he passed over to Ireland in the disguise of a sailor, and from thence he proceeded to Holland, and afterward to Switzerland. There at Basle and Zurich he met with many pious men of the Reformed faith. Among others who became his personal friends at that time, perhaps the most valued was the excellent and learned Bullinger. At Zurich, Hooper married a Burgundian lady to whom he was truly attached, and who seems, from all that we are told of her, to have been in every way worthy of his choice and his affection.

On the accession of the young King Edward the Sixth to the throne of England, Master Hooper, with many other exiles, returned to his native land, determined to help forward the Lord's work among his own people to the utmost of his ability. It is recorded, that on taking leave of Bullinger and his other continental friends, and returning thanks to them for their great kindness and affection toward him in a foreign land—Bullinger said to him, "Master Hooper, though we are sorry to part with your company for your own cause, yet much greater causes we have to rejoice both for your sake, and especially for the cause of Christ's true religion, that you shall now return out of long banishment into your native country again" (anticipating the rank and power which Hooper would be raised to in his own land), he added, "You shall come, peradventure to be a Bishop, and you shall find many new friends;" and he concluded by saying, "and if you will please not to forget us again, then I pray you let us hear from you." The reply of Hooper plainly shows in what mind he was about to encounter the sunshine of worldly prosperity which awaited him in England, and that he looked

steadily beyond to the dark and troubled tempest which should burst full upon his head. After many affectionate expressions, he says, "You shall be sure from time to time to hear from me, and I will write unto you how it goeth with me, but the last news of all I shall not be able to write, for there," said he, taking Bullinger by the hand, "where I shall take most pains, there shall you hear of me to be burned to ashes; and that shall be the last news, which I shall not be able to write unto you, but you shall hear of me."

He came to England, and his faithful preaching drew crowds to hear him. He preached twice, and never less than once every Sunday, and the church was so filled that many could not reach farther than the doors. "In his doctrine," we are told, "Master Hooper was earnest, in tongue eloquent, in the Scriptures perfect, and in pains indefatigable. He corrected sin, and sharply inveighed against the iniquity of the world and corrupt abuses of Popery." It seems to have been at this period that Bonner, Bishop of London, having refused to take the oath of supremacy, was thrown into the Fleet prison as a recusant. He afterward submitted and consented to take the oath, but he was ordered by the Council to preach certain sermons at Paul's Cross, on a set of articles delivered to him, in order that his change of sentiments and his loyalty to the King might be publicly proclaimed by his own lips. At the first of these sermons Hooper and Latimer* were his hearers. The crafty Bonner, at heart a Papist, entirely passed over the last article, by which he was required to declare the authority of the King to be the same in his youth as if he were of full age. We may well conceive what the character of that sermon must have been. A formal complaint was brought by Hooper and Latimer against Bonner, which led to the trial of that double-minded man, and to his being deposed from his bishopric.

* Burnet and Soames call this Latimer "William," but in Foxe he is termed "Hugh Latimer."

I find that in almost all the memoirs of Hooper, this circumstance is neither mentioned nor referred to; and yet it seems to furnish the clew to much of that peculiarly bitter and wicked persecution, and those personal insults which Hooper and Latimer afterward met with from Bonner.

On being summoned to preach before the youthful King, so highly was Master Hooper esteemed and admired by him, and valued for his Master's sake, that he was soon after made Bishop of Gloucester, by the King's command: but there was a long delay in his consecration, owing to his objection to the vestments then worn by bishops, and to the oaths then required at their consecration. Hooper was opposed in his view of these things both by Cranmer and Ridley, who considered his objections uncalled for. But Hooper was right, for in the oath he was required to swear by the saints, and he deemed the long scarlet chimere, and white rochet then worn by the Popish bishops, as unbecoming the grave decency of the sacred office. He might also feel that the commencement of the reformation of the Church of England, was the most fitting season for those in authority to introduce a new and better order, even in things which would be at other times indifferent. With regard to the oath,* his protest took effect, and it was from that time struck out of the consecration-service: as to the vestments, however, he saw it wisest to yield. In the table of Pro and Con, which Fuller gives on these points, he generally remarks, when briefly citing the arguments on both sides, "that the best thing that could be said of such ornaments was—that they were useless, being otherwise ridiculous and superstitious; and that in the business there was too much of the Serpent, and too little of the Dove, to offend those within, and to invite those without, to the church, driving

* The oath he objected to, was the oath of supremacy, which as it stood in King Edward's ordinal, was much more full than that adopted subsequently. The taker of it binds himself to all statutes "made, *and to be made*," in support of the King's ecclesiastical authority, and in contravention of the Papal usurpations.—*Soames.*

Protestants thence, to draw Papists thither, and that Hooper had put himself upon the trial of the *Searcher of hearts*— that no obstinacy, but mere conscience made him refuse these ornaments." Hooper stood out at first so resolutely, that he was even sent to prison, and kept some days in durance.

The Diocese of Worcester was afterward united to that of Gloucester, and so exemplary was Bishop Hooper in the fulfillment of his high and responsible office, that his example is set forth as a pattern for all Bishops. "So careful was he," says Foxe, "in his cure, that he left no pains untaken, nor ways unsought, how to train up the flock of Christ in the true word of salvation, continually laboring in the same. No father in his household, no gardener in his garden, nor husbandman in his vineyard, was more or better occupied than he in his diocese among his flock, going about his towns and villages, in teaching and preaching to the people there; and while thus attending to the public duties of his calling, he did not fail to bring up his own children in learning and good manners, so that he was equally to be commended for his fatherly usage at home and his Bishop-like doings abroad. Every where he kept one religion in one uniform doctrine and integrity, so that if you entered into the Bishop's palace you would suppose you had entered into some church or temple. In every corner there was some savor of virtue, good example, honest conversation, and reading of Holy Scriptures, there was not to be seen in his house any courtly roystering or idleness, no pomp at all; as for the revenues of his Bishoprics, he pursed nothing, but bestowed it in hospitality. Twice was I," says Foxe, "in his house in Worcester, where in his common hall, I saw a table spread with good store of meat, and set full of beggars and poor folk." And he adds, that he learnt from the servants that it was the daily custom of their master to entertain the poor in this manner by course, and that he and his ministers were accustomed to examine these needy guests in the Lord's Prayer, the Articles

of their faith, and the Ten Commandments, and when he had done this, and seen them all served, he himself sat down to dinner, but not till then.

We find his wife writing thus about her husband's labors, to Bullinger. . "I entreat you to recommend Master Hooper to be more moderate in his labor, for he preaches four or at least three times every day, and I am afraid lest these over-abundant exertions should occasion a premature decay, by which very many souls now hungering after the word of God, and whose hunger is well known from their frequent anxiety to hear him, will be deprived both of their teacher, and his doctrine."

Thus it continued with this godly Bishop during the reign of King Edward; but when Mary came to the throne, his troubles began. Bishop Hooper was one of the first of the good and holy men called upon to answer for their religion before the Council. Gardiner and Bonner, as might have been expected, were the most virulent in their prosecution of him. Though, as he positively affirmed, the Queen owed him by just account, eighty pounds or more, he was thrown into prison on the false charge of being indebted to the Queen. He gives a touching account of his sufferings in the Fleet prison, where he had nothing for his bed, but a little pad of straw with a tick and a few feathers therein; the chamber being vile and stinking, having on one side the common sink and filth of the house, and on the other the town-ditch, so that the stench of the place brought upon him sundry diseases. "During which time," he writes, "I have been sick, and the doors, bars, hasps, and chains being all closed and made fast upon me, I have mourned, called, and cried for help. But the warden, when he hath known me many times ready to die, and when the poor men of the wards have called to help me, hath commanded the doors to be kept fast, and charged that none of his men should come at me, saying, 'Let him alone, it were a good riddance of him.'" He adds, "I have

suffered imprisonment almost eighteen months, my good living, friends, and comforts, taken from me. The Queen has put me in prison and gives nothing to feed me, neither is there suffered any to come to me, whereby I might have relief. I am with a wicked man and woman, so that I see no remedy, saving God's help, but that I shall be cast away in prison before I come to judgment. But I commit my just cause to God, whose will be done, whether it be by life or death." This was the way in which the Romish party treated a man who exemplified so consistently and admirably the discipline of a Bishop of Christ's church, as given by the inspired Apostle. "A Bishop must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behavior, given to hospitality, apt to teach, one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity." But he was deemed worthy to take his place among these suffering and glorious saints to whom our Lord has said; "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake." And he fought the good fight till he was made more than a conqueror through Him that loved him and gave Himself for him.

The time came at last for the examination of this godly man before his cruel and ungodly persecutors. He and Rogers were taken to the Lady Chapel in the Church of St. Mary Overy, now St. Saviour's, in Southwark, and there three several charges were brought against the Bishop, 1st. His maintaining the lawfulness of the marriage of the clergy. 2dly. His defending the scriptural doctrine respecting divorce; and, 3dly. His denying the real presence of Christ's body in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In each of these Hooper was condemned, being railed at from time to time by his savage judges, one of them calling him "beast," because he refused to give up his lawful wife. After his condemnation he was carried by night to Newgate, some of the sergeants

being sent before to put out the costermongers' candles, that he might pass along in darkness, for his persecutors dreaded a tumult of the people on his being recognized, so greatly was he loved and had in reverence. But, notwithstanding their precautions the people discovered that the godly Dr. Hooper and Master Rogers were passing by. London was not then lighted, and on both sides of the crowded streets pious householders stood at their doors with lighted candles, and, as the holy sufferers passed by, they cheered and encouraged them, praising God for the true doctrine which they had taught them, and praying God to strengthen them in the same to the end.

Hooper and Rogers were degraded in the chapel of Newgate by Bishop Bonner, and Hooper ordered for execution at Gloucester. The appalling news was received with unfeigned joy by the godly Bishop, who lifted up his eyes and hands and gave God praise and thanks, that He had permitted him to be sent to witness a good confession before his own people, and to confirm the truth of the doctrine he had taught them, by his sufferings and death. He then sent immediately for his boots, and spurs, and cloak to his servant's house, and made himself ready for his journey. They led him away while it was dark in the early morning, and gave him in charge to six of the Queen's guard at a spot near St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street, and by the guard he was taken to the Angel Inn in the Strand, where breakfast was given to him, before he set out on his last journey. At daybreak the party mounted their horses, the Bishop having a hood under his hat pulled down over his face, that he might not be recognized. He was well known at the inns on the road, and his guards took care to find out from their prisoner at what houses he had been used to stop, and then took him to other inns. At Cirencester he stopped to dine at a woman's house who had hated the truth, and formerly spoken evil of him, but seeing him led forth to die for the faith, she

wept and lamented over him, declaring that she had often affirmed that if he were put to the trial he would not stand to his doctrine.

About a mile from Gloucester much people of the city were waiting who had come out to meet him, and they accosted him with blessings and with much lamentation. The guards took alarm, but their gentle prisoner was not one to provoke disturbance or confusion of any kind on his account. Seeing this, his keepers on giving him over to the authorities of the place, who had been commanded to receive him, entreated that he might not be shut up in the prison, and he was lodged at a private house belonging to a person, named Ingram. There he slept quietly his first sleep, and then arose and passed the rest of the night in close communion with his God. Prayer was indeed his continued employment, with some necessary interruptions, till his death. With the dignity of a truly noble mind, he kept up to the last this consistent character of an Overseer or Bishop of Christ's flock, and with his dignity and self-possession he united a lamb-like gentleness and meekness. In the conversations which took place between him and the noblemen of the county, and the mayor and sheriffs of the city commissioned to see his execution performed—and in his interviews with others who desired to speak with him, he seems never to have lost sight of his high office, as one accustomed rather to command than to obey: but there was at the same time a holy sweetness in his whole bearing, which showed that he was truly a humble follower of his most gentle and gracious Master, Jesus Christ.

How beautiful is the account of his address to the blind boy, who entreated to speak with him, and was permitted to do so. How affecting the description of his coming, leaning on a staff, being lame with sciatica taken in his cold damp prison, to the place of his execution near to the great elm-tree, in the cathedral-close, over against the College of Priests, where he was wont to preach, where the place was so crowd-

ed with spectators, that even the boughs of the tree were filled with people. Seven thousand persons at the least were present. He turned to the crowd, and not being permitted to address them at length, owing to an order sent expressly from the court to forbid him, he called upon the people to join him in the Lord's Prayer, and to pray for him while the agonies of death continued. He had scarcely spoken, than the voice of prayer, but broken by sobs and tears, rose on every side from that immense multitude.

Again the Bishop kneeled to pray, not being permitted to speak to the people, and beckoned six or seven times to one whom he knew well, the son of Sir Edmund Bridges, to hear his prayer, that he might report it at a future time, pouring tears upon his shoulders and in his bosom. He prayed for half an hour. Part of his prayer was reported by one or two who stepped forward and heard the following words—

Master Hooper's Prayer.

"Lord," said he, "I am hell, but thou art heaven; I am a swill and sink of sin, but thou art a gracious God and a merciful Redeemer. Have mercy therefore upon me, most miserable and wretched offender, after thy great mercy and according to thine inestimable goodness. Thou that art ascended into heaven, receive me, hell, to be partaker of thy joys, where Thou sittest in equal glory with Thy Father. For well knowest thou, Lord, wherefore I am come hither to suffer, and why the wicked do persecute this thy poor servant; not for my sins and transgressions committed against Thee, but because I will not allow their wicked doings, to the contaminating of Thy blood, and to the denial of the knowledge of Thy truth, wherewith it did please Thee by Thy Holy Spirit to instruct me, the which, with as much diligence as a poor wretch might (being thereto called) I have set forth to Thy glory. And well seest Thou, my Lord and God, what terri-

ble pains, and cruel torments be prepared for Thy creature; such Lord, as without strength none is able to bear, or patiently to pass. But all things that are impossible with men are possible with Thee; therefore strengthen me of Thy goodness, that in the fire I break not the rules of patience; or else assuage the terror of the pains, as shall serve more to Thy glory."

This prayer was heard. The agonies he suffered were excruciating, the fagots being green. Three times the fire was kindled, and all the time his sufferings were protracted. After the second was spent, he wiped both his eyes with his hands, and said, "For God's love, good people, let me have more fire." All the time he continued praying, and when he was black in the mouth, and his tongue swollen that he could not speak, yet his lips went, till they were shrunk to the gums. He knocked his breast with his hands till one of his arms fell off, and then he knocked still with the other . . . . . at last his strength was gone, and his hands did cleave fast in knocking to the iron band upon his breast, and immediately, bowing forward his head, he yielded up his spirit. Thus was he three quarters of an hour or more in the fire, enduring the flame with the meekness of a lamb, dying as quietly, writes Foxe, as a child in his bed. He had desired to die in his doublet and hose, but was ordered to put them off; they were required by the sheriffs, being perquisites. The iron hoop had been with difficulty put on him—his body being swelled from the sciatica. When fastened to the stake, and when all was ready for his execution, a man whom he knew not, had come forward and exhorted his forgiveness.

"For what?" said Hooper calmly, "to my knowledge thou hast never offended me." "Oh, sir!" said the man, "I am appointed to kindle the fire!" Hooper replied—"Therein thou dost nothing offend me; do thine office, and God forgive thee thy sins."

And here was a man fitted by his superior talents, his great

learning, his deep experience, his commanding eloquence, his simple Christian faith, and his pure, loving, heavenly spirit—for the highest offices and the greatest good in the church of God—but, cut off by the slaves of a degraded superstition, murdered with a cruelty that would have disgraced a party of savages. These frightful effects of false and unscriptural doctrines, might awaken the careless to quiet thought upon the deadly errors, and the wicked practices of the Church of Rome. God, in His mercy, grant that the time may never come, when the people of free and happy England, the possessors of a pure faith, shall again submit themselves to the thralldom of that heretical Church, which committed the godly and upright Hooper to the flames. But if such should be the case, may God raise up witnesses as wise and good, as meek and as resolute, to testify to the power of the truth, as it is in Jesus. With a refinement of cruelty almost devilish, the Queen's pardon was placed in a box upon a stool before him, when he was at the stake, but he would not bear the sight of it, and said, "If you love my soul, away with it." He was kept firm and faithful to the last, and exemplified in his death the beautiful device which he had chosen on being made Bishop of Gloucester; a lamb in a burning bush, with the sunbeams from heaven darting down upon it.

Not many years ago, the stump of the stake, and the iron hoop attached to it, were dug up on the spot where he suffered, charred and blackened by the fire, and driven deep into the earth. Who can look upon it and forget what Popery was and still is?

John Hooper and Rowland Tayler suffered martyrdom on the same day—the flames of their funeral pyres were lit up, at the same time, in the Eastern and Western sides of England. They both died with an unshaken constancy, with a triumphant faith and a meek but dauntless courage. Never

was there a more mistaken and miserable policy than that of the Church of Rome in the ordering of the deaths of these two godly ministers. They were both men of high integrity, both distinguished preachers of God's truth, both of exemplary character in public and private life—they witnessed their good confession in the midst of a crowded assembly of those very persons among whom they had preached and lived in simple accordance to God's word, they were both not only faithful unto death, but both of them maintained a meek yet commanding dignity to the end, under all the indignities that were put upon them, and during the excruciating agonies which they had to suffer. Fagots of green wood were used at the burning of Hooper, and at some of the earlier martyrdoms in Mary's reign, it is said at the instigation of Gardiner, not perhaps from the apparent motive of such savage cruelty, but that by making the sufferings of the victims as painful as possible, the Protestant party might regard the prospect of such a death as the more terrible, and be more disposed to avoid it by recanting. The Romanists, however, deceived themselves entirely in their calculations, as we may testify with reference especially to Bishop Hooper, and Rowland Tayler.

Three hundred years have nearly passed away since those two godly men were burnt on the same day in the Western and Eastern counties—but the names and the stories of the two martyrs have not been forgotten, they are, we believe, familiar as household words at this very time to the lips of the people of Gloucester and Hadleigh. Monuments have been placed over the spots where the spirit of each of those two brave and godly witnesses went up as in a chariot of flame to His presence who is revealed to us in the Apocalypse standing in the midst of the throne, as a lamb that had been slain—there do they rest, and they will stand in their lot at the end of the days. "I saw," said the beloved Apostle,

"under the altar, the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held;"— "and white robes were given unto every one of them, and it was said to them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also, and their brethren that should be killed as they were should be fulfilled." Rev. vi. 9–11.

The letter of Hooper's pious and loving wife to his singular friend Bullinger, may find a fitting place after the account of his death.

ANNE HOOPER, TO HENRY BULLINGER.

FRANKFORT, *April*, 11, 1555.

MUCH HEALTH,

When I received, most loving gossip, the book of my dear husband, I desired, as he bade me by his letter, that it should be published before this fair. For which reason I sent it to Master Peter Martyr, that he might get it done at Strasburgh. He excused himself on account of the doctrine of the eucharist, which is not received there. It might be printed here by permission of the senate; but it is better that you should first of all revise the book, and procure it to be printed yonder. But as I am well aware that his memory is most precious to you, I do not doubt but that you will be equally ready to oblige him in this matter, as if he were now alive: indeed he is alive with all the holy martyrs, and with his Christ the head of the martyrs; and I am dead here till God shall again unite me to him. I thank you for your most godly letter. I certainly stand much in need of such consolations and of your prayers. I pray you therefore by the holy friendship of the most holy martyr my husband, of whom being now deprived, I consider this life to be death, do not forsake me, I am not one who is able to return your kindness, but you will do an acceptable service to God, who especially commends widows to your protection. I, and my Rachel,

return our thanks for the elegant New Year's gift you sent us. Salute your excellent wife, my very dear gossip, and all friends. Farewell,

Your very loving gossip and sister in Christ,

ANNE HOOPER.

Hooper had been reconciled to Ridley while they were both in their separate prisons, and he wrote to him as his "dear brother, and reverend fellow-elder in Christ." To which Ridley replied, "Howsoever in times past, your wisdom and my simplicity (I grant) hath jarred, each of us following the abundance of his own sense and judgment: now, I say, be you assured that even with my whole heart, God is my witness, in the bowels of Christ, I love you, and in truth for the truth's sake, which abideth in us, and as I am persuaded, shall by the grace of God, abide with us for evermore."

ST. MARY'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

Charraston, Cambridge, London, Oxford.

HUGH LATIMER.

"By yeomen's sons the faith of Christ is, and hath been maintained chiefly,"—such is the assertion of honest Hugh Latimer in his first sermon before King Edward the Sixth, and in confirmation of his assertion, he adds: "Read the chronicles." Whether he was mistaken with regard to other yeomen's sons, we know not, but he himself stood there a living proof, in his own person, of the truth of his words, and "being dead he yet speaketh," as one of the most faithful witnesses for the truth this country has produced. We have the account of his humble birth from his own lips:

"My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled as much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had a walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness with himself and his horse, and so he came to the place where he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness, when he went into Blackheath field." (It was there that the rebels were defeated in the year 1497.) He goes on to say, "My father kept me to school, or else I had not been able to preach before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with five pounds, or twenty nobles apiece, and he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbors, and some alms he gave to the poor. And all this he did on the same farm."

Let me take you with me, my reader, to the retired village of Thurcaston, where this honest and loyal yeoman followed his lowly calling. I think you will feel an interest in all that relates to good old Hugh Latimer, the apostle of England, as he was called, at the time of the Reformation; and be pleased to see the home of his early years, to which he referred with the warm affection of his simple heart, when preaching before the king and the great ones of the world. There stands the village church, an old and venerable building, rich in ancient and modern monumental inscriptions, and the fount is still to be seen in which Hugh Latimer was baptized. In those days the village of Thurcaston, which is on a level plain almost encircled by gentle hills, stood in the midst of Charnwood Forest, and every approach to the village was by some leafy forest glade: it is now surrounded by fields and hedge-row trees, and is both a corn and pasture district, the forest ground being a mile and a half distant. In former times the forest of Charnwood was very extensive and remarkable, and occupied a space of five-and-twenty miles in circuit. It was famous for falconry, and abounded with various kinds of birds, some of them rarely found in this country. Its botany and geology are still remarkable. Alas! the trees are gone, which once adorned this extensive tract, though the name of forest yet remains. There is, however, a mountainous character about those naked hills, once clothed with wood, suited to the romance of monastic times—an inducement probably to those who have chosen the site of their monastery in a natural amphitheatre of these rugged rocks. We should not be sorry to hear of a Hooper or a Latimer coming forth from among the monks of Mount St. Bernard, and shaking off the trammels of Papal superstition and Papal supremacy. Perhaps there is not among the brotherhood a more zealous Romanist than the yeoman's son of the neighboring village of Thurcaston once was. He would have gone to them, had he been now on earth, with the

Holy Bible, and said, "Follow this word, and come to Christ; look not to many mediators, but to one—to Christ, and Him alone, for life and peace."

There is perhaps the most extensive prospect in England from the summit of Bardon Hill in Charnwood Forest; Lincoln cathedral, sixty miles off, is seen to the east; Dunstable hills, eighty miles off, on the south; and, toward the west and north, the Malvern hills, the Wrekin in Shropshire, and some of the summits of the mountains in Wales. There are the ruins also of another abbey, or rather nunnery, in a lovely and secluded spot, in the centre of this once extensive forest—that of Grace Dieu. But let us leave Charnwood Forest and the neighboring country of Thurcaston, and drop down to the quiet village itself. How pretty and how pleasant is an English village! its shady lanes, its strips of emerald grass along the high-road side; its hedge-row banks, thick set with the clustering flowers of the primrose, or odorous with the sweet breath of the violet—its spreading hawthorn-bushes in full luxuriance of milk-white blossoms, and here and there an old and stately tree stretching its canopy of shade and shelter across the sandy roadway; perhaps a rivulet gurgling or tinkling over its pebbly bed, and catching at intervals some sparkles of sunny light upon its rippling surface, as it flows on, half-hidden by the foliage to which it gives a fresher greenness and a richer growth; its cottages, some grouped together, others wide apart, their white walls and thatched roofs embowered by the treasured fruit-trees of the small trim garden, which is seldom without its knot of sweet old English garden-flowers and pot-herbs under the casement-windows, that the bees may not have too far to ramble from the row of hives on the sunny side of the quick-set-hedge, and that the children may take a posy of roses, and sweet-briar, and gilly-flowers, and lemon thyme to the Sunday-school. And then the fine substantial farm-house, with its solid beams and its broad gables, and its old-fashioned porch,

half-covered with the mantling foliage of the vine, and its wide and well-littered farm yard, where the cattle are folded and the poultry fed, and where order so often looks like disorder, because honest labor is always busied there. Thurcaston has its bright and gurgling stream below the village; and I would willingly ramble on with you, my reader, following its course to Rotheley Temple, a remarkable place, where the Babingtons, a loved and honored family, reside; or take you with me to the church-yard of this secluded village, and point out to you the trees of Bradgate Park, a favorite spot to those who love the memory of the sweet and pious Jane Grey; for there her early years were passed, and there it was that Roger Ascham found the lovely and youthful lady reading Plato in Greek, while the duke and duchess, her parents, and the rest of the household, were merry with their sports and pastime in the park, leaving the house empty, save of the presence of her who was its fairest ornament; and there she told him how it was she came to love her studies better than the pleasures of that gay and noble circle in which she was bred.

But we must leave Thurcaston, and follow Hugh Latimer to the stirring scenes of his grown-up life, and of his hoar and venerable age—those scenes in which the yeoman's son played a noble part.

"Why do you praise Latimer?" Such, if I remember rightly, was the question of one of the most noted Tractarians, in a letter which has been published; and the writer then proceeds, in a style of wretched jocularity, to speak of "Ridley and Co."* We grieve over the perversion of mind which could presume to speak lightly of those afflicted and enduring witnesses unto Christ.

For if ever men have won for their memories the meed of honest praise, it was those self-devoted and lion-hearted mar-

* In the same morbid, and we had almost said driveling spirit, the godly and learned Jewell is styled by the same party, "an irreverent dissenter."

tyrs for the truth, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but stood their ground in the forefront of the battle, valiant for the truth even till they fell, and in falling conquered.

Hugh Latimer had a manly training in his boyhood, which told afterward upon his manhood. "My poor father taught me how to draw the bow," he says, in one of his sermons before Edward the Sixth; "he taught me how to lay my body in the bow, and not to draw with strength of arms, as other nations do, but with the strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, my bows were made bigger and bigger; for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it. It is a goodly art, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic." It was with a strong faith that this godly hero—after he had learnt the use of those weapons which are not carnal, but mighty through God—drew his bow at a venture, and pierced through the armor of the Man of Sin, and wielded the two-edged sword of the Spirit, and fought the good fight of faith, and by the grace of God he has won for himself a name which will never be forgotten while there are any to fill the ranks of Christ's true church in England, as good soldiers enduring hardship. For the church of Christ, while on earth, has always been a church militant against error and sin of every form and kind.

"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as to the Lord," this exhortation seemed ever present to the mind of Hugh Latimer. Honest Hugh Latimer, was the name he honestly won. In simplicity and godly sincerity he went bravely on his way. It was a rough way, but he went straight forward, over the rugged rocks, and through the thorny brakes; and though the rocks were rough to the end, and the briars set thick with thorns, his feet got hardened, as the feet of wayfaring men will do, by much traveling in such a pathway. God gave him a portion of his Master's resolute spirit to set his face

like a flint, and to bear up with a dauntless and smiling endurance, when the cold and cutting blast and the driving sleet of man's unkindness met him full in the face. He was plain in speech, plain in manners, plain in dress, and plain in his dealings with God's word and the souls of men. What he said he meant, and what he meant he said; but he spoke what he knew to be the truth, and he meant evil to no man. He was a man of decision, and evil men who could not love him, were forced to respect him.

He had trials to bear also from the sunshine of prosperity and worldly advancement. A short season, but a bright one, of royal patronage and rare favor with the highest and noblest in the realm twice opened upon him, and the silken entanglements of courtly distinction were twined about him; a bondage from which most men find it more difficult to free themselves than from fetters of iron; but they were to him as the green withes by which Delilah had bound Samson, and he brake them as a thread of tow is broken when it toucheth the fire.

Thus it was when he gave up the Bishopric of Worcester. He was with some of his friends in his own chamber, and, on throwing off the episcopal rochet from his shoulders, he gave a skip of joy, as if he had been suddenly lightened of a sore burden, and heavy to be borne.

At an early age Hugh Latimer had shown signs of a superior understanding, and his worthy parents had determined to give him a good education. They had six daughters, but Hugh was their only son, and he was sent to the Grammar-school at Leicester, and from school, when he was fourteen, he proceeded to the University of Cambridge. There he made diligent use of his time, was studious and read much; but he looked with equal reverence upon the inspired Scriptures and the useless divinity of the Schoolmen, holding Thomas à Becket and the Apostles in equal honor. He grew up, as might be expected, a narrow-minded and zealous

Papist. He took the usual degrees and entered the ministry, and became notorious for his unwearied opposition to "*the new learning*," for so the old doctrines of the reformed faith were then termed. In the oration which he made upon taking his degree of Bachelor of Divinity, he attacked the wise and learned Melancthon with great boldness, and he openly opposed an excellent and godly man, "Good Master Stafford," as Foxe calls him, who was the Divinity Lecturer. Latimer saw with horror the effect of his teaching upon the younger members of the University; for he set before them the sound principles of the word of God, and he took care to be present when Stafford lectured, and would then call upon the students to give no credit to their teacher's heresies, and exhort them not to give heed to so pernicious a teacher. His zeal in the wrong cause attracted the notice of those in power, and he was made Cross-keeper to the University, an office of high honor and carried the cross with much reverence in their Popish processions.

Who could have supposed that the blinded and inveterate Popish cross-bearer, would have ever become one of the most enlightened and single minded of the great reformers of our Church? He thought that he could never mix water and wine enough for the mass, and that he should certainly escape damnation if he could only become a friar, and that it was the height of impiety even to question the Pope's infallibility. But he was always an honest man; what he did, he did with all his heart; he was never for half-measures, but went boldly on in the course which appeared to him the right course. There must have been a manly simplicity of purpose and ingenuous spirit evident in the proceedings of Latimer, even when he labored most diligently to overturn the truth, and spread the fatal errors which he had imbibed; for about this time a deep interest was awakened for him in the heart of one of the most gentle and lovely Christian characters resident at the University. Thomas Bilney had some

time before, become a convert to the reformed faith. He had heard the oration against Melancthon, and quietly but closely he marked and studied the spirit of the honest-hearted, but superstitious Latimer. With the calm and judicious wisdom for which he was noted, he sought an opportunity of bringing the heavenly truths of the gospel of the grace of God before him. Bilney went at once to his study, and requested Latimer to receive his confession. This good man was one of those exemplary disciples of our Lord, who evidence by the mild and loving influence of their life and doctrine, the truth of that beautiful Bible proverb—"He that winneth souls is wise." In the statements which he brought before Latimer, the arguments which he adopted, and the sweet persuasions with which he made his appeal to the conscience and the heart of his single-minded hearer, he was perfectly successful. He was thus made the honored instrument, under God, of his friend's conversion. Latimer was convinced—he threw down the arms of his ceaseless opposition to the truth, and like another bold and fierce persecutor of the saints, the anxious question of his contrite and subdued spirit became, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do." It was soon found, both by the Papists and the Reformers at Cambridge, that he which had persecuted in times past, now preached the faith he once destroyed. He went also to Master Stafford, before he died, and begged his forgiveness.

The conversion of one who had taken so prominent a part in the proceedings of the Popish party at the University, soon became a source of great provocation to his former associates. Latimer was no longer a young man. He was a thoughtful, learned, and experienced convert, and the decision which he had made was the result of calm and deliberate conviction. He who had before carried aloft the ornamented and material cross in the gorgeous ceremonies of the heretical Church of Rome—had now become the cross-bearer in good sad earnest. He had taken up his spiritual cross, and made up his mind to

bear it with resolute and unflinching courage, even to the Calvary of shame and death. He now sought the friendship not only of Bilney, but of every one of the reformed party, and was in frequent consultation with them; conferring with them on the errors of his former views, and meekly asking to be taught the truth as it is in Jesus. But it was not to man that he looked. His spirit had received that anointing which is truth, and is no lie, and he knew that the teaching that he needed was not man's teaching; and since it had pleased God to call him by His grace, and to reveal His Son in him, that he might preach Him, his conference was not with flesh and blood. He became a diligent, pains-taking, and patient searcher of Holy Scripture, and received the truth, as he sought it, with the simplicity of a child, and upon his knees. In this spirit, with the Word of God in his heart, and in his hands, he went forth, not only into the streets and lanes of Cambridge, but into all the neighboring villages, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, in the plain, homely English, which the people were accustomed to speak among themselves; not confining himself, however, to this one good way, but frequently discoursing with the learned, in Latin, in the tongue of the learned, yet always holding forth the Word of Life as the only lamp to the feet and light to the path of the Christian pilgrim; every where preaching Christ crucified; every where insisting on the necessity of a holy life, as the only sure evidence of a state of salvation; every where exposing the vanity and folly of a mere formal and ceremonial religion.

His heart was full of pity for his poor and ignorant countrymen; enthralled as they too generally were in those days, by the wretched superstitions of Popery. He prayed for them, and he preached to them, earnestly desiring to see them delivered from bondage. He had been once in the same state, his spirit had been in the same bondage, his eyes in the same blinded state. He could feel for them, and pity them, as only

one could do, who had been himself in the same piteous condition. His preaching might be likened to the testimony of the man, who, when restored to sight by our Lord, had said, "This one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see;" and with all the joyful gladness of one restored to sight, he pointed to the Sun of Righteousness as the only source of his new sense of happiness. Three years were thus spent by this enlightened convert. "Master Latimer," we are told, "through his daily and indefatigable searching of the scriptures of the Old and New Testament, had made himself a most complete master of all the arguments proper to confute the then reigning errors of the Church of Rome; and he set himself about exposing them in the most public manner he possibly could." This he did in a strange quaint manner, partly peculiar to the manners of those days, and partly to his own quaint and original turn of mind. In his sermons he was by turns argumentative, imaginative, fanciful; now pathetic, then witty and even humorous; sometimes dealing forth the most sharp, cutting rebukes; sometimes breathing forth the most gentle and affecting remonstrances. He illustrated the truths he taught by the most striking or the most familiar stories; mixing up severity with sweetness, terrors with tenderness. But through all his sermons, strong, manly sense is conspicuous; in all his sermons he preached Christ and the principles and practice of the truth as it is in Jesus, with pure and heavenly clearness.

Multitudes flocked to hear Latimer's sermons. He addressed himself with the same ease and the same power to the learned and the illiterate. He preached Christ as the wisdom of God, to the man of erudition; and he preached Christ in all the simplicity of the Gospel, to the poor man; always and every where Jesus Christ and Him crucified, was the prominent subject in his sermons, the glorious orb in which all the lines of light met, flowing forth, and returning to that common centre. The effect of Latimer's preaching

was soon found throughout the University, and so great a commotion was raised that the attention of the Bishop of the diocese was called to the sermons of this bold and successful advocate of scriptural truth. Dr. West, Bishop of Ely, came suddenly and unexpectedly to the University Church of St. Mary's, when Latimer had already proceeded some way in his sermon. The preacher paused till the Bishop and his attendants had taken their places; and then with a short and respectful introduction, in which allusion was made to the presence of the Bishop, Latimer gave out another text, and proceeded to set forth Jesus Christ as the true pattern of a Christian Bishop. At the conclusion of the sermon, the Bishop "being a very wise and politique worldly man," called to him Master Latimer, and said: "Master Latimer, I heartily thank you for your good sermon, assuring you, that if you will do one thing at my request, I will kneel down and kiss your foot, for the good admonitions I have received of your sermon, assuring you that I never heard mine office so well and so substantially declared before this time."—"What is your lordship's pleasure that I should do for you?" quoth Master Latimer. "Marry," quoth the Bishop, "that you will preach me in this place, one sermon against Martin Luther and his doctrine." To this Latimer plainly replied, "that he was not acquainted with the doctrine of Luther, neither were they at Cambridge permitted to read his works; and that what he had preached was no man's doctrine, but the doctrine of God out of the Scriptures."

We learn an important fact from these words of the truth-speaking Latimer, that it was neither from Luther or any foreign reformer that the doctrines of the English reformation were derived, but simply from the Scriptures themselves. Indeed it was originally from the Word of Life held forth by our English Wycliffe, that the churches of the Continent became acquainted with the truth, and that Jerome of Prague, John

Huss, and after them Luther and Melancthon came forward as the advocates of Scripture doctrine. "If Luther do none otherwise than I have done," continued Latimer, "there needeth no confutation of his doctrine. Otherwise, when I understand that he doth teach against the Scriptures, I will be ready, with all my heart, to confound his doctrine, as much as lieth in me." "Well, well, Master Latimer," replied the Bishop, "I perceive that you somewhat smell of the pan; you will repent this gear, one day." From that time the Bishop forbade Latimer to preach in any of the University Churches. But Dr. Barnes, the Prior of the Augustines, invited him to preach in the Church* of his Priory which was exempt from episcopal authority, and there the Bishop was on several occasions among his hearers, and declared him to be the most powerful preacher he had ever heard.—Some of the most violent of the Papists of the University now came forward, one Master Tyrrell, a Fellow of King's College, being their leader, to lodge a formal complaint against Latimer, accusing him of preaching false doctrine and infecting the youth of the University with Luther's opinions, and Latimer was summoned to York House, to answer the complaint before Cardinal Wolsey. A graphic account is given† of Latimer's interview with the celebrated Cardinal. From the inner chamber where Wolsey sat, the ringing of his little bell was heard to summon Latimer and his accusers to the Cardinal's presence. Wolsey was struck by the "good years" and the grave and sober demeanor of Latimer, and expressed his surprise that such an accusation could be brought against him, and that so staid a person could be infected with the

* This is the old Church adjoining Barnwell Abbey, from which the pulpit and the fine old screen were removed about three years ago—the iron frame of the hour-glass, which was fixed to the pulpit, is now in the possession of the incumbent of Barnwell, the Rev. Mr. Titcombe.

† See "Latimer's first conversion at Cambridge," drawn up by Ralph Morrice, Cranmer's secretary.—Strype, Harl. MS. published by the Parker Society.

new fantastical doctrines of Luther and such like heretics. The plain, straight-forward answer of Master Latimer is given, and then follows the further questioning of the Cardinal, both of Latimer and the two Doctors, Dr. Capon and Dr. Marshall, who had come up from Cambridge as the accusers of the reformer.

"Then," said Mr. Latimer again, "your Grace is misinformed; for I ought to have some more knowledge than to be so simply reported of; by reason that I have studied in my time both of the ancient Doctors of the Church, and also of the school-doctors."—"Marry, that is well said," quoth the Cardinal; "I am glad to hear that of you; and therefore," quoth the Cardinal, "Master Doctor Capon, and you Master Doctor Marshall, say you somewhat to Mr. Latimer, touching some question in Dunce."* Whereupon Dr. Capon propounded a question to Master Latimer. But Master Latimer, being fresh then of memory, and not discontinued from study, as those two Doctors had been, answered very roundly; somewhat helping them to cite their own allegations rightly, where they had not truly nor perfectly alleged them. On this the Cardinal, perceiving the ripe and ready answering of Latimer, said, "What mean you, my masters, to bring such a man before me into accusation? I had thought that he had been some light-headed fellow that never studied such kind of doctrine as the school-doctors are."

The authoritative spirit and the clear discernment of the great Wolsey, are alike obvious in the report given of this remarkable conversation. "I pray thee, Latimer," said the Cardinal, "tell me the cause why the Bishop of Ely and others, doth mislike thy proceedings; tell me the truth." Latimer then told him plainly, "that ever since he had preached before the Bishop, on the office and duties of a Bishop, taking for his text, 'Christ being come, an High Priest of things to come,' the Bishop of Ely could never abide him."

* Duns Scotus.

The Cardinal on hearing this, said, "I pray you tell me, what thou didst preach before him on this text."

Then Latimer, committing his cause to God, plainly and simply declared unto the Cardinal, the whole substance of the sermon he had preached before the Bishop. The Cardinal, nothing at all misliking the doctrine of the Word of God that Latimer had preached, said unto him, "Did you not preach any other doctrine than you have rehearsed?" "No, surely," said Latimer. Then examining thoroughly with the doctors what else could be objected against him, the Cardinal said unto Master Latimer, "If the Bishop of Ely can not abide such doctrine as you have here repeated, you shall have my license, and shall preach it unto his beard, let him say what he will;" and thereupon, after a gentle monition given to Master Latimer, the Cardinal discharged him with his license hence to preach throughout England."

When Latimer came back to Cambridge, every one supposed he had been utterly put to silence, but he appeared in the pulpit on the first holiday after his return, and showed his license. After the Cardinal fell under the King's displeasure, the report was set abroad that Master Latimer's license was extinct. This report he answered from the pulpit, saying—"Ye think that my license decayeth with my Lord Cardinal's temporal fall. I take it nothing so; for he being, I trust, reconciled to God from his pomps and vanities, I now set more by his license, than ever I did before when he was in his most felicity."

Latimer and his beloved friend and father in the faith, Bilney, continued to go forward in their great work at Cambridge. They were now marked men, and were constantly together consulting how they might best advance the progress of the truth. Dr. Barnes, the Prior and Master of the Abbey of the Augustines, was at that time one of the finest scholars in the University. His house was the resort of those students who were most distinguished by their thirst for knowledge

and their pains-taking diligence: Coverdale was one among the number. Barnes had introduced the study of classical learning, which had been scarcely known or followed in Cambridge—all being (as we are told) rudeness and barbarity; and after having called the attention of his pupils to Terence, Cicero, and other celebrated profane authors, he put aside Scotus and Aquinas, and the Doctors of the schools, and read openly in his house the Epistles of Paul, and thus many good divines were trained under his teaching.

His opponent in the University schools, on his taking the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, was Master Stafford, of whom Becon speaks in his "Jewel of Joy." "He was a man of a very perfect life, of an angelic conversation, approvedly learned in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin tongues, and such a one as had through his powerful labors, obtained singular knowledge in the mysteries of God's most blessed word. He did cast away profane and old wives' fables, and as the good servant of Jesus Christ, he exercised himself unto godliness. He was gentle unto every man, and with meekness informed them that resisted the truth. His disputation with Dr. Barnes, was marvelous in the sight of the great blind doctors, and joyful to the godly spirited."

But though Barnes was thus becoming mighty in the Scriptures, by his reading and disputation and preaching—opposing superstition and hypocrisy from his own pulpit, he was as yet a Romanist, till the blessed Master Bilney, with others (Latimer doubtless among them) were made the instruments of converting him wholly to Christ. And here it may not be altogether out of place to mention, that when in the year of our Lord 1525, Dr. Barnes preached his first sermon, after he had become a Protestant, in St. Edward's Church, the Sunday before Christmas-day, taking for his text the Epistle of the day, from the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Philippians, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice," &c., the clear scriptural character of his sermon

was so remarkable that he was immediately accused of heresy by two fellows of King's Hall; and then, for the first time, the faithful followers of Christ, among the members of the University, came forward in a body, and openly avowed themselves as with one accord. They came forth from St. John's College, from Pembroke, Peterhouse, King's, Queen's, Gonvill and Benet—all these men were the lovers of truth, and opposers of error and vain traditions; and they together now assembled in the schools and in St. Mary's in open day, making no longer any secret of the views they held, but confessing Christ as set forth in the Holy Scriptures, to be the only author and finisher of their faith. It was a great day for the University when this remarkable awakening occurred; and that sermon by Dr. Barnes seemed to act as a sign and a summons to the little band of Christ's true followers to appear. The Heretics' Hill, the favorite resort of Bilney and Latimer, was not now regarded as the only infected spot, but the White Horse,* which is described as being so situated that the men of King's and of Queen's College came in on the back of the house, was the place where these godly men assembled, and the name of Germany was given to it by way of derision of the great German Reformers, who held the same scriptural faith.

Latimer went on his way with the same resolute spirit, boldly proclaiming the truth to all classes, and his sermons raised fresh opposition and caused new disputings between the two opposing parties, which rose to such a height of violence, that the rumor of them reached the court, and Dr. Fox the Provost of King's College, and the Royal Almoner, wrote to the Vice-Chancellor to make a formal complaint, and to acquaint him, that unless the University exerted itself to put a stop to the disputation between Master Latimer and others,

* The White Horse was in Trumpington-street, opposite Bennet-street, the next house to Mr. Cory's the grocer. It was pulled down to make room for the improvements at King's College. The Castle Hill, from whence there is an extensive view, was probably, "The Heretic's Hill."

the King himself intended to set some order therein. The Vice-Chancellor forthwith appointed a day on which any person who had any thing to lay to Master Latimer's charge, might come forward—declaring at the same time, that the accusation should be heard, and justice done to the aggrieved party. No one, however, thought fit to answer the call. The Vice-Chancellor summoned Latimer and the opposing party before the Senate, and commanded both parties, on pain of excommunication, to abstain from their disputations from the pulpit, and all other causes of offense. It appears from the letter of Dr. Fox and the speech of the Vice-Chancellor, that Latimer was the injured party, and that he was prepared to give every reasonable explanation, and that his adversaries had been actuated by "private malice toward him."

There is a little dark church in Cambridge—it stands back, surrounded by houses, somewhere between the Pease-market and St. Mary's Church. It is ancient enough, but remarkable for nothing grand or graceful in its architecture. I had never entered it, or even heard of it till lately. Its interior is dull and dingy, and it is not unlike some of the old prints of the ordinary churches of those days. There it was that Latimer preached. The same pulpit in which the plain-spoken witness for God's truth contended earnestly for the faith, is still standing. It is of dark oak, enriched by a broad and deeply-cut moulding of a fine bold pattern. I have a small table of black oak probably of the same date, having a border the fac-simile of that on the pulpit of Latimer. It looks as if carved by the same hand; I have never seen the same pattern elsewhere.

The churchwarden of St. Edward's parish, whose father I had known many years ago, kindly insisted on going with me, to get the keys and open the church door; and as I stood in Latimer's pulpit, and looked round upon the old walls of that dark, quiet church, the scenes of those stormy days rose up before me—when college dignitaries, and youthful under-

graduates, and frocked and cowled ecclesiastics of various orders, and the town's-people of all ranks and trades, were crowded together, with all their eyes turned toward that same pulpit; and where the preacher looked down upon a mingled mass of lovers and adversaries of the truths he boldly set forth, indifferent alike to the praise or blame of man, and intent only on delivering his own soul and the souls of those who heard him. There was the up-turned face of Bilney, beaming with goodness and sweetness, while perchance a tear or two trickled down even to his beard, as he silently exclaimed, "What hath God wrought!"—and there, right opposite the preacher, was the sharp visage and the darting eyes of the Prior Buckenham, half-shrouded by his black cowl, while conflicting feelings of bitter irony and defeated malice compressed his lips, and contracted his darkened brow; and there was Doctor Barnes (himself also a monk, for he was Prior of the Augustines), with a look of mingled surprise and delight on his mild countenance, the index of the state of his mind, as the true doctrines of our holy faith opened more brightly and clearly, like light from heaven, upon him. We may thank God from our hearts—and we shall do so, if we really honor and love the truth—that although so many clergymen of our Reformed Church have fallen away, and gone over to Rome, in these days of light and privilege, the doctrines of Holy Scripture, which Hugh Latimer then preached in that old church, are still preached as faithfully and as fully by hundreds of his successors, throughout the length and breadth of this favored land.

There is much not only to offend the fastidious, but to jar with the fine harmonies of a simple and elegant taste, and an educated and disciplined mind, in the sermons of Latimer. But he was not only a man drawn from the ruder rank of society (a class about which, however, Cranmer gives this as his own conviction, "The husbandman's children are often endowed with singular gifts"), but he had been accustomed

to observe the contrast between the effect of the sermons preached by the friars, on their hearers, with the labored and lifeless discourses of scholastic theologians; and he naturally adopted or fell into the notion that the style which told most forcibly upon the heart of the hearer, and penetrated most piercingly into the very marrow of the conscience, was the best adapted to the pulpit of a plain preacher of God's plain truth. His countrymen too, of all ranks, in those days, were accustomed to use language in their intercourse with one another, very different from that of the present day. Language which to us, at the present time seems coarse, even to grossness, was then the common parlance from the court to the shop-board.

The judicious Cranmer was well aware that Latimer carried his strong, quaint expressions to an excess which would be likely to offend the more refined of his unrefined hearers; and when, at Cranmer's special recommendation, the clear and scriptural preacher, Latimer, was called to preach before the King and Queen and their court, Cranmer wrote to him an admirable letter of advice on the subject, which is to be found in the Lansdowne manuscripts. He cautioned him not to be personal in his attacks, so that he might seem to slander his adversaries, or to appear void of charity; but added, "Nevertheless, if such occasion be given by the word of God, let none offense be unreprehended, especially if it be generally spoken."

But Cranmer knew that, with all his faults, there were few preachers to be named in comparison with Latimer—so clear in their perception, or so lucid in their statements of evangelical truth, so firmly established in the principles they set forth, or so thoroughly and experimentally acquainted with the word of God—nor any who would have so little fear of man or be so faithful to their own convictions, so valiant for the truth, so careless of court favor, or so uncompromising where the cause of God was at stake. But he dreaded the

diffuseness of Latimer, and his yielding too much to the impulses of the moment, and thus he charged him "so to study his subject before-hand as to comprehend his matter, and to stand no longer in the pulpit than an hour, or an hour and a half at the most, lest by long expense of time the King and the Queen" (the pious but light-hearted Queen, Anne Boleyn), "should peradventure so weary at the beginning, that they should have small delight to continue throughout with him unto the end."

His sermons have come down to us, and Southey may well say of him, and of them, that "he more than any other man promoted the Reformation by his preaching"—and of them, that "the straightforward honesty of his remarks, the liveliness of his illustrations, his homely wit, his racy manner, his manly freedom, the playfulness of his temper, the simplicity of his heart, the sincerity of his understanding, gave life and vigor to his sermons when they were delivered, and render them now the most amusing productions of that age, and to us perhaps the most valuable." We like not the word amusing, though we agree that his sermons are so in a high degree; but we fully concur that they are perhaps the most valuable productions of that age; for they speak with equal effect to the most homely and the most educated of the readers of the present day, whose hearts have been brought under the renewing power of divine grace.

His figures are strange and quaint—his language often rude and offensive to good taste—his illustrations sometimes far-fetched, and we can scarcely see the reference they bear to the subject; but what of that!—there is the fire of divine light and life in those remarkable sermons, there are grand, clear statements of the apostolic doctrines, such as no man has excelled him in giving. There are appeals to the conscience, searching and startling to a marvel—there are warnings earnest and solemn as from one who stood in the very presence of the Judge and saw the earth open and hell yawning beneath

the feet of his hearers—there is love gushing warm from a heart that overflowed with love to Christ and to the souls of men.

It was under the thrilling eloquence of one of these wondrous sermons that Bradford, "that holy man," as Latimer terms him, first trembled and confessed himself a lost and guilty sinner, and cried to God for pardon through the blood of His own blessed and anointed Son. The arrow had entered the heart of the earnest hearer, and like the stricken deer, he left the herd, and he knew no rest till he had sought, and found it in Christ, and in that repentance which is the gift of God, and the fruit of faith in Christ, a repentance whereby sin is forsaken, and in which the heart is softened and prepared to receive the seed of the word. Bradford was not content to attend the public preaching of Latimer, but he went to him in private, to express his deep contrition before God, and to ask counsel. In his letters to Father Traves, "his reverend friend and spiritual counseller," the minister of Blackley in Lancashire, Bradford often mentions his having been with Master Latimer, and speaks of his own agitated feelings, and of his anxiety till the counsel of Latimer had been followed, and the restitution made (recommended by Latimer) of the sum of money, about which his conscience had been chiefly troubled, and which had been unlawfully appropriated. His patron had been earnestly entreated by Bradford to make it good, and had promsed to do so, but failing to perform his promise, Bradford rendered himself almost pennyless, by parting with all the little property he possessed, to repay the money.

It was also under Latimer's preaching, as Becon himself tells us, that his mind, when a youthful student of St. John's College, Cambridge, was also first opened to the reception of gospel truth, Becon speaks of his obligations to Master George Stafford of Pembroke Hall, but he was a diligent hearer of Latimer, and he says, "To him, next unto God, I am most

especially bound to give most hearty thanks for the knowledge, if I have any, of God, and of His most blessed word."

In after years, Becon again met with Latimer in Warwickshire, of whom and some few other godly friends, he says that, "while with them, I thought I was clean delivered from Egypt, and quietly placed in the glorious new Jerusalem." "I was sometime a poor scholar of Cambridge, very desirous to have the knowledge of good letters; and in the time of my being there, this godly man preached many learned and Christian sermons, both in the Latin and English tongues, at the which I, for most part, was present; and although at that time I was but a child of sixteen years, yet I noted his doctrine as well as I could, partly reposing it in my memory, partly commending it to letters, as most faithful treasures unto memory.

"I was present when with manifest authorities of God's word, and arguments invincible, besides the allegations of doctors, he proved in his sermons, that the Holy Scriptures ought to be read in the English tongue of all Christian people, whether they be priests or laymen, as they be called, which thing, divers drowsy dunces, with certain false, flying, flattering friars could not abide, but openly in their unsavory sermons resisted his godly purpose, even as Alexander the coppersmith, and Elymas the sorcerer, with many others, resisted blessed Paul and his godly doctrine; notwithstanding he (yea, rather God in him, whose cause he handled) got the victory; and it came to pass according to his teaching.

"None, except they were stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart," adds Becon, "went away from his sermons which were not led with a faithful repentance of their former life, affected with a high detestation of sin, and moved unto all godliness and virtue. I did know certain men which through the persuasion of their friends, went unto his sermons, swelling, blown full, and puffed up like unto Æsop's frog, with envy and malice against him; but when they returned, the sermon being done, and were demanded how they liked him,

and his doctrine, they answered, 'there was never man spake like this man;' so sharp a two-edged sword is the word of God, it entereth through, even unto the dividing of the soul and the spirit, and of the joints and marrow; so watcheth, so causeth the Father of heaven, his word not to return to Him void, but to do whatsoever His good pleasure is, and to take root, and bring forth fruit, in them that are afore ordained unto everlasting life.

"I leave off to report his free speech against buying and selling of benefices, against the promoting of them which are unlearned and ignorant in the law of God unto the livings of spiritual ministers, against Popish pardons, against the reposing our hope in our own works, or in other men's merit, against false religion, &c., neither do I here rehearse, how beneficial he was, according to his possibility, to poor scholars and other needy people; so conformable was his life to his doctrine, so watered he with good deeds whatsoever before he planted with godly words, so labored he with all main, both in word and deed, to win and allure others unto the love of Christ's doctrine and His holy religion."

The like testimony is given on all sides to Latimer and to his preaching. "He was," says Fuller, "confessor-general to all Protestants troubled in mind; yea, he was the corban, or treasury, into which, restored ill-gotten goods were cast, to be bestowed on the poor, according to his discretion." Large sums were indeed sent to be replaced to the public treasury. And wherever he was, Latimer was always the same bold, plain-spoken opponent of Popish error, and of injustice, from whatever quarter it proceeded, and the same enlightened advocate of scriptural truth, and vital, practical godliness. He afterward preached before two Kings, he was the chaplain of a Queen; he was associated with the high nobility, and with the most distinguished in rank and letters, and held his place among them as a peer of the realm, but wherever he was, whether in the state and splendor of the court, or in the gloom

of a cold, damp, miserable prison—he was himself superior to the circumstances of his position, and there was a calm grandeur about his character, the influence of which was universally felt and acknowledged.

All men saw in him at all times, the power and the beauty of truth—a manly dignity, a godly simplicity, very rare in this ungodly and deceitful world.—Latimer could never be overlooked, though no man sought less the notice or the praise of men. They saw a man of decision—plain of speech, blunt perhaps in manner—but at the same time, of a tender, loving spirit, "an Israelite indeed in whom there was no guile." After he had resigned his bishopric, and retired into private life, the people still greeted him with the title of Lord, for they rejoiced to pay him honor, and he was the favorite even of the boys in the street, who cheered him as he approached his ever-popular pulpit, with some hearty word of encouragement, to "say on."*

It was at this time that Latimer preached his strange but celebrated card sermons. A game of cards is an extraordinary subject for the pulpit, but quaint illustrations were as attractive as they were common then. The preaching friars had gained the ears of the people by such strange addresses, and Latimer did more, he won the heart to Christ by them, and drew away his hearers from the "stinking puddles of human traditions," as they are called in our Homilies, to the pure and living springs which are opened to us in the oracles of God.

The Popish party had risen in arms against Latimer and his sermons. Dr. Buckenham, the prior of the Black Friars, had first appeared in the lists, and in the same quaint style of illustration, he had come forward to oppose Latimer. He had brought dice to meet the cards of the Protestant preacher, but had managed the strange conceit in a very bungling manner, wanting the wit and point of Latimer, and making an unfor-

* Blunt.

tunate choice of the subject which he sought to illustrate—namely, the utter inexpediency of permitting the Scriptures to be read by the people, or preached to them in the vulgar tongue. We give the following specimen: "If the plowman should hear this in the gospel, that 'no man having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God,' he would cease from his plow; the baker in like manner, learning that a little leaven will corrupt a large lump of dough, will, peradventure leave our bread unleavened; a simple man, too, taking literally the precept, 'If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee,' might make himself blind, and so fill the world with beggars." Such were three of the five points, brought forward by this learned friar to prove the danger of giving the English Bible to the people.

Latimer had been present at the preaching of this egregiously absurd sermon. The prior of the Black Friars was not, like Latimer, a man to turn the world upside down. He occupied the same pulpit that afternoon, in which his opponent had preached in the morning. With the ease of a master, Latimer exposed the weak arguments of the learned Papist, and went on to show how common and how admirable is the use made in Scripture of such figures of speech as those which Buckenham had stated to be so dangerous. He bade his hearers to consider how commonly the various trades were accustomed to have certain devices painted on the sign-board over their shop doors, and he asked them if they had ever found any difficulty in making out the meaning of the sign, and seeing in it a plain signification of what was intended by it. No one could suppose, he said, applying the same argument to preaching, that signs and figures were not very useful in making the truths under them more apparent. No one could suppose, for instance, when a fox was spoken of, preaching under a friar's cowl, that the preacher intended to speak of a real fox, or to assert that the fox was accustomed to preach; but that he was describing under that figure, the craft, dis-

simulation, and hypocrisy to be found too often under a friar's cowl. No wonder the eyes of all present were then involuntarily turned to the Black Friar who was conspicuously present, right opposite the preacher, and it was obvious to all where the cowl, or rather the cap, fitted.

Another adversary, one Dr. Venutus, a Gray Friar, was so much irritated by this sermon of Latimer's, that in his brawling sermons, to use the words of Foxe, he railed and raged against Master Latimer, calling him a mad and brainless man. But Latimer had the truth on his side, and a stout heart, and sound arguments to maintain it. With gravity, and dignity, with forcible reasoning, and in a scholastic manner, Latimer came forward to defend himself against the coarse and senseless invectives of his assailant. Dr. Venutus quitted the University, and Dr. Buckenham did not venture to renew the attack. Well might it be said by Becon, "There is a common saying, which remaineth unto this day, 'When Master Stafford read, and Master Latimer preached, then was Cambridge blessed.'"

In the month after these occurrences, the name of Master Latimer appeared in the list of the members of the University —appointed by grace of the Senate, to define and determine, on behalf of Cambridge, as to the lawfulness of the King's marriage with Catherine of Arragon, and on the propriety of a divorce. The decision of the University was given on the 9th of March, 1530; and Latimer was called on the Sunday following to preach before Henry the Eighth at Windsor. The King was reported to have greatly praised Master Latimer's sermon; and £5 were given to the preacher for his sermon. At the conclusion, the King called for the preacher, and entered into discourse with him on the subject of his sermon; and Latimer availed himself of this opportunity to prefer a petition to Henry. Kneeling before the King, he requested a free pardon from his Majesty's hand, for a poor woman, then a prisoner under sentence of death, for the sup-

posed murder of her child in Cambridge Castle. He and Bilney had been for some time accustomed to visit the prisoners in the Castle; and he had been led to conclude in his conversations with this woman, that she was innocent of the crime for which she was condemned. Her son had died during harvest time, when she was alone in the house; and her unkind husband, who had no love for her, found her alone, and preparing the body for burial. He it was who had charged her with the murder. Her life, however, had been spared till after the expected birth of another child, and her mind was greatly troubled at the thought of dying without having gone through the Popish rites of purification; and after the birth of the child, to whom Latimer stood godfather and Mistress Cheke godmother, she implored Latimer to administer to her the appointed ceremony. He and Bilney, who were frequently with her, took great pains to open her eyes to the erroneous opinions which she held, and set before her so effectually the only source of true purification in the one Fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, the precious blood of Jesus Christ, that their efforts were blessed by her conversion; and then, when she had been brought, under God, to a clear knowledge of the truth, Latimer produced the King's pardon, and she was restored to liberty.

Such was the first personal interview between Latimer and Henry—an interview in which each of them appeared to advantage: the minister of Christ, in the lovely exercise of his calling, pleading for mercy in behalf of a poor, condemned, but innocent woman; and the sovereign in the no less lovely exercise of his royal prerogative of mercy.

After his return to Cambridge, Master Latimer was selected as one of the twelve of the best learned men in divinity within that University, who, according to the King's command, were sent to London to meet a like number of divines from Oxford, that they might consult together as to the prohibition of the Scriptures and other books to be read in En-

glish; and a royal proclamation followed confirming the prohibition. But Latimer wrote immediately to the King, and told him plainly that he and three or four others did not concur in the prohibition, and implored that he would order the Scriptures to go forth in English.

We give part of this letter from Latimer to the King.

"He who for fear of any power," to use the words of Augustine, "hides the truth, provokes the wrath of God to come upon him, for he fears men more than God."

"Chrysostom saith," he continued, "that he is not only a traitor to the truth who openly for truth teaches a lie, but he also who does not freely pronounce and show the truth that he knows. These sentences, most redoubted King, when I read them now of late, and marked them earnestly in the inward parts of my heart, made me sore afraid; troubled and vexed me grievously in my conscience, and at the last drove me to this strait, that I must either show forth such things as I have read and learned in Scripture, or else be of those who provoke the wrath of God upon them, and are traitors unto the truth; the which, rather than it should happen, I would prefer to suffer extreme punishment."

"They are sore drowned in worldly wisdom, who think it against their worship to acknowledge their ignorance. I pray to God that your grace may espy and take heed of that worldly wisdom which is foolishness before God; that you may do that which God commands, and not that which seems good in your own sight without the word of God; that you may be found a faithful minister of his gifts, and not merely a defender of his faith, for he will not have it defended by man or man's power, but by his word only, by whom he hath evermore defended it, and that by a way far above man's reason.

"Wherefore, gracious King, remember yourself, have pity on your soul, and think that the day is even at hand when you shall give an account of your office, and of the blood

that hath been shed with your sword. In that day, that your grace may stand steadfastly, and not be ashamed, but be clear and ready in your reckoning, and have (as they say) your *quietus est*, sealed with the blood of our Saviour Christ, which only serveth at that day, is my daily prayer to Him that suffered death for our sins, and who also prayeth to his Father for grace for us continually. To whom be all honor and praise forever. Amen. The Spirit of God preserve your grace."

The king took no offense, it seems, at this faithful remonstrance. We may hope that he did justice to the spirit of the man who had the courage to address to him the solemn and beautiful appeal with which that remarkable letter concludes. Latimer was appointed one of the royal chaplains, and was high in favor with the Protestant queen, Anne Boleyn. One of his most zealous friends was the excellent and godly Dr. Buttes, the king's physician, in whose chambers he dwelt during his stay in London, and often preached. A great man, we are told, on his first coming to court, admonished him to beware that he contraried not the king: but what distinguished Latimer throughout the whole course of his life, was a godly fearlessness of consequences. To see a thing to be right, and to do it at once, was the principle and the practice of this remarkable man. No one perhaps was ever less dazzled by the circumstances of wealth, or power, or high authority than Hugh Latimer. His secret walk was with Him who, though He is "King of kings, and Lord of lords," "made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant;" and the glory of His presence put out the lights of all worldly glory, so that he was as one who saw it not. He was probably soon wearied with the intrigues and the profligacy of a court—with the falsehood and the flattery which he witnessed in so many, and glad to escape to the more healthy atmosphere of a country parish; and when the living of West Kington in Wiltshire was presented to him,

contrary to the advice of his friend Dr. Buttes, Latimer at once quitted the court, and set off to devote himself to the charge of his country parish. There also the church is still standing; and the present vicar of West Kington preaches from Latimer's pulpit.

Latimer did not confine his labors as a preacher to his own parish; but, having a license from his university to preach throughout the whole of England, he went every where, in that part of the country, preaching the word. The miraculous blood of Hales, a place near West Kington, drew crowds of pilgrims to witness the pretended miracle, and Latimer's bold and fearless attacks on the imposture, gave great provocation to the Romanists. The fraud was afterward fully exposed, as may be seen in Latimer's sermons and letters.

The University of Cambridge* has the power to license twelve persons to preach in any part of the realm. If such is the case, we should heartily rejoice to see it exercised, and to know that twelve godly and faithful clergymen of sound judgment, men of experience and of a loving and gentle spirit, were solemnly appointed and sent forth to preach the great doctrines of the Bible throughout the land. Such a course of proceedings would be no innovation—no new thing—but the revival of part of the original constitution of the Church of England; and though the difficulty would be in the selection of the right men, to fulfill so responsible an office, such men might doubtless be found. In these days such a work is peculiarly needed to be carried on, and such a work would, we might humbly and confidently hope, be eminently blessed. The subject is well worth the consideration of those in authority, and of those who have at heart not only the welfare of the Church of their fathers, but the spread of the pure principles of the only inspired Word. The truth might then be preached in those parishes where the errors and tra-

* See note in the Volume of "Remains of Latimer," published by Parker Society, p. 324.

ditions of men are prevailing; and light carried into the dark and neglected places of the land. Such missionary work, we repeat is no new thing. The itinerant friars of the Church of Rome were to be found, before the days of Wycliffe, preaching their false doctrines in every part of the country; and in order to meet their soul-enslaving errors, Wycliffe organized a body of missionaries, who went every where preaching the word. In like manner, that the principles of the Reformation* might be introduced into the hearts of the people, as well as into the institutions of the Church, six eminent preachers were appointed among the chaplains in ordinary of Edward the Sixth, two of whom were to reside at court, while the other four made a progress through the country, and as far as possible supplied the want of preaching clergymen—a deficiency which was then strongly felt. In this blessed work Latimer delighted, and for it he was eminently qualified. He felt the need of unwearied diligence in oppos ing the efforts of the evil one, and he endeavored, by putting forth every active energy in his power, to do so. We learn in his own words his sense of the need of constant vigilance and ceaseless efforts in the work of the ministry. "There is one," said he, "that is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England, and will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all others, he is never out of his diocese, he is never from his cure, ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish, he keepeth residence at all times, ye shall never find him out of the way, call for him when you will, he is ever at home, the diligentest preacher in all the realm, he is ever at his plow, neither lordling nor loitering can hinder him, he is ever applying his business, ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. But his office is to hinder religion, to maintain, superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kind of Popery:—where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, he adds

* Short's History of the Church of England.

with all superstition and idolatry, censing, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new services of man's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honor God with, than God Himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross. . . . . Up with men's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most holy word." We may easily conceive from this language, that so bold and uncompromising a preacher as Latimer would give intolerable offense to those who loved darkness rather than light, and preferred error to truth. Attempts were made, but in vain, to silence the honest and plain-spoken Reformer. "His diligence was so great, his preaching so mighty, the manner of his teaching so zealous," that it was not to be borne, and at last a solemn charge was drawn up against him and laid before Stokesley, Bishop of London. It was instantly attended to, and Latimer was cited to appear before him. He appealed to his own ordinary, the Chancellor of the Diocese of Sarum, and then a citation was obtained from the Archbishop's court, and Latimer was required to come up to London, and answer to the charges brought against him. His friends advised him to fly from the danger that seemed to await him; but Latimer determined to comply at once to the citation of the Archbishop. Without delay he set out for London, in the depth of winter, when suffering under a severe fit of the stone and colic, thinking less of his own personal peril than of leaving his beloved flock without a shepherd and exposed to the Popish clergy, who would, he feared, gladly avail themselves of his absence to undo the work he had commenced among his people.

He was now brought into a situation of imminent danger, but he met it with his usual courage. He would not yield, but maintained, in his appeal to Archbishop Warham, that he thought preaching was the best way to amend the abuses and errors which then commonly prevailed. He begged to be excused signing the articles which had been proposed to

him, declaring plainly that he never would abet superstition. He begged the Archbishop to excuse what he had written, adding that he knew his duty to his superiors, and would practice it, but stronger obligation was now laid upon him.

Latimer was kept a long time in London, away from his own cure, and "greatly molested;" he was excommunicated, and even imprisoned for a short time, and only at the special request of the King was the sentence of excommunication removed, and he was permitted to return to his parish. The following year saw Hugh Latimer in fresh trouble. A formal complaint was brought against his preaching, by one Richard Brown, a priest of Bristol, and then followed a host of opposers, a Master Hubberdine, a most violent man, taking the lead. Cranmer, however, was now Archbishop of Canterbury, and in various ways he openly showed himself the friend and approver of Latimer. But he was at length extricated from the snares which his enemies had laid for him, by an extraordinary device of his friends, and indeed of the King himself. At the recommendation of Anne Boleyn, and the Lord Cromwell, the persecuted minister was suddenly promoted to the Bishopric of Worcester, which had just become vacant. Having been so much beset by persecution, as a private clergyman, he gladly accepted the high office, both to secure his own safety, and with the hope of having more opportunities of extending the kingdom of God, and doing good to his fellow-creatures. After having made many reforms in his own diocese, Bishop Latimer was summoned in the year 1536 to Parliament, and to a convocation. The Bishop of Worcester was appointed by Cranmer to preach the sermon before the convocation, and did so with the manly eloquence of that sound speech which can not be condemned. Cranmer and Latimer met with some violent opposition from their adversaries, but for a time the cause which they had at heart prevailed, many changes took place favorable to the

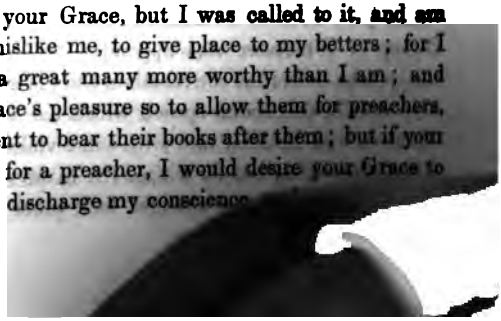
Reformation;—the Bible was translated into English, and recommended to general reading in the following year.

Latimer was again resident at court, but he was no courtier. He was faithful to the duties of his new calling, and as plain-spoken to the highest person in the realm, as to the poorest laborer.

We all know the story of his new-year's offering to the King. When others brought their courtly homage, and rich jewels and such-like gifts, the godly Bishop of Worcester put a New Testament into the king's hand, with a leaf folded down at the place where it is written, "Whoremongers and adulterers, God will judge." Such honest men are rarely met with—they were rare at that day—they are still rare.

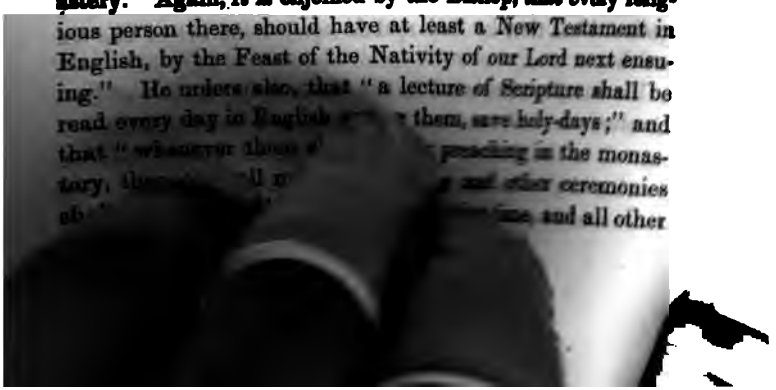
The unblemished uprightness, and uncompromising faithfulness of Hugh Latimer, gave weight to his character. He was worthy of his high calling, for at the court of a great and despotic king, he spoke and acted as one who was faithful to a far higher monarch. He spoke the plain truth in the ears of the highest man in the realm, not holding men's persons in admiration, and playing the flatterer to no man. When, for instance, the King frowned upon him, and bade him answer for the seditious sermon which Bishop Gardiner, in the King's presence had charged him with preaching, adding his stern rebuke to the preacher for that same sermon, honest Hugh Latimer bluntly bade his accuser to tell him how he was to preach, and then turning to King Henry, he boldly met the charge with these plain but respectful words:

"I never thought myself worthy, nor did I sue, to be a preacher before your Grace, but I was called to it, and am willing, if you mislike me, to give place to my betters; for I grant there are a great many more worthy than I am; and if it be your Grace's pleasure so to allow them for preachers, I would be content to bear their books after them; but if your Grace allow me for a preacher, I would desire your Grace to give me leave to discharge my conscience.



to frame my doctrine according to my audience. I had been a very dolt to have preached so at the borders of your realm as I preach before your Grace."

In his new and exalted sphere, the character of Hugh Latimer shone forth with fresh lustre. He was still the same honest single-minded follower of Christ. "For the plain simplicity of life," says Burnet, "he was esteemed a truly primitive Bishop and Christian." His chief desire was still to hold forth the word of life in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation. In the management of his diocese, as in every circumstance of this checkered life, this was the one important object which he kept steadily before him. His injunctions as Bishop of Worcester, to the Prior and convent of St. Mary's House in Worcester, eminently declare this. The Bible in English, that so all might be able to understand its glorious truths, and the reading and preaching of the plain, vital doctrines of the Bible, form the sum and substance of the reformation which he desired to introduce into that ignorant community. He considered that "the idolatry, the many kinds of superstitions and other enormities" which he found in the monastery, were to be attributed to "the ignorance and negligence of divers religious persons there;" and to the English Bible, by God's grace upon the reading and preaching of its wholesome and heavenly precepts, he looked for the cure of all those crying evils. The Prior is accordingly enjoined to provide "a whole Bible in English, to be laid fast chained in some open place, either in the church or cloister of the monastery. Again, it is enjoined by the Bishop, that every religious person there, should have at least a New Testament in English, by the Feast of the Nativity of our Lord next ensuing." He orders also, that "a lecture of Scripture shall be read every day in English [illegible] them, save holy-days;" and that "whosoever [illegible] preaching in the monastory, [illegible] and other ceremonies [illegible] and all other



service shortened, as need be," and that "all religious persons do quietly hearken to the preaching;" also, that every religious person be at every lecture of the Scripture, from the beginning to the ending. The Prior is likewise charged to have a chapter of the Bible read, from the beginning to the end of the Scripture in English, at his dinner and supper, and to have edifying communication of the same; and the like instructions are given to all the other monks in the convent.

But Latimer did not long hold his bishopric. The famous act of the six articles, set forth by the Popish party, was brought before Parliament and passed the House, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Cromwell, Cranmer, Latimer, and the other reformers; and on the last day of session, Latimer resigned the bishopric of Worcester. He came home from the House of Parliament, and throwing off his robes and leaping up, declared to those who stood about him, that he thought himself lighter than he had ever found himself before. And now he left the court and the town, and retired into the country. He was growing old and infirm; and he felt that he was no longer fitted for the active duties of public life. He desired not ease or rest, but a more private sphere of labor toward the close of his earthly course. He little knew that the most toilsome and painful period of his public life was yet to come. An injury which he received from the fall of a tree, and which defied all the skill of his country doctors, forced him to return to London. There he could not remain in quiet. The wily Gardiner was, it seems, on the look-out for him. The accusation was brought against him, that he had spoken against the act of the six articles.

He was placed in ward in the house of the Bishop of Chichester, where he remained till that prelate was himself committed to the Tower. Latimer was set at liberty, but on coming again to London for medical advice, his enemies succeeded in entangling him in the toils they had laid for him.

He was sent to the Tower, where he remained a prisoner till the death of Henry the Eighth.

When Edward the Sixth came to the throne, Latimer was not only set at liberty, but taken into high favor. His bishopric was again offered to him, but he declined accepting it. He entered, however, with renewed vigor, upon a course of active exertion in the glorious cause of the Reformation, desiring to spend and be spent in the service of his Lord and Master. At the urgent request of his friend Cranmer, he took up his residence with him at Lambeth Palace. There he dwelt, the honored guest, and chosen friend and companion of the mild and pious Primate. He had pleaded his age and his infirmities as a reason for refusing to resume the charge of his former diocese, but his powerful mind, as it soon appeared, was as vigorous as ever, and he was still the same energetic and eloquent preacher. He chiefly devoted himself, however, to the cause of the poorer orders of the people, seeking to obtain redress for any who might be oppressed or persecuted. Here it was that he assisted Cranmer in the composition of the Homilies, some of which were entirely written by him. The following account of him is given by his faithful attendant, Augustine Bernher, "He being a sore bruised man, and above threescore and seven years of age, every morning ordinarily, winter and summer, about two of the clock in the morning, he was at his book most diligently. The other thing that I would have noticed," he adds, "was his earnestness and diligence in prayer, wherein oftentimes, so long he continued kneeling, that he was not able for to rise without help." And speaking of his prayers when he was soon afterward in prison, he says, there were three principal matters that he especially prayed for; the first, that "as God had appointed him to be a preacher and professor of His word, so also He would give him grace to stand unto his doctrine until his death. The other thing, the which most instantly with great violence of God's Spirit he desired was, that God of His mercy would re-

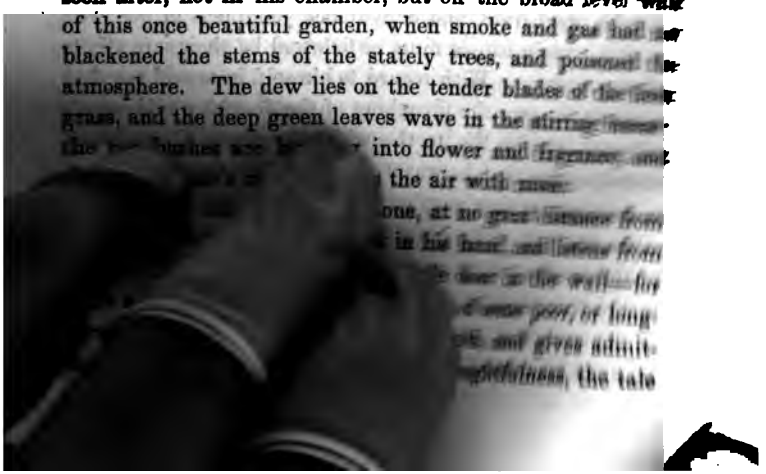
store the Gospel of His Son Christ unto this realm of England once again: and these words, 'once again, once again,' he did so inculcate and beat into the ears of the Lord God, as though he had seen God before him and spake unto him face to face."

"The third petition was for the preservation of the Queen's Majesty that now is," adds Augustine Bernher, "namely, the Lady Elizabeth, whom in his prayer he was wont to name, and even with tears, desired God to make her a comfort to this comfortless realm of England."

I have lingered long in the rude chambers of the old gray towers of Lambeth Palace, by the river side, standing there just as they did three hundred years ago, and thought upon the great and godly men who sojourned there in those eventful times. Here, perchance, in this now desolate and silent room, when the slant rays of the rising sun shot through that narrow casement, and quivered on the wall of its deep embrasure, good Father Latimer put out his lamp—for the pure lovely light from heaven fell on the broad pages and the brazen clasps of his open Bible; and the old man took off his spectacles, and rose up to throw open the casement, to look out upon the glistening waters of the broad Thames, and to breathe the morning air, all freshened with the rushing tide of the full river. Here he stood, his heart swelling with love to the Giver of all good, thanking and praising Him, for the blessings of light and air—so unheeded by many, because so common to all, but to those, who, like himself, had been the inmates of a close prison. Here he stood, the light breeze playing with his silver hair, and fluttering in the leaves of his book, till the rustling sound called him back [illegible] ful studies.

And now again he rises as [illegible] chapel-bell meets his ear [illegible] ful friend and servant [illegible] his infirm master [illegible] cap from the

They have left the chamber, and their footfall in the old corridor is more faintly heard, as they descend to the chapel below. And now there is a friendly greeting between the good old Latimer and the grave and gentle Cranmer, as they meet in the ante-chapel, and enter together that ancient and beautiful chapel, so pure a specimen of the noble architecture of far-distant climes, with its graceful arches, and its slender pillars of dark and polished marble. We hear the voice of that godly assembly pouring forth the fervent devotions of their hearts, in the simple and solemn liturgy—the prayer and the response, in which all take their part and offer aloud in that interchange of voices, the sacrifice of prayer and praise. All the household are present: the Mistress Cranmer, the niece of Osiander (her husband's friend), and the children of the Primate, and certain learned foreigners, his frequent guests, with Master Morice his secretary; and many serving men and women of staid and cheerful demeanor, in all a goodly company, whose devout and earnest looks when the Holy Scriptures are read, seem to say, "Now, therefore, we are all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." The morning service is over and the company dispersed; but we find the godly Father Latimer soon after, not in his chamber, but on the broad level walk of this once beautiful garden, when smoke and gas had [illegible] blackened the stems of the stately trees, and poisoned the atmosphere. The dew lies on the tender blades of the [illegible] grass, and the deep green leaves wave in the stirring [illegible] the [illegible] are [illegible] into flower and fragrance, and [illegible] the air with [illegible] one, at no great distance from [illegible] in his hand, and listens from [illegible] door in the wall for [illegible] some poor, or lame [illegible] and gives admit- [illegible] fulness, the tale



of trouble, and use his influence—an influence then of powerful interest with the youthful king—to see that the cause is righted, or that relief is given.

The munificent hospitality of the Archbishop, and his personal regard for truly good and wise men, was a remarkable trait in his character. Cranmer does not appear to have had an unworthy friend. His high esteem and just preference for the venerable Latimer, and his offering a home to the desolate old man in Lambeth Palace, was one of the noblest instances. Latimer, however, though bowed by age and infirmities of body, would have put to shame many younger and stronger men by his unwearied diligence and his indefatigable exertions. He usually preached twice every Sunday (often before the youthful Edward), and his age and experience gave additional weight to his searching appeals and solemn admonitions, as he directed his attacks against abuses of every kind, which were in those times common among all classes.

While he preached comforting and encouraging words to the Church, even to the little flock of God's peculiar people, his wise and observant spirit discerned in the signs of the times, the sure approach of dark and trying events; and that prophetic spirit which some have attributed to him, was but the calm, deliberate, and enlightened judgment of one who saw that certain causes must be followed by their sure effects and consequences. With regard to himself, he would say that he plainly foresaw the preaching of the Gospel would eventually cost him his life, to the which he cheerfully prepared himself, adding, that he was "persuaded Winchester was kept in the tower for that very purpose."

On the death of the pious Edward, Cranmer was involved in the troubles which soon gathered thick upon him, owing to the part which he had unwillingly taken in the question of the succession, when, at the request of the dying monarch he gave his consent to the nomination of the Lady Jane Grey

to the throne. Latimer left Lambeth at this time, and retired to the country; but Mary had scarcely been proclaimed, when a pursuivant was sent to arrest the old man, then in the neighborhood of Coventry,* and summon him to London. John Careless, a poor weaver, but a gifted and faithful servant of Christ—who afterward escaped the stake of martyrdom only by dying in prison under the severe privations he endured—came to the knowledge of the order that had been given to apprehend Latimer, and hastened to forewarn and prepare him—arriving six hours before the Queen's messenger—and thus giving him full time to make his escape. But Latimer resolved not to flee: when the pursuivant came, he found the aged saint equipped for his journey, and the first words which Latimer addressed to him were: "My friend, you be a welcome messenger to me, and be it known unto you and to the whole world, that I go as willingly to London at this present, being called by my prince to render a reckoning of my doctrine, as ever I went to any place in the world. And I doubt not, but that God, as He hath made me worthy to preach His Word before two princes, so will He enable me to witness the same unto the third, either to be a comfort or discomfort eternally." Strange, however, as it might seem, the pursuivant, after he had delivered his letter, departed without his prisoner. It was probably the real desire of the Popish party that he should take himself away to some foreign land. They hated him; but they dreaded the injury to their cause from having any thing to do with Latimer.

They were perfectly aware that no one was less likely than he to become a convert to their errors; that there was no one so entirely without fear, so willing to brave their cruelest tortures, and to smile at the most dreadful death. But they were disappointed: the old disciple, like his Divine Master, had set his face steadfastly "to go up to Jerusalem," trusting in God, whose grace was sufficient, and believing that He

* Was he with his friend John Old, Vicar of Cubbington?

would make his bonds and his death subservient to His glory; and that the things that should happen unto him should fall out rather for the furtherance of the gospel, so that many of the brethren, waxing confident by his bonds, should be much more bold "to speak the word without fear."

Latimer set off on his journey, a prisoner without a keeper, obeying the summons of his sovereign, unjust and unrighteous as it was. On passing through Smithfield, he said quietly, "Smithfield hath long groaned for me." He appeared before the Council, and calmly bore the taunts and the abuse with which the Papal party assailed him, and was then committed to the Tower. It was winter, and the good old man suffered keenly from the bitterness of the cold, for he was without a fire, or the means of keeping warmth in his aged frame. One morning, hailing the lieutenant's man, he bade him tell his master, "that if he did not look better to him, perchance he should escape." The lieutenant of the Tower, on hearing this, became alarmed, and fearing that he should escape, began to look more strictly to his prisoner, and hasting to him, reproached him with his words; "Yea, master lieutenant, so I said," quoth Latimer, "for you look, I think, that I should burn; but except you let me have some fire, I am like to deceive your expectation; for I am like here to starve for cold."

During the period which Latimer passed in the Tower, ample time was given him by that gracious Lord, who ordereth all things well, fully to look his coming death in the face, and to prepare himself to leave a world in which he had endured much hardness, and where he had assuredly fought a good fight. The venerable Latimer was carried to Oxford. He had two honorable companions to go with him, Cranmer and Ridley. He was merely transferred from one scene of suffering to another. It has been truly, though somewhat lightly, said in the case of Ridley and Latimer, that "Cambridge had the honor of educating those whom Oxford had the honor of burning."

My reader may remember the description of the noble but persecuted saint whose appearance was at once so piteous as to his outward garb, and yet so dignified as to the man himself. When he was summoned to answer for his faith, "He held his hat in his hand, having a kerchief on his head, with a nightcap or two, and a great cap, such as town's-men use, with flaps to button under his chin, and wore an old threadbare gown of Bristol frieze, girded round him with a penny girdle, at which hung his Testament by a leathern string, and his spectacles hung round his neck." There was a strange mixture of dignity of character, with the natural feebleness of advanced age and bodily debility, a moral grandeur and a physical infirmity, the one at times conquering the other; the spirit of the saint, ripened and fitted for its glorious destiny, and the earthly tabernacle shattered and decayed, and about to be returned to the dust from whence it was taken; the soul's vision clearer than the eagle's glance, and its supernatural forces in their fullest vigor; but the eye of the natural man dim, and the force of the natural man abated; till at last the spiritual man triumphed, and rose superior to all the feebleness of age and of infirmity.

I must refer my reader to Foxe, for the details of his examinations. "The snatches, revilings, checks, rebukes, and taunts," such, he says, as I never heard the like in such an audience all my life long; for "he did not escape hissing and scornful laughter." His piteous complaints of being kept standing in the cold, gazing on stone walls; the pitiful meanness of the men who questioned him, when they had removed the carpet or cloth which lay upon the table whereat Master Ridley stood, who had been examined on the previous day, because, as men reported, Master Latimer had never the degree of Doctor, as Master Ridley had, which, however, is an unlikely supposition; when, eftsoons as Master Latimer appeared, as he did the day before, perceiving no cloth upon the table, he laid his hat, which was an old felt, under his

elbows, before he spake to the commissioners. His praying to be allowed a seat; the awakening his attention to the specious appeals of his examiners, when he began somewhat to remove his cap and kerchief from his ears, and lifted up his head, for before he leaned his head on his hand. His accurate memory of Holy Scripture, when, having exposed a garbled passage of God's word, which he had cited from the published sermon of one of his judges, without knowing that the Bishop of Gloucester, then present, was the author, he added, with all the acuteness and energy of his vigorous mind, in his own quaint language, "What clipping of God's coin is here!" His solemn and dignified rebuke to the shouts and laughter of the crowd: "Why, my masters, this is no laughing matter; I answer upon life and death. Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." His steady adherence to God's inspired word, and his determined refusal to allow any other standard of appeal. His quick and spirited reply to Weston's insolent inquiry. "Forty years ago," said Weston; "whither could you have gone to have found your doctrine?" "The more cause we have to thank God," cried Latimer, "that hath now sent the light into the world." His touching complaint, "So you look for learning at my hands, which have gone so long to the school of oblivion, making the bare walls my library, keeping me so long in prison without book or pen and ink; and now you let me loose to come and answer to articles."

One of the most striking parts however, is the glimpse we obtain, in his written protestation given before to Weston—of a prison scene, when, after affirming that he had read the Testament seven times since he had been in prison, he adds: "And yet could I never find in the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ (which the Papists call the sacrament of the altar) neither flesh, blood, nor bones, nor this word "transubstantiation." And because peradventure, my masters (that can so soon make Christ's body of bread, which

was not made, but conceived by the Holy Ghost in the Virgin's womb, as God's invaluable word doth testify, and also all the ancient fathers), might say that I doted for age, and my wits were gone, so that my words were not to be credited; yet, behold! the providence of God, which will have this truth known (yea. if all men held their tongues the stones should speak), did bring this to pass, that where these famous men, viz. Master Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Master Ridley, Bishop of London, that holy man Master Bradford, and I, old Hugh Latimer, were imprisoned in the Tower of London, for Christ's gospel preaching, and for because we would not go a-massing, every one in close prison from other; the same Tower being so full of other prisoners, that we four were thrust into one chamber, as men not to be accounted of; but (God be thanked! to our great joy and comfort), there did we together read over the New Testament with great deliberation and painful study: and I assure you, as I will answer at the tribunal throne of God's majesty, we could find in the testament of Christ's body and blood no other presence but a spiritual presence, nor that the mass was any sacrifice for sins: but in that heavenly book it appeared that the sacrifice which Christ Jesus our Redeemer did upon the cross, was holy, perfect, and good; that God, the heavenly Father did require none other, nor *that* never again to be done; but was pacified with that only omni-sufficient and most painful sacrifice of that most sweet slain Lamb, Christ our Lord, for our sins."

His adversaries would not be satisfied without at least the form of a dispute; they therefore now pressed him with many questions and authorities from the Fathers. Latimer answered their inquiries as far as propriety demanded, but would not notice their long scholastic arguments. He repeated the principles which he believed, in which faith, he said, he desired to die. Upon the whole, he managed even better than Cranmer and Ridley; for they answered the Romish argu-

ments from the Fathers by reasonings from similar authorities; but Latimer told them he depended only upon Scripture. "Then you are not of St. Chrysostom's faith, nor St. Augustine's," said Dr. Smith. Latimer replied, "I have told you, I am of their faith when they say well, and bring Scripture for what they declare; and further than this St. Augustine deserveth not to be believed."

This is ever the way with the Romanists in their disputations; and Latimer manifested the holy simplicity of a truly wise man, by the mode in which he met them. They may perplex, confuse, and appear to obtain a victory in all other ways, if we forsake Scripture. But compel them but to meet you on the ground of Scripture—keep them to Scripture, and Scripture alone, and they will find you not only unconquerable but invulnerable; and this is not only the wise way to oppose them, but it is simply the right, and the only right way. A Christian man can hold but one standard of unquestionable authority and unanswerable appeal, and that is the divinely inspired word of the Lord his God. Whatever is not written there, and can not be proved therefrom, may be, and must be, reduced to this ground—it is the word of man. However specious the argument, however high the authority—only the word of man. However ancient, however strongly supported by the concurrent testimony and advocacy of great names and wise and learned doctors, still it is only of man and from man; and all men, and all councils and assemblies of men, have erred. Thousands and millions of candles and lamps might be lighted up, and give a light which looks as bright and as powerful as sun-light; but all that man has lighted, may be put out by man. The sun can no man extinguish.

The hour was at length come to which this true witness unto Christ, had long looked forward: and with regard to which, he had tenderly exhorted his fellow prisoner Ridley, to pray against the fear of death. He had done so, and as a prince he had had power, and had prevailed with God. Earn-

est endeavors were now used to wring a recantation from the two Prelates; Peter de Soto, a learned Dominican, long the confessor of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who had been sent for from the Continent to Oxford, to confirm the cause of the Papists, sought admittance to the two prisoners—Ridley admitted him to a conference, but Latimer declined seeing him. On their way to the place of execution, the two met—Ridley heard a noise behind him, and on turning his head, saw Latimer following as fast as his infirmities would permit. "O be ye there!" was the exclamation of the good Bishop of London, his heart doubtless suddenly cheered by the knowledge that so firm and constant a spirit would bear him company at his most trying season. "Yea, I am after you as fast as I can follow," was Latimer's reply. And when he overtook him, Ridley embraced and kissed him, and said with a cheerful countenance: "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." Side by side they walked till they came to the stake. They both kissed it; and after kneeling for a short time in earnest prayer, they conversed together. "No one could ever tell," says Foxe, "what they said one to the other at that time." They were now detained to listen to a sermon preached by a wretched time-server, whose text on such an occasion plainly manifested the spirit of the man. "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." For a scant quarter of an hour, they had to endure the hearing of the misapplication of this scripture, and the insulting mockery of the miserable man that addressed them. The expressive glances, and the uplifted hands of the two victims plainly attested their opinion of the sermon. When it was ended, Ridley said to Latimer, thinking perchance of the effect of such a perversion of scripture upon the ignorant multitude—"Will you begin to answer him or shall I?" "Begin you, I pray," replied Latimer. Then they both knelt toward the Lord William, of Thame, the Vice-chancellor,

and the others present; and Ridley entreated permission to speak. He was told that his request would be granted, and the Queen's pardon, if he would recant, but that otherwise, he must be silent. When the order had been given that the prisoners should prepare for death, Ridley gave away various articles of his dress. Latimer gave nothing; but he very quietly suffered them to strip off the miserable garments which he had on, and he stood upright in the long new shroud or shirt commonly worn by the martyrs at the stake: and, to the astonishment of all who beheld him, "whereas in his clothes, he appeared a withered and crooked old man, he now stood bolt upright, as comely a father as one might behold." Then the smith took a chain of iron, and brought the same about Master Latimer's middle, and fastened him to the stake. When a fagot kindled with fire was laid down at Dr. Ridley's feet, then it was that Latimer spoke these remarkable words which have since rung through the length and breadth of the land, and have become as it were, the watchword of all, to whom the pure faith of Christ and His apostles is precious, in the halls of the nobles, and at the cottage hearths of the laborers of the land—which have found their place equally in the page of the erudite scholar, and in the child's story book. True words of prophecy were they! fulfilled, and we trust fulfilling with every passing year, even to their perfect accomplishment. "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace, in England, as I trust, shall never be put out!" Truly it seemed as if all the energies of his strong spirit, and of his whole eventful life, had been concentrated in those few forcible words at his departing hour.

As the fire was rising around them, Ridley cried out with a loud voice, offering his prayer in Latin, as he commended his soul to God. But Master Latimer cried out as vehemently, but in his own English tongue, "O Father in heaven, receive my soul." He received the flame as if embracing it,

and after he had stroked his face with his hands, and as it were, bathed them a little in the fire, he soon died, "as it appeareth," says Foxe, "with very little pain or none;" and the faithful martyrologist adds: "And thus much, concerning the end of this old and blessed servant of God, Master Latimer: for whose laborious travails, fruitful life, and constant death, the whole realm hath cause to give great thanks to Almighty God."

"Did there ever any man flourish," asks Sir R. Morryson, a learned man, who lived in those days, "I say, not in England only, but in any nation of the world, since the Apostles who preached the gospel more sincerely, purely, and honestly, than Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester."

"This blunt preaching," says Fuller, "was admirably effective in those days." He mentions a minister, who without Latimer's spirit had been endeavoring to preach in Latimer's style, but whose foolish sermons set the congregation laughing. He adds, in a style as quaint as Latimer's—"He will make but bad music, who hath the instrument and the fiddle-stick, but none of the rosin of Master Latimer."

"Old Hugh Latimer," says Fuller, "was Ridley's partner at the stake, and crawled thither after him; he was one who had lost more learning than many ever had, who flout at his plain sermons: though his downright style was as necessary in that ignorant age, as it would be ridiculous in ours. Indeed he condescended to people's capacity; and many men unjustly count those low in learning, who indeed do but stoop to their auditors. Let me see any of our sharp wits do that with the edge, which his bluntness did with the back of the knife, and persuade so many to restitution of ill-gotten goods. Though he came after Ridley to the stake, he got before him to heaven: his body, made tinder by age, was no sooner touched by the fire, but instantly this old Simeon had his Nunc Dimittis, and brought the news to heaven that his brother was following after."

When the fire was burnt low, and the spectators crowded round the dying embers, they beheld the heart of Latimer unconsumed and a stream of blood gushed from it. He had indeed shed his heart's blood as a testimony to the truth of the doctrines which he preached.

Julius Palmer, a Fellow of Magdalen Hall, who had been a bigoted Papist, was present at the examinations of Ridley and Latimer, and at their death—his affecting story must be told elsewhere, but he was brought to the belief and confession of the true faith by what he then saw and heard, and added not long after to the glorious band of martyrs. One of the Spanish priests is said to have then become also a convert to the faith as it is in Jesus.

The following extracts from Latimer's sermons may give the reader some acquaintance with his doctrine and teaching.

"Certain it is, that customary sinners have but small temptations, for the devil letteth them alone, because they be fully his already—he hath them in bondage—they be his slaves. But when there is any good man abroad that intendeth to leave sin and wickedness, and abhorreth the same, that man shall be tempted, the devil goeth about to use all means to destroy that man, and to stop his forwardness." How cheeringly does he add, soon after, "the devil hath no farther power than God will allow him; the devil can go no farther than God permitteth him to do; which thing shall strengthen our faith, insomuch that we shall be sure to overcome him."

In speaking of the Law and the Gospel in a sermon preached on Twelfth Day, he says, "What doth the law require of us? Truly righteousness and holiness. This we have—we are righteous, but how? not by our works, for our works are not able to make us just and deliver us from our sins, but we are just by this, that our sins are pardoned unto us, through the faith we have in Christ our Saviour; for He through his ful-

filling of the law took away the curse of the law from our heads. He took away the power of sin. Sin is made no sin." Again he says: "There is a common saying among us here in England; every thing as it is taken, which indeed is not so—for every thing is as it is, howsoever it be taken: but in some manner of things it is true, as in this matter. We of ourselves are unjust, our works are imperfect, and so are disagreeable to God's laws; yet for Christ's sake we are taken for just, and our works are allowable before God, not that they are so in themselves, but they are taken well for His sake. God hath a pleasure in our works, though they are not so perfectly done as they ought to be; yet they please Him, and He delighteth in them, and He will reward them with everlasting life. We have them not by our merits, but by Christ. The kingdom of heaven is the gift of God: so likewise St. Paul saith, "Ye are saved freely without works." Ephes. ii. 8. Therefore when ye ask, are ye saved? say yes. How? why gratis—freely, and here is all our comfort to stay our consciences. You will say now, Here all is faith. Faith, but we hear nothing of good works, as some carnal people make such carnal reasons to please themselves; but I tell you we are bound to walk in good works; for to that end we are come to Christ—to leave sin, to live uprightly, and so to be saved by Him; but you must be sure to what end you must work; you must know how to esteem your good works. If I fast and give alms, and think to be saved by it, I thrust Christ out of His seat: what am I better when I do so? . . . . . These are good works—when every one doth his calling, as God hath appointed him to do; but they must be done to show ourselves thankful, and therefore they are called in Scripture, sacrifices of thanksgiving, not to win heaven withal. For if we should do so, we should deny Christ our Saviour, despise and tread Him under our feet. For to what purpose suffered He, if I shall with my good works merit heaven? As the Papists who deny Him indeed, for they think to get to heaven with their

pilgrimages, and with running hither and thither. I pray you note this, we must first be made good, before we can do good; we must first be made just, before our works please God: for when we are justified by faith in Christ and are made good by Him, then cometh our duty, that is, to do good works, to make a declaration of our thankfulness." Such was the faith of honest Hugh Latimer, whom some in our own Church have railed at in the present day for his ultra-Protestantism. We should affectionately recommend to such persons the study of his divinity, or rather of that well-spring of life, the Word of God, from whence his divinity flowed like a pure sweet stream.

There is a monument to Hugh Latimer in the church of Thurcaston: it was placed there about five years ago, by the present Rector. The monument is of stone, with its inscription on a tablet of marble, and the head of the venerable martyr, also in marble, surmounts it. We shall look in vain for any record of the Latimers in the registers of Thurcaston church: the earliest register there bears the date of 1561.

You will wonder perhaps that so modern looking a house as that before us, is said to have been the birth-place of Bishop Latimer, but if you will come with me to the back of the building, you will there see the strong-cross and triangular beams and rafters of the ancient farm-house: the front only has been modernized.

I would still linger a little while with you, my reader, about a place hallowed by so many associations. I would point out to you the portrait of Latimer, which is to be found at the rectory house, and which was given by Bishop Hurd, when he was rector of Thurcaston.

Let us look at the lovely view of Bradgate Park from the garden of the Rectory. It is but little more than a mile from hence, and we may then as well wander on, to the old wall which still surrounds the romantic domain, inclosing a circuit

of five or six miles, and enter the park and visit the ruins now spread over the ground where once the lofty halls and tapestried chambers of the mansion of Bradgate stood in their stateliness.

And now let us rest in some woodland glade of this beautiful park where the soft greensward is fragrant with violets, and converse together of those whose memory haunts and hallows the scenes around us, who learned to love these quiet and secluded places in their happy childhood, and doubtless often looked back to them with fond recollections when called away into a world of strife and vain glory, a world in which they sojourned during their appointed time, alike unspoilt by its smiles, and undismayed by its frowns.

They were kept by the power of God, through faith, in a holy simplicity of heart and life, till they were both called to witness a good confession, to suffer a dreadful death, and to leave a world which was not worthy of them.

The young, lovely, and ingenuous lady of Bradgate, the Lady Jane Grey, and the aged, single-minded martyr of Thurcaston, Bishop Latimer, were two of the brightest ornaments of the age in which they lived; and the palace-mansion of the one, and the humble dwelling of the other, were within the short distance of a mile.

About a year and a half ago, an American gentleman of the name of Latimer paid an unexpected visit to Thurcaston Rectory. He told the Rector that his forefathers had fled from this country to Ireland in the days of Romish persecutions. He requested that an artist from London might be permitted to take a copy of the portrait of Hugh Latimer for him. The picture was copied accordingly, and sent to America.

Northumberland, London, Oxford.

NICHOLAS RIDLEY, BISHOP OF LONDON.

Among the martyrs of the Reformation in England, Bishop Hooper is said to have been the most highly esteemed by John Foxe Ridley seems to have been the favorite with Fuller, if we may judge from the place he has given him in his "Holy State." In his paper entitled "The Good Bishop," after glancing in some of his remarks, on the qualities and qualifications in a good Bishop which were peculiarly manifested in Ridley—he concludes by saying; "We now come to give a double example of a godly Bishop; the first one out of the primitive times:" and he cites Augustine, Bishop of Hippo. He then adds: "The second out of the English Church at the Reformation—both excellent in their several ways." Nicholas Ridley is the English Bishop, whom he brings forward as his example, and his life of Bishop Ridley follows. He commences with the birth and parentage, and goes on to give some particulars of the college career of Ridley. Then, breaking off, he writes, "But before I go farther, readers, pardon a digression, and yet it is none, for 'tis necessary. I have within the narrow scantling of my experimental remembrance, observed strange alteration in the world's valuing of those holy, learned men which lived in that age."

"When I was a child," he continues, "I was possessed with a reverend esteem of them, as most holy and pious men, dying martyrs in the days of Queen Marie, for the profession of the truth; which opinion, having from my parents taken

THE OLD BOCARDO PRISON, OXFORD.

quiet possession of my soul, they must be very forcible reasons which eject it.

"Since that time, they have been cried down in the mouths of many—by such the coronet of martyrdom is plucked off from their memories—thus the prices of martyrs' ashes rise and fall in Smithfield market. However, their real worth flotes not with people's fancies, no more than a rock in the sea rises and falls with the tide;" and he adds—"These Bishops, Ministers, and Lay-people which were put to death in Queen Marie's days, were worthy saints of God, holy and godly men, but had their faults, failings, and imperfections. Had they not been men they had not burnt, yea had they not been more than men (by God's assistance) they had not burnt."

These remarks of Fuller might find their application in the present day. To their shame be it spoken, though spoken we are sure in sorrow, there are many who profess to belong to our Reformed Church, who would willingly "pluck off the coronet of martyrdom from the memories of those worthy saints of God who were put to death in Queen Mary's days," —many who have a sickly and sentimental fondness for the false doctrines and meretricious ceremonies of the Church of Rome, with which we can feel no sympathy. We are not of the number of those who are afraid to lose them from the pale of our Church, and who think that some concessions should be made to meet their vain objections and to satisfy their morbid scruples. We would say—Let them go. A sound tree loses nothing when its decayed branches fall off, or are taken away: on the contrary, room is given for the springing up of vigorous shoots, and the spreading forth of healthy branches. But if such members of our Church remain, we would earnestly recommend to them, that they turn aside from the traditions of men, and give themselves to the diligent study of the Bible, praying for the Holy Spirit to be sent to them as the interpreter of the word. We

would say to them in the words of the Apostle (Col. ii. 8, 23), "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ;" "Which things have indeed a show of wisdom in will-worship, and humility, and neglecting of the body, not in any honor to the satisfying of the flesh." And we would remind them, that the Church of England, like the martyred reformers, from whose ashes it sprung forth in its present state of soundness and vigor, acknowledges no authority but the Bible. "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation, so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation." This article of our Church fully, yet concisely, describes the real character of her constitution, the real faith of her members. It is too plain to be misunderstood. And this it is that entitles the Church of England to the authority she possesses, and obtains for her the love and the attachment of her enlightened supporters.

It was not surely because Hooper and Ridley suffered more from the torment of the flames than their martyred brethren, that they two were the especial favorites of Foxe and of Fuller; but so it was, that they were the two greatest sufferers. "Ridley," says Fuller, "suffered far more pain than Latimer, the fire about him being not well made: and yet one would think that age should be skillful in making such bonefires, as being much practiced in them."

"In like manner, not much before, his dear friend Master Hooper suffered with great torment; the wind (which is too often the bellowes of great fires) blowing it away from him once or twice. Of all the martyrs in those dayes these two endured most pain. . . . Thus God when He hath given the stronger faith, He layeth on the stronger pain!"

The name of Ridley is a name of note in the north of En-

gland. Camden, in his Britannia, says, "We had a view of Willimoteswick, the seat of the worshipful family of the Ridleys; and close by, of the river Alon, emptying itself into the Tyne, with a pompous rattle, both the Alons being now met in one channel."

Bishop Ridley, in one of his conferences with Latimer, during their imprisonment together in the year 1556, thus refers to the home of his childhood: "In Tyndale, where I was born, not far from the Scottish borders, I have known my countrymen watch night and day in their harness, such as they had: that is in their jacks, and their spears in their hands (you call them northern gads), especially when they had any privy warning of the coming of the Scots. And so doing, although at every such bickering, some of them spent their lives, yet by such means, like pretty men, they defended their country; and those that so died, I think that, before God, they died in a good quarrel, and their offspring and pro geny, all the country loved them the better for their fathers' sakes."

The family-seat of the Ridleys stood near to the old Roman or Picts' wall, which divided England from Scotland. It was no quiet mansion of a peaceful race in olden times, but the dwelling of a brave and hardy household, who had their full share in the disturbances so frequent on the border territory. And frequent mention is made of their courage and importance in the records of Border history. A feud existed, for instance, between the Ridleys and the Featherstonehaughs, another Border family, which led, on more than one occasion, to fatal results. We hear of an inquisition on the body of Alexander Featherstonehaugh, slain by a Nicholas Ridley de Unthanke, and others; and afterward of the death of a Ridley, by Nicholas Featherstonehaugh and Thomas Nyxon. Walter Scott, in the first canto of his Marmion, when giving an account of the feasting of Lord Marmion at the castle of Norham, by Sir Hugh the Heron, introduces a rude northern

harper, who chanted a rhyme of deadly feud—of which he says,

> "Scantily Lord Marmion's ear could brook
> The harper's barbarous lay."

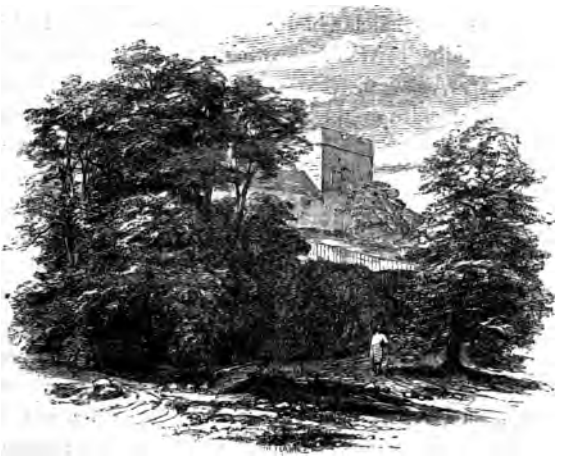
Part of that old Border song is given, and it tells—

> "How the fierce Thirlwalls, and Ridleys all,
> Stout Willimondswick,
> And hard-riding Dick,
> And Hughie of Howden, and Will o' the Wall,
> Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh,
> And taken his life at the Dead Man's Shaw."

We are told in the notes to this passage, that Walter Scott received the old ballad, of which the foregoing stanza is given, from his friend Mr. Surtees, who had written down the whole of the quaint old poem, from the lips of a very aged woman then living in the Border country. At one of the mansions, belonging in former times to the Ridleys, Mr. Surtees was shown an old chair, which was called Bishop Ridley's chair.

The Ridleys are supposed to have come originally from Cheshire, before they settled in Northumberland; and the head of the family was of knightly rank. We will turn aside, my reader, from the pages of old Camden, and visit Ridley's birth-place, as it now stands before us. In the midst of this wild district of heath-clad hills, extending far on every side, where, as you see, the silver Tyne flows through the level of a fertile valley, the ancient tower of Willimoteswick crowns the rising ground above the river. A few clustering trees still stand beside the tower and the stone house adjoining it. Come, let us leave the borders of the stream, and climb the bank, to take a nearer view of the hallowed spot; and there, as we stand together, and look down the valley, at the rich and varied prospect before us, I may tell you what more I have been enabled to glean, through the kindness of a much-esteemed and worthy friend of mine, in this fine northern country, of the history of the place, and of the Ridleys, its former occupants.

Here, then, on this lofty point of land stands this old seat of Willimoteswick, above the meeting of the Tyne and the



WILLIMOTESWYKE.

Blackcleugh, for so this little stream is now called, though, as we have seen, Camden names it the Alon; and here the two streams, having become one, take their course together through the valley. This was the home of Ridley's early years. Here the youthful student has, no doubt, often stood, on such a day as this, forgetful of the book in his hand, and of his delightful studies, as his eye wandered on over the varied scenery of the pleasant valley—while the fresh and bracing air was blowing around him, and the wild bees hummed in the heather, and the larks sang loudly in the cloudless sky.

As far back as the year 1270, we find a Nicholas de Rydeley connected with the lands at Wilmotswyke. The name does not appear again in the existing records till the year 1424, when Odard de Ridley, is mentioned as entailing possessions in Houtwesel, Heasshalgh, Thorngrafton, &c. In

1542, Willymontswyke consisted of "a good tower and house adjoining thereto, of the inheritance of Nicholas Ridley, and was kept in good reparations;" and five generations of the ancestors of this Nicholas had resided on this spot. In 1652, Musgrave Ridley of Willimoteswick, a brave royalist, engaging in the war between Charles the First and his Parliament, the Commonwealth ordered his estate to be sold for treason.

"Then fell the Ridley's martial line
Lord William's ancient towers;
Fair Ridley on the silver Tyne,
And sweet Thorngrafton's bowers."

SURTEES.

This castle of Willimoteswick does not seem to be of very ancient date, for it is not mentioned in the list of Border castles and fortalices in Northumberland, about the beginning of the reign of Henry the Sixth. The "good towre," which was "in good reparations," in the Bishop's time, has been long neglected and tenantless, but the stone house adjoining is still occupied by the farmer of the surrounding estate.* Here then Nicholas Ridley the martyr was born, and passed the pleasant years of his boyhood. But, alas! there is no record of the good bishop to be found here now; and few that pass by, and raise their eyes to the gray and venerable walls of this old tower—which is still square and strong, though without inhabitants—few think of him, or make mention of his name; few but those who, like ourselves, attach an undying interest to every memorial of so great and good a man, and love to identify the person with the place, and to keep fresh in their minds the memory of him who was undoubtedly the noblest of the name, the most distinguished ornament of the ancient family of the Ridleys.

The father of Nicholas Ridley was the third son of the head of the ancient family. The second son was father to Dr. Lancelot Ridley, preacher in the church of Canterbury; and

* Hodgson's Northumberland.

Dr. Robert Ridley, the fourth son, was a celebrated divine and canonist in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Thus, from this bold and warlike race came forth these three peaceful clergymen, one of them being called of God to take a foremost place in a very different warfare from that of his forefathers—a warfare in which he proved himself a good soldier, enduring hardness, but ever having his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; and illustrating in his person, though in a different manner, the character of a knight true to the chivalry of his order—"a very valiant, gentle knight." He was born at the beginning of the century, 1500, and passed his school-boy days at Newcastle-upon-Tyne; from whence he went up, when verging upon manhood, at the expense of his uncle, Dr. Robert Ridley, to Pembroke Hall in Cambridge. His excellent character for learning and for piety was soon so remarkable, that an exhibition was offered to him in University College, Oxford. This offer he did not accept, and was shortly after elected to a fellowship in his own college. His uncle then sent him to pursue his studies at Paris and Louvaine. On his return to Cambridge, he was made proctor there; and, in that office, he was called to sign the judgment of the University, which denies to the Bishop of Rome any jurisdiction over the realm of England. His mind was slowly awakened to the errors of that apostate Church, and as slowly opened to the reception of the true and scriptural faith. He was one of those learners, whose minds retaining and digesting thoroughly the food they take; "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." His knowledge of Holy Scripture induced Cranmer to invite him to take up his residence with him at Lambeth, as his chaplain. In the following year, he was appointed by the Archbishop to the vicarage of Herne in Kent. His election to the Mastership of Pembroke Hall, two years afterward, recalled him to Cambridge. Probably the happiest part of Ridley's sojourn on earth, was during the time that he was Master of Pembroke. He must there have

known more of quietness than it was his lot to meet with afterward in those unquiet times; and it was probably there that he was most occupied with the great work of learning, under the only teacher, the Holy Spirit, to know himself by close self-searching, and to acquaint himself with the Lord God, as He has manifested himself in His own word. However pleasantly he might have solaced himself with the study of those erudite books, which he loved so well, the copious stores of minds gifted and cultivated like his own: however keenly he might have enjoyed his daily intercourse and converse with the most learned and admirable men then resident in the University: however dearly he may have prized the true and firm affection of his own personal friends (friends more faithful and hearty, he declares in his farewell to them, he never found elsewhere), he there enjoyed far higher and sweeter converse; for he learned to delight himself in God, and to be occupied with His statutes. His own words acquaint us best with his love for Cambridge, and his college life. "Farewell, therefore, Cambridge, my loving mother and tender nurse: if I should not acknowledge these manifold benefits—yea, if I should not for thy benefits at least love thee again truly, I were to be counted too ungrateful and unkind! What benefits hadst thou ever, that thou usest to give and bestow upon thy best beloved children, that thou thoughtest too good for me! First, to be scholar—then, fellow—and after my departure from thee, thou calledst me again to a mastership of a right worshipful college. I thank thee, my loving mother, for all this thy kindness, and I pray God that His laws and the sincere Gospel of Christ may ever be truly taught and faithfully learned in thee!

"Farewell Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college, my care and my charge; what case thou art in now I know not. Thou wast ever named since I knew thee (which is now a thirty years ago) to be studious, well learned, and a great setter forth of Christ's gospel and of God's true word; so I

found thee, and, blessed be God, so I left thee indeed. Woe is me for thee, mine own dear college, if ever thou suffer thyself by any means to be brought from that trade. In thy orchard (the walls, butts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness) I learned, without book, almost all Paul's epistles, save only the Apocalypse. Of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me into heaven: for the profit thereof I think I have felt in all my lifetime ever after; and I ween of late (whether they abide there now I can not tell) there was that did the like. The Lord grant that this zeal and love toward that part of God's word, which is a key and true commentary to all holy Scripture, may ever abide in that college, so long as the world shall endure."

And thus it seems that the sweetest learning to this learned man, even in the seat of learning, was the knowledge which he acquired of the Holy Scriptures: so that the word of God "dwelt in him richly in all wisdom and spiritual understanding," and those things which are often hidden from the wise and prudent, were clearly revealed to him.

The same year, 1540, in which he was made Master of Pembroke, he was appointed Chaplain to Henry VIII. His sermon on Ash-Wednesday, in the Chapel Royal, in which he declared himself the decided and open opponent of Popery, drew from Gardiner a long and controversial letter. By Henry VIII. he was promoted to the bishopric of Rochester, and after his death he was consecrated Bishop of London, in the reign of the youthful Edward—being chosen to fill that important See when the brazen, but double-faced Bonner, had openly shown himself too scandalous a character to be allowed to retain it.

Foxe beseeches his reader, with care and study, to peruse diligently, to consider, and deeply to print in his breast the tragical story and life of Dr. Ridley, seeing him to be a man beautified with such excellent qualities, so ghostly inspired,

and godly learned, and now written doubtless in the book of life, with the blessed saints of the Almighty, crowned and throned among the glorious army of martyrs.

"For his calling and offices as Bishop of London," says Foxe, "he so diligently occupied himself by preaching and teaching the true and wholesome doctrine of Christ, that no good child was more singularly loved by his dear parents, than he by his flock and diocese. Every holiday and Sunday he preached in some one place or other, except he were otherwise hindered by weighty affairs and business, to whose sermons the people resorted, swarming about him like bees, and coveting the sweet flowers and wholesome juice of the fruitful doctrine, which he did not only preach, but showed the same by his life as a glittering lanthorn to the eyes and senses of the blind, in such pure order and chastity of life (declining from evil desires and concupiscences), that even his very enemies could not reprove him in any one iota thereof."

He was a man of great learning and of strong and accurate memory, equal to any of his time in powers of intellect, erudition, and accomplishments. He was "wise of counsel, deep of wit, and very politic in all his doings," of a merciful and gentle disposition, wise to win by gentleness and mildness, and well skilled in the exercise of the law of kindness.

"He was a man," continues Foxe, "right comely and proportioned in all points, both in complexion and lineaments of the body. He took all things in good part, bearing no malice nor rancor from his heart, but straightway forgetting all injuries and offenses done against him. He was very kind and natural to his kinsfolk, and yet not bearing with them any thing otherwise than sight would require, giving them always for a general rule, yea to his own brother and sister, that they doing evil should seek or look for nothing at his hand, but should be as strangers and aliens unto him; and they to be his brother or sister, who used honesty and a godly trade of life." His admiring historian then gives an account of the

way in which he passed the day; his secret prayers and contemplations, his use of the common prayer daily with his family—his studies, his habits of business—the simple recreation after his temperate meal was over. He describes the occupation of every hour of the well-spent day from his rising in the morning till he lay down to rest at night. "Being at his manor of Fulham, as divers times he used to be, he read daily a lecture to his family at the common prayer, beginning at the Acts of the Apostles, and so going throughout all the Epistles of St. Paul, giving to every man that could read a New Testament . . . being marvelous careful over his family, that they might be a spectacle of all virtue and honesty to others. Thus as he was godly and virtuous himself, so nothing but virtue and godliness reigned in his house, feeding them with food of our Saviour Jesus Christ." Foxe notices especially his "gentle nature and kindly pity" toward the aged mother and the sister of Bonner, whom he sent for to dine with him every day, always placing "his mother Bonner" at the head of the table beside himself, and never suffering her to be displaced from her seat, though the highest nobles were present. A graphic account of an interview between Ridley, when Bishop of London, with the Princess Mary is also recorded. The Bishop was at his house at Hadham, in Hertfordshire, within two miles of Hunsden, where Mary was residing, and he waited on the Princess to pay his duty to her, and to ask permission to preach before her in the parish church on the following Sunday. The Princess had received him courteously, till he spoke of preaching, and then her manner suddenly changed, and she bluntly told him that he might preach if he pleased, "but," she added, "neither I nor any of mine shall hear you." "Madam," said Ridley, "I trust you will not refuse God's word." "As for your new books," she afterward says, persisting in regarding the one only inspired and written word, as "new books," "I thank God, I never read any of them, I never did, nor never will do;" and she con-

cludes by saying, "My Lord, for your gentleness to come and see me I thank you, but for your offering to preach before me I thank you never a whit." "The Bishop on returning with Sir Thomas Wharton to the place where they had dined, was invited by him to drink. But after he had drunk he paused awhile, and looking very sadly, suddenly brake out into these words. 'Surely I have done amiss.' 'Why so,' asked Sir Thomas Wharton. 'I have drunk,' said he, 'in the place where God's word offered hath been refused; whereas, if I had remembered my duty, I ought to have departed immediately, and to have shaken off the dust of my shoes, for a testimony against this house.' These words were spoken with such a vehemency, that some of the hearers afterward confessed their hair to stand upright on their heads. This done, the said Bishop departed, and so returned to his house. Testified by a certain reverend personage," adds Foxe, "yet alive, being then the Bishop's chaplain."

A very different and beautiful account is given of an interview between the brother of the ignorant and prejudiced Mary, and Bishop Ridley, toward the close of the youthful monarch's short reign.

On the assembling of Parliament, Ridley had preached before him in the palace of Whitehall, when, owing to the failing state of the king's health, it was deemed imprudent for him to attend at Westminster Abbey, where the sermon was usually preached. The Bishop was sent for by the young and godly king, who received him in the great gallery of the palace. He entered the royal presence uncovered, but the gentle and humble-minded prince addressed him by saying: "Be covered, my Lord, and take a seat by me."

Edward had felt deeply the exhortations of the preacher, and after thanking him for his sermon, he added, "I took upon myself to be especially touched by your speech, as well in regard of the abilities God has given me, as in regard of the example which from me He will require; for as in the

kingdom I am next under God, so must I most nearly approach Him in goodness and mercy; for as our miseries stand most in need of aid from Him, so are we the greatest debtors, debtors to all that are miserable, and shall be the greatest accountants of our dispensation therein; and therefore, my Lord, as you have given me, I thank you, this general exhortation, so direct me, I pray you, by what particular actions I may this way best discharge my duty." The good Bishop was quite overcome. He could scarcely have supposed it possible that he should have found such meekness of wisdom, so deep a conviction of unworthiness, and so high a sense of his responsibility before God, in one of Edward's exalted rank and tender years. It was indeed, "by the grace of God that he was what he was." Alas, it was also too evident that he who spoke in such godly earnestness, and with such angelic sweetness, was soon to depart from the place where his presence, and his influence, and his example were, in the eyes of God's servants, of unspeakable importance. The brilliant light of those sunken eyes, the hectic glow on that transparent cheek—the faltering tones of that impressive voice—all told but too plainly that the immortal spirit was soon to depart from its slight and fragile tenement of clay; and Ridley was deeply moved, and wept. For some little time he could not speak; but, on recovering from his emotion, he said he would give no hasty reply, but besought the King's permission to deliberate, and consult with the chief authorities of the city of London. The King was pleased with Ridley's suggestion, and gave him a letter, in which the information they needed was applied for. The three royal institutions of the Blue-Coat School, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the Bridewell, were the fruit of that sermon and that conversation.

Ridley bears high and honorable testimony to the Lord Mayor and aldermen, the common council, and the whole body of the city, for their godly zeal and diligence in the promotion of all Christian and charitable plans and objects,

during the time that he was Bishop of London. Sir Rowland Hill, the first Protestant Lord Mayor, was one of these eminent and godly men; and Ridley, in his "Farewell to London," speaks with much commendation of Sir Richard Dobbes and Sir George Barnes. "Among the worshipful of the city," he says, "and specially which were in office of the mayoralty (yea, and in other citizens also, whom to name now it shall not be necessary), in the time of my ministry, which was from the latter part of Sir Rowland Hill's year unto Sir George Barnes's year, and a great part thereof, I do acknowledge that I found no small humanity and gentleness, as methought: but (to say the truth) that I do esteem above all other, for true Christian kindness, which is showed in God's cause, and done for his sake."

The time, however, soon came, when he who had been sent for to confer in private with a king in his stately palace, was to be deposed from his high office, and cast into a prison, and bidden to prepare for a cruel and unmerciful death. The royal Edward was dead, and the most noble and godly members of the Church of England were in prison or in exile. If it was the duty of some to fly to foreign lands, others felt that a far stronger sense of duty constrained them to remain, and meet the fury of the storm of persecution which was about to burst upon them. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, Hooper, Philpot, were among this band of dauntless men.

"Why should we Christians fear death?" wrote Ridley to his companions in Christ, whether in bondage or in banishment in Christ's gospel cause. "Why should we Christians fear death? Can death deprive us of Christ, which is all our comfort, our joy, and our life? Nay, forsooth. But contrary: death shall deliver us from this mortal body, which loadeth and beareth down the spirit, that it can not so well perceive heavenly things; in the which, so long as we dwell, we are absent from God."

We scarcely know any thing finer than the conferences be-

tween Ridley and Latimer, during the time of their imprisonment. The argument is nobly sustained, being taken up, as it were, by the one and the other of these admirable men alternately, by way of exercise and preparation for the encounter in which they were about to engage. Thus they took unto themselves the whole armor of God, that they might be able to withstand in the evil day; and they began to gird up the loins of their minds, with the grave earnestness of men who have to stand in the forefront of the fight, and are resolute to die in the great cause to which they have devoted themselves. They were indeed men of glorious aim and enterprise, warriors of the highest order, whose weapons were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, and to the stout and unflinching defense of the citadel of God's sacred truth; and we do indeed wonder to find the great mind of John Milton so warped by conventional prejudices as to calumniate the spirit and the conduct of these admirable men.

They were sincerely attached to the reformed and established Church of this country, but it was not for the honor, the interest, or the adornment of that Church, that they counted not their lives dear unto themselves. Their enlightened glance took in a wider scope, their enduring faith embraced a higher purpose, than the serving of any Church of human establishing; and heartily do we concur with the writer of the solemn preface to these conferences between Latimer and Ridley, when he says of the former—"Master Latimer came earlier in the morning, and was the more ancient workman in the Lord's vineyard; who also may very well be called (as divers learned men have termed him) the Apostle of England, as one much more worthy of that name, for his true doctrine, and for his sharp reproving of sin and superstition, than was Augustine, Bishop of Canterbury, for bringing in the Pope's monkery and false religion." Some of the modern admirers of the Romish monk would do well to

recant their misguided and misguiding assertions, that the Christian faith was first introduced by that same Augustine, and make themselves and others better acquainted with his doings."

Of Ridley, the writer of this preface adds: "Mr. Ridley came later, about the eleventh hour; but no doubt he came when he was effectually called; and from the time of his calling, became a faithful laborer, terrible to the enemies for his excellent learning, and therefore a meet man to rid out of the Lord's vineyard the sophistical thorns of the wrangling adversaries." . . . Neither threatened death, nor love of present life, could shake the foundation of the faith of these men, firmly grounded upon the sure rock—Christ. They redeemed liberty of conscience with the bondage of the body; and it was not for the Church of England, but for the Church of God on the whole earth, and for His sake who is the Head of the body—the Church, that they fought, and suffered, and died, and conquered; nay more, it was not for any Church, but for God's truth, God's word, both His incarnate, and His written word, that they lived as witnesses, and died as martyrs.

The concluding words of the preface are well suited to the present time: "God grant that the admonition of these, and other godly martyrs, may so warn us, their doctrine so instruct us, and their example so conform us in the true knowledge and fear of God, that, flying and abhorring idolatry and superstition, we may embrace true religion and piety; forsaking the phantasies of men, we may humbly obey the written word of God, and be ruled thereby; direct all our doings to the glory of His name, and our own endless salvation in Christ Jesus. Amen."

In their first conference several pages are filled with their admirable refutation of the Popish heresy of the mass, in which Ridley and Latimer engage in alternate exercises, the one taking up the thread of the discourse, as the other drops it for a while and pauses. Then follows this line—

"Against the sacrifice of the mass yet more by Hugh Latimer."

In the course of his remarks, he says: "I have read over of late the New Testament three or four times deliberately; yet can I not find there written the Popish consecration, nor yet there, transubstantiation, nor there, oblation, nor there, adoration, which be the very sinews and marrow-bones of the mass." He adds: "All Popish things (for the most part) are man's inventions; whereas, they ought to have the Holy Scripture for their only mode of faith." Again: "How are the Scriptures," say they, "to be understanded? St. Augustine answereth, giving this rule. . . . "One Scripture doth expound another, to a man that is studious, well willing, and often calling upon God in continual prayer, who giveth His Holy Spirit to them that desire it of Him. So that the Scripture is not of any private interpretation at any time. For such a one, though he be a layman fearing God, is much more fit to understand Holy Scripture than any arrogant and proud priest, yea, than the Bishop himself, be he never so great and glistening in all his pontificals." Such is the teaching of the venerable Latimer. "One man," he adds shortly after, "having the Scripture and good reason for him, is more to be esteemed himself alone, than a thousand such as they, the Papists, either gathered together or succeeding one another. The Fathers have both herbs and weeds; and Papists commonly gather the weeds, and leave the herbs; and they speak many times more vehemently in sound of words, than they did mean indeed, or than they would have done, if they had seen what sophistical wranglers should have succeeded them. . . . It is dangerous to trust them in citing the Fathers.

"In all ages the devil hath stirred up some light heads to esteem the sacraments but lightly, as to be empty and bare signs, whom the Fathers have resisted so fiercely, that in their fervor they seem in sound of words to run too far the other way and to give too much to the sacraments, when they did

think more measurably. And therefore they are to be read warily with sound judgment. But our Papists, they will outface, brace and brag all men: it must needs be as they will have it. Therefore, there is no remedy (namely, now when they have the master-bowl in their hand, and rule the roast) but patience. Better it is to suffer what cruelty they will put unto us, than to incur God's high indignation."

Then follows a noble exhortation to his fellow-prisoner, to be of good cheer in the Lord, quite in accordance with the brave unswerving spirit of the noble old Father, who seems to have made a more accurate calculation of what they might have to meet with from their adversaries, than any of his fellow-sufferers. "To use many words with them, it shall be but in vain, now that they have a bloody and deadly law prepared for them."

"Fear of death," he goes on to say, "doth most persuade a great number. Be well aware of that argument, for that persuaded Shaxton, as many men thought, after that he had once made a good profession openly before the judgment-seat. The flesh is weak, but the willingness of the Spirit shall refresh the weakness of the flesh. The number of the criers under the altar must needs be fulfilled. If we be segregated thereunto, happy be we. That is the greatest promotion which God giveth in this world to be such Philippians, to whom it is given, not only to believe, but also to suffer."

This first conference is concluded by Latimer with these words: "Pardon me, and pray for me; pray for me, I say; pray for me, I say—for I am sometimes so fearful that I could creep into a mouse-hole, sometimes God doth visit me again with His comfort. So He cometh and goeth, to teach me to feel and to know mine infirmity." Again he adds: "But I dwell here now in a school of obliviousness. Fare you well, once again, and be you steadfast and immovable in the Lord. Paul loved Timothy marvelously well, notwithstanding he saith unto him, 'Be thou partaker of the afflictions of the

Gospel:' and again, 'Harden thyself to suffer afflictions.' 'Be faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,' saith the Lord."

"Ye have done me an unspeakable pleasure," says Ridley to the venerable Latimer, in their second conference, "and I pray that the Lord may requite it you in that day. For I have received great comfort in your words, yet am I not so filled withal, but that I thirst much more now than before, to drink more of that cup of yours, wherein ye mingle unto me profitable with pleasant. I pray you, good father, let me have one draught more to comfort my stomach; for, surely, except the Lord assist me with His gracious aid, in the time of His service, I know I shall play but the part of a white-livered knight: but truly my trust is in Him, that in mine infirmity He shall try himself strong, and that can make the coward in His cause to fight like a man.... I pray you, good father, for that you are an old soldier and an expert warrior, and, God knoweth, I am but a young soldier, and as yet of small experience in these feats; help me, I pray you, to buckle my harness."

Latimer answers: "'Except the Lord help me,' ye say, Sir. You make answer yourself so well, that I can not better it. Sir, I begin now to smell what you mean; you use me as Bilney did once, when he converted me. Pretending as though he would be taught of me, he sought ways and means to teach me; and so do you. I thank you, therefore, most heartily. For indeed you minister armor unto me, whereas I was unarmed before and unprovided, saving that I give myself to prayer for my refuge." The holy wisdom of the simple-minded Latimer shines forth again brightly in the exhortation that follows.

"Better a few things well pondered than to trouble the memory with too much. You shall prevail more with praying, than with studying, though mixture be best. I intend not to contend much with them in words, after a reasonable

account of my faith be given, for it shall be but in vain. They will say as their fathers said, when they have no more to say, 'We have a law, and by our law he ought to die.'"

In the midst of the conference Ridley offers up this beautiful prayer. "O heavenly Father, the Father of all wisdom, understanding, and true strength, I beseech Thee for Thy only son, our Saviour Christ's sake, look mercifully upon me, wretched creature, and send thine Holy Spirit into my breast —that not only I may understand according to Thy wisdom, how that pestilent and deadly dart is to be borne off, and with what answer it is to be beaten back; but also, when I must join the fight in the field, for the glory of Thy name, that then I, being strengthened with the defense of Thy right hand, may manfully stand in the confession of Thy faith and of Thy truth, and continue in the same unto the end of my life through the same our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

After alluding to the habits of his countrymen on the Scottish borders—in a passage already cited—to watch night and day in their harness with their spears in their hands, he adds, "And in the quarrel of Christ our Saviour, in the defense of His own divine ordinances by the which He giveth unto us life and immortality, yea in the quarrel of faith and Christian religion shall we not watch? Shall we not go always armed, ever looking when our adversary (which like a roaring lion seeketh whom he may devour) shall come upon us by reason of our slothfulness? Good father, forasmuch as I have determined with myself to pour forth these my cogitations into your bosom, here, me thinketh, I see you suddenly lifting up your head toward heaven, after your manner, and then looking upon me with your prophetical countenance, and speaking unto me, with these or like words:—'Trust not, my son (I beseech you vouchsafe me the honor of this name, for in so doing, I shall think myself both honored and loved of you), trust not, I say, my son, to these word-weapons; for the kingdom of God is not in word, but in power, and re-

member always the words of the Lord.' 'Do not imagine beforehand, what or how you will speak, for it shall be given you even in that same hour, what ye shall speak; for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you.

"I pray you therefore, father, pray for me that I may cast my whole care upon Him, and trust upon Him in all perils, for I know and am surely persuaded, that whatever I can imagine or think aforehand, it is nothing except He assist me with His Spirit, when the time is.

"I beseech you, therefore, father, pray for me, that such a complete harness of the spirit, such boldness of mind may be given unto me, that I may out of a true faith say with David, "I will not trust in my bow, and it is not my sword that shall save me." . . . I beseech you, pray, pray that I may enter into this fight only in the name of God, and that when all is past, I being not overcome, through His gracious aid, may remain, and stand fast in Him, till that day of the Lord, in the which, to them that obtain the victory shall be given the lively manna to eat, and a triumphant crown for evermore.

"Now, father, I pray you help me to buckle on this gear a little better, for ye know the deepness of Satan, being an old soldier, and you have collared with him ere now. Blessed be God that hath ever aided you so well!" "Sir," he concludes by saying, "I have caused my man not only to read your armor unto me, but also to write it out. For it is not only no bare armor, but also well buckled armor. I see not how it could be better. I thank you even from the bottom of my heart for it, and my prayer shall you not lack, trusting that you do the like for me. For indeed there is the help—and many things make confusion in the memory. . . . . Fare you well in Christ."

Thus it was that these truly great men prepared themselves for the conflict in which they were about to engage—we hear

no idle lamentations, no unmanly groans issuing from their dark and narrow prison, but the quiet words of men of strong resolve, the earnest voice of prayer; while a light from heaven pierces through the bars, revealing to the eye of faith the gleam of armor and the upturned looks of pale and thoughtful faces, calm, and beautiful with holy peace, the faces of men, "who out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, who were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection." Heb. xi. 34, 35.

When Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed Queen, Ridley had preached against the claim of the Princess Mary, by order of the Council, at St. Paul's Cross. If he did wrong in this, it was an error of judgment, not of heart. He was not one to refuse to "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's:" but he might feel in this instance very doubtful whether Mary had a just claim to be regarded as Cæsar. By the will of Henry the Eighth, she had been appointed first in the succession after her brother; but it might be a question whether Edward the Sixth, and the Council who held with him the supreme power over the realm, had not an equal right to appoint the successor to the throne, Mary's legitimate title having also been denied at one time by her father. Many of the Protestant gentlemen of England had, it is true, taken a different view of the question, and though abhorring Popery, were yet stanch supporters of Mary's claims. Ridley, however, was far better acquainted with the views and the character of Mary than they were. He knew that there was nothing to hope from one of whose narrow mind and intolerant bigotry he had personal cognizance. And in his sermon he plainly declared his strong conviction, that if Mary were permitted to assume the title and office of Queen, Popery would again prevail. He knew too well that the true followers of Christ would be forbidden to "render unto God the things that are God's."

When, however, Mary was actually Queen, and in reply

to the address of the Suffolk men, had publicly declared and promised, that liberty of opinion in religion should be allowed by her, Ridley repaired to Framlingham Castle, where the Queen then was, to offer her his submission. He would have acted with more wisdom had he remained quiet in both instances, but we have no right to assume that he did not act conscientiously. No sooner was Mary secure of the throne, than, with shameless treachery, she repeated her promise of religious toleration, with this artful sentence attached to it— "until such time as further order by common consent may be taken therein." Ridley met with a sorry reception at Framlingham Castle. His service was repulsed, and he was committed to the Tower as a traitor. He had been, not long before, translated to the See of Durham in his own northern country, but both appointments were annulled, and Bonner was formally restored to the bishopric of London. "Yesterday I was by sentence restored again to my bishopric," wrote Bonner, "and reposed in the same, even as fully as I was, at any time before I was deprived; and by the said sentence my usurper, Dr. Ridley, is utterly repulsed: so that I would ye did order all things at Kidderminster and Bushley at your pleasure; not suffering Sheep'shead, or ship's side, to be any meddler there, or to bring any thing from thence; and I trust at your coming up now at the Parliament, I shall so handle the said sheep's heads and other calves' heads, that they shall perceive their sweet shall not be without sour sauce. This day it is looked that Mr. Canterbury must be placed where it is meet for him. He is become very humble, and ready to submit himself in all things; but that will not serve. . . . . Commend me to your bedfellows most heartily, and remember the liquor that I wrote to you for. This bearer shall declare the rest, and also put you in remembrance for beeves and mutton for my house fare." Thus it was that Bonner wrote on his taking upon him again the office of a bishop. He shows himself to be a fellow of vul-

gar mind and vulgar speech, coarse and jovial, selfish and unfeeling—a man whose language reminds us of those "of whom" Paul writes, "I tell you even weeping that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose god is their belly, whose glory is in their shame." The name of Shipside, upon which he plays with such heartless levity, was that of Ridley's brother-in-law, an admirable and pious man, who had been appointed keeper of his park. The above letter is written by Bonner to his cousin Shirley and two other gentlemen.

Such was the successor of the grave and godly Ridley in the high office of Bishop of London. The Tower was so filled with prisoners, that Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and Bradford were shut up in one chamber, and there they were kept for six months. During this time, disputations were held in Convocation on various controversial questions, from which the most learned of the Protestant party, the Reformers in prison, were excluded; while the few who were present, and who dared to advocate their principles, were clamored down; till at length the Romanists, wakened to some sense of shame, at the scandal of a victory which they won by confining or silencing their opponents, agreed to transfer the debate to Oxford, there to be conducted by the ex-bishops on the one hand, and certain commissioners from both universities on the other:* and to Oxford, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were taken, and placed in the Bocardo prison.

This was the commencement of the memorable disputations at Oxford, which issued in the martyrdom of those three distinguished men.

Coverdale, in a note written by him upon a letter from Bishop Ridley to Bradford, says of Bocardo, that it is "a stinking and filthy prison for drunkards, &c., and the vilest sort of people." But there it was that those three noble and godly men were confined. Ridley was afterward removed to the house of a Mr. Irish, the mayor of Oxford, in whose cus-

* Blunt.

tody he was committed, and there he remained till the day of his death. While in prison, the diligence of this faithful and zealous servant of God was so untiring, that no less than fourteen treatises were composed by him. To those who, like himself and his companions, were shut up in prison for the truth, he wrote letters full of animating and consoling exhortations. The prospect of a dreadful death was before him, and the materials for writing were denied him; but he cut the lead from his windows, and shaped it into pencils, and he wrote on the margins of his books; and often by the hands of that devoted friend of the martyrs, Augustine Bernher, his letters and papers were carried to the distant prisons of God's afflicted people.

Never did the Romanists make a greater mistake than by the course they followed in England toward their Protestant countrymen, in those days. They taught the people of the land to understand the real character of Popery, by showing them the use they would make of power when they possessed it. Whatever may have been the cause, whether from the character of the people, or from the knowledge of the Bible, which had been widely spread by the followers of Wycliffe throughout the land, one fact is not to be controverted, that the means which were employed with such fatal success to overthrow the scriptural faith in France, and Spain, and Italy, met with an utter failure in this country. Instead of crushing the spirit of the people, the Marian persecutions roused it so effectually and so thoroughly, that to this hour the principles and the practices of Rome are repudiated with an honest indignation by the great body of the nation. Ridley was undoubtedly one of the most powerful adversaries whom the adherents of Rome had to encounter, as well as one of the very brightest ornaments of the Reformation. "His character," says the editor of his works, as published by the Parker Society, "is sufficiently depicted in his works: they indicate a mind of the very highest order, both as to power

and acuteness; and where he fairly entered upon a subject, he left but little for after-writers to touch upon. In matters of controversy, his immense patristic learning gave him a decided advantage over all his antagonists; and the general idea of his importance to the cause of the Reformation may be estimated from the words of one of his most distinguished adversaries: 'Latimer leaneth to Cranmer, Cranmer leaneth to Ridley, and Ridley leaneth to his own singular wit.'" The quaint lines, wherein Quarles gives the character of Ridley, are then given.

"Read, in the progress of this blessed story,
Rome's cursed cruelty, and Ridley's glory:
Rome's siren song; but Ridley's careless ear
Was deaf; they charmed, but Ridley would not hear.
Rome sung preferment, but brave Ridley's tongue
Contemned that false preferment which Rome sung.
Rome whispered death: but Ridley (whose great gain
Was godliness) he waved it with disdain.
Rome threatened durance, but great Ridley's mind
Was too strong for threats or chains to bind.
Rome thundered death, but Ridley's dauntless eye
Stared in death's face, and scorned death standing by.
In spite of Rome for England's faith he stood,
And in the flames he sealed it with his blood."

Ridley was never married, but he was by no means insensible to the advantage and propriety of the married state in a minister of the Gospel. He saw in Mistress Parker, the wife of his friend, who was afterward Archbishop of Canterbury in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and who seems to have been one of the sweetest and most charming gentlewomen of these days, a lovely example of a clergyman's wife.

Fuller says of Mistress Parker: "Margaret the wife of Archbishop Parker, was a pattern for all prelates' wives. In the reign of King Henry VIII. though seven years contracted (by mutual consent forbearing marriage, then unlawful for clergymen), such her fidelity, that she was deaf to richer proffers; when married under Edward VI., so modest, that Bishop Ridley asked whether Mrs. Parker had a sister; intimating

that such a consort would make him recede from his resolution of a single life; in Queen Mary's days, not only great her patience to partake of, but industry to relieve, her husband's wants: in Queen Elizabeth's time, so admirable her humility, as no whit elated with prosperity."

We have a very different account from Ridley's own pen of another wife, one Mrs. Irish, the wife of the mayor of Oxford, in whose house he was kept as a prisoner previous to his death. "The man in whose house I am a prisoner, is ruled (though he be the mayor of the city), by his wife, an old, ill-tempered, and superstitious woman, who indeed takes it to herself as a matter of praise, that she is said to guard me most strictly and cautiously. The man himself, however whose name is Irish, is good-tempered enough to every body, but to his wife most obsequious. Now although, you know, I have never myself had a wife, yet from my daily association with this couple, I seem in some measure to understand how great an evil and intolerable a yoke it is to be joined in wedlock with a bad woman. Rightly therefore has the wise man said, 'A good wife is the gift of God;' and again, 'Blessed is the husband of a good woman.'" This passage, like some others in his letters, is in Latin; a wise precaution he doubtless felt: for had the sharp eyes of Mrs. Irish fallen upon this character of herself in a language she could understand, it would have fared more hard than it did with him, from the ill-temper and unkindness of this imperious woman.

I have perhaps brought forward already more of the opinions and arguments of Bishop Ridley than may be acceptable to some of my readers. But those passages which I have quoted, seemed to me of deep importance at the present day, as exhibiting both the views and the spirit of one of the great leaders of our Reformation, and at the risk of being tedious to careless minds, I have cited those extracts from his works. I must not, however, enter further into the conferences and discussions in which he bore a part, but refer my reader to the

narrative of Foxe. The accuracy of the report which is given of the disputation at Oxford is vouched for by the fact that Jewell was one of the reporters.

"I perceive," said Ridley, "that you have writers and notaries present. By all likelihood our disputations shall be published. I beseech you, for God's sake, let me have liberty to speak my mind freely, and without interruption," &c.

Weston replies: "Among this whole company it shall be permitted you to take two for your part." Ridley: "I will chose two, if there are any here with whom I am acquainted." Weston: "Here are two, which Master Cranmer had yesterday. Take them, if it please you." Ridley: "I am content with them; I trust they are honest men."

In the margin it is stated, that "these two notaries were Master Jewell, sometime Bishop of Salisbury, and Master Gilbert Mounson."

Part of Ridley's celebrated Farewell Letter can not well be omitted in this paper. What calm dignity, and yet what loving tenderness, is there in the parting words of this godly pastor, written within the last fortnight of his pilgrimage on earth! He was condemned on the first day of October—on the sixteenth of the same month he was put to death, and, in the interval, his farewell was written. Though a book-learned man, and accustomed to a wide acquaintance with the manners of other times, his heart overflowed with sweet and fresh affections for his own kindred, the endeared and familiar associates of his early years, for those, who like his true and faithful friend and brother-in-law, George Shipside, were united to him by the two-fold chord of natural relationship and strong affection. Among these beloved ones the name of George Shipside occupies the first and foremost place. He was truly a brother born for adversity; but though, by his close attachment to Ridley, and his open avowal of that attachment even to the end, he exposed himself to great danger, he did not shrink from that danger or forsake his

friend. "My brother Shipside, that hath married my sister," he writes to Grindall, "hath been almost half a year in prison. . . . But now, thanks be to God, he is set at liberty again." The use that this good and brave man made of his liberty was seen, when, following his beloved Ridley to Oxford, he boldly stood by him at his death. "Farewell, my dear brother, George Shipside, whom I have ever found faithful, trusty, and loving, in all states and conditions, and now, in the time of my cross, over all other to me most friendly and steadfast, and (that which liked me best) over all other things in God's cause ever hearty." This farewell letter opens with the following solemn and godly exordium:

"At the name of Jesus let every knee bow, both of things of heaven, and things on earth, and things under the earth; and let every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is the Lord, unto the glory of God the Father. Amen." Then follows this graceful and touching passage:—"As a man minding to take a far journey, and to depart from his familiar friends, commonly and naturally hath a desire to bid his friends farewell before his departure; so likewise now I, looking daily when I should be called for to depart hence from you, do bid you all my dear brethren and sisters (I say) in Christ, that dwell upon the earth, after such manner as I can say farewell." To his dear sister Alice, the wife of George Shipside, he gives affectionate and gentle counsel respecting herself, and her husband's mother, and her children by her former marriage, and speaks of her blessedness in possessing so godly and loving a husband. He bids farewell to his well beloved brother John Ridley of the Waltone, and "to you," he adds "my gentle and loving sister Elizabeth; whom beside the natural league of amity, your tender love, which you were said ever to bear toward me above the rest of your brethren doth bind me to love! Your daughter Elizabeth also I bid farewell, whom I love for the meek and gentle spirit that God hath given her, which is a precious thing in the sight of God," &c., &c.

Ridley has himself given us an account of the way in which the disputation of Oxford was carried on; and of the indecent and insulting conduct of his opponents. "It was not to be wondered at," he says, speaking of the shameless tumult: "for that they which should have been moderators and rulers of others, and should have given a good example in word, gravity, &c., as Paul teacheth, gave worst example of all; and did as it were, blow the trumpet to other, to rail, rage, roar, and cry out; by reason whereof, good Christian reader, it is manifest that they never sought for any truth, but only for the glory of the world, and a bragging victory." And afterward, he adds, that they cried out "blasphemies, blasphemies," and he says he never heard or read the like, except it were one which was in the Acts of the Apostles, stirred up of Demetrius the silversmith, and others of his occupation, crying out against Paul, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," &c.

Both in this April disputation, and in his final examination in the month of September following, his quiet dignity and modest self-possession are remarkable; and yet there is something extremely touching in the almost plaintive appeal which from time to time he vainly makes to his sophistical and heartless examiners. In his last examination before the Commissioners, the charge I have before referred to is brought forward by the Bishop of Gloucester; "What a weak and feeble stay in religion," he says, "is this, I pray you—Latimer leaneth to Cranmer, Cranmer to Ridley, and Ridley to the singularity of his own wit;" and then the taunting Bishop adds: "So that if you overthrew the singularity of Ridley's wit, then must needs the religion of Cranmer and Latimer fall also. You remember well, Master Ridley, that the prophet speaketh most truly: 'Woe be to them which are singular and wise in their own conceits.'" Ridley answered meekly and in few words, saying, "that it was most untrue that Master Cranmer leaned to him; in that he was but a young scholar in comparison of Master Cranmer."

An affecting account is given of the ceremony of his degradation, on which occasion his conduct was alike distinguished by Christian gentleness and firmness; and though he submitted to all the indignities which they put upon him, his voice was at the same time raised to declare that he allowed and consented to nothing that they did. "You were best to hold your peace," cried out the Bishop of Gloucester, "lest your mouth be stopped:" at which words one Ednige, the reader then of the Greek lecture, standing by, said to Dr. Brookes: "Sir, the law is, that he should be gagged, therefore let him be gagged;" at which words Dr. Ridley, looking earnestly upon him, made no answer again, but with a sigh said: "Oh, well, well, well!" When they would have placed the chalice and the wafer-cake in his hands, Ridley said: "They shall not come in my hands; for, if they do, they shall fall to the ground for all of me." Then there was one appointed to hold them in his hand. When afterward, they put a book in his hand, and degraded him from preaching, saying: "We do take from you the office of preaching the Gospel," the gentle sufferer gave a great sigh, and looking up toward heaven, said: "Oh Lord God, forgive them their wickedness!"

We give but extracts from an account, every word of which is full of interest.

It was in the house of the Mayor of Oxford, the Master Irish before mentioned, that the insulting ceremony of Ridley's degradation took place. The Bishop of Gloucester, with the Vice-Chancellor and the heads of the University came thither for that purpose, and they brought the Queen's pardon with them, and urged him to accept it and recant, telling him that he would win many, and do much good. After he had firmly refused to entertain the question for a moment, and had been thus ceremonially stripped of the insignia of his office, he desired to speak with Brookes: but he was told that it was unlawful now to hold communication with him. Ridley, however, would not be repulsed in urging upon the de-

luded Papist the perusal of that treatise, which had been instrumental to his own conversion from Popery; it was the celebrated work of Bertram, or Ratramnus, an old author, the reading of which had led Ridley himself to search the Scriptures more accurately than he had before done, as to the true doctrine on the Lord's Supper. His words were unheeded; but as Brookes was about to depart, he put into his hands a written supplication, which he entreated him to present to the Queen, in behalf of those to whom he had granted leases while he had been Bishop of London, in behalf also of his sister (who had been married to one of his household) and her three children, all of whom had been defrauded of their rights by his successor, Bonner. He read the paper to the Bishop of Gloucester, but when he came to the mention of his sister and her children, the tears streamed from his eyes. "This is nature that moveth me," he said, when he was able to speak, "but now I have done."

This was his last evening; and when the party were withdrawn, and he had washed himself, he went down to supper, and there told Mistress Irish that the following day was to be his wedding day, and he invited her to be present at his marriage—meaning his death. It is a remarkable coincidence, that, as it happened in the case of Bishop Hooper, so it did with Ridley. On Hooper's journey to the stake at Gloucester, the hostess of the inn at Cirencester, where he stopped, who knew him well, and had expressed herself as the open enemy to his faith, saying, "that with all his zeal, he would recant rather than burn," wept over him, and treated him with the most attentive kindness: so it was now with the once harsh and cruel hostess of Bishop Ridley. When she heard the meek and godly martyr speak cheerfully of his death, and invite her to it as to a marriage, all her prejudices gave way, and her hard heart was melted, and Mistress Irish wept. But Master Ridley comforted her and said, "O Mistress Irish, you love me not now, I see well enough; for in

that you weep, it doth appear you will not be at my marriage, neither are content therewith. Indeed you be not so much my friend as I thought you had been; but quiet yourself: though my breakfast shall be somewhat sharp and painful, yet I am sure my supper shall be more pleasant and sweet." His brother-in-law, and unflinching friend, who was present, offered him to watch all night with him. But he said, "No, no; that you shall not. For I mind, God willing, to go to bed, and to sleep as quietly to-night as ever I did in my life. So his brother departed, exhorting him to be of good cheer, and to take his cross quietly, for the reward was great."

On the following morning Ridley came forth to die. He wore his usual black furred gown and velvet cap, and walked between the mayor and one of the aldermen. As he passed the Bocardo prison, he looked up, hoping to see his beloved friend Archbishop Cranmer, but he saw him not. Foxe relates that Cranmer was then engaged in disputation with one Friar Soto; but others, and among them Burnet, affirm that Cranmer beheld the sad procession and the burning of Ridley and Latimer from the roof of his prison, and, falling on his knees, prayed God to strengthen his companions in their agony, and to prepare him for his own. As they approached the place of execution, Ridley, as before related, saw Latimer following, and ran to meet him, and kissed him; and, as they that stood near reported, comforted him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." Thus they met, never to part again; side by side they went, and side by side they suffered and died. The quaint and touching narrative is very graphic. After giving away his apparel, "he gave away besides divers other small things to gentlemen standing by, and divers of them pitifully weeping; as to Sir Henry Lea he gave a new groat, and to divers of my Lord Williams' gentlemen, some napkins, some nut-

megs, and rases of ginger, his dial; and such other things as he had about him to every one that stood next him. Some plucked the points of his hose. Happy was he that might get any rag of him."

"It were better to me to go in my truss still," he then said, addressing himself to his brother, whose true and constant affection kept him at his side. "No," quoth his brother, "it will put you to more pain; and the truss will do a poor man good." "Be it so, in the name of God," replied Ridley, and so unlaced himself. Then standing up upon the stone at the foot of the stake, he held up his hand, and said, "O heavenly Father, I give Thee most hearty thanks, for that Thou hast called me to be a professor of Thee, even unto death. I beseech Thee, Lord God, take mercy upon this realm of England, and deliver the same from all her enemies."

"Good fellow," said he to the smith, who was fastening the chain about his waist, and knocking in the staple (and he took the chain in his hand and shook it), "knock it in hard, for the flesh will have its course."

Dreadful were the sufferings which this man of God had to endure. When first he saw the fire flaming up toward him, he cried with a loud voice, "In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum: Domine, recipe spiritum meum;" repeating oftentimes this latter part in English, "Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" But afterward, when his beloved friend Latimer had been some time relieved from all suffering, Ridley, in his agony cried out for more fire: for owing to the way in which the fagots had been placed, his lower limbs were consumed, before any vital part of his body had been reached, and he continued crying out, "I can not burn," as he struggled in the flames: never, however, forgetting to call upon God, intermingling the cry with, "Lord have mercy upon me!" His brother, in his anxiety to save him from suffering, had unintentionally added to his sufferings; for when Ridley had desired them for Christ's sake to let the fire come unto

him, not knowing what he did, his brother had heaped the fagots upon him. A merciful bystander, with more presence of mind, as naturally more calm and observant, cleared away a passage for the flames, and then at last the fire did its work, and the blessed martyr falling down at Latimer's feet, yielded up his spirit. The flesh had had its course, but God had given him all the grace he needed; and during the whole of those indescribable agonies, while he poured forth his dreadful cries, his courage and endurance never failed him, and he was enabled to be true to his own words before he prepared himself for the stake: "So long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth; God's will be done in me. I commit our cause to Almighty God, which shall indifferently judge all."

Thus died Nicholas Ridley. There is a story told of him, "that upon a time, crossing the Thames, there arose on a sudden such a tempest, that all in the boat were astonished, looking for nothing but to be drowned." "Take heart," said Ridley, "for this boat carrieth a bishop, that must be burned, and not drowned."

"Ridley was in the full vigor of his faculties, and never were his powers and attainments exhibited to more triumphant advantage. He, as well as Latimer, had more of constitutional firmness than Cranmer: and this invaluable property, combined with the activity of his faculties, enabled him to produce his store of things, both new and old, with a readiness and self-possession, which perpetually confounded his opponents, and forced from one of them the bitter exclamation, that, even if he were to maintain the heresy of Arius, the subtlety of his wit would enable him to shake off the authority of the Fathers, and even of the very Scriptures themselves. All, however, was to no purpose. When the three days' controversy was over, the Papists cried out *Victoria!* and told the combatants to their faces that they were fairly vanquished." *

* Le Bas' Life of Cranmer.

"Ridley's whole life," says Fuller, "was a letter written full of learning and religion, whereof his death was the seal." The Lord Dacre, whose grand-daughter was the wife of Nicholas Ridley, the cousin of the martyr, is said to have offered the Queen ten thousand pounds for his life; but neither money, nor entreaties, nor any other means, could prevail to soften the savage spirit of that unmerciful woman. It is lamentable to find, in the present day, those who call themselves members of our own sound Protestant Church, coming forward with their defenses and glosses for one, of whom it might be said, "Go, see now this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." It would have been better to have buried in oblivion her odious memory, had not that Church which counts not the shedding of a heretic's blood to be murder, bade an insolent defiance to the laws of this country, and dared to put itself above the very highest authority of the realm, claiming, as of old, for its Bishop and his emissaries, the right of exercising the canon law in England—that law by which it is asserted that "he who acknowledgeth not himself to be under the Bishop of Rome, and that the Bishop of Rome is ordained by God to have primacy over all the world, is an heretic, and can not be saved, and is not of the flock of Christ;" and that "all the decrees of the Bishop of Rome ought to be kept perpetually of every man, without any repugnance, as God's word spoken by the mouth of Peter; and whosoever doth not receive them, neither availeth them the Catholic faith, nor the four evangelists; but they blaspheme the Holy Ghost, and shall have no forgiveness."

It is not from its accusers that we would form our opinion of the Church of Rome, but from the language of its own documents, and from the statements of its highest and most accredited emissaries in this country, even within the last two years. Whatever half-hearted members of our own Church have affirmed by way of extenuation or defense, there can be

FRONT OF BALIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

now no doubt as to what the pretensions of the Church of Rome really are, and always have been.

The treatment which Ridley and his two associates met with, appears to have been marked both by severity and caprice. They were undoubtedly three of the greatest and most admirable men of those times; but Ridley complained, that after their condemnation, that treatment changed "like sour ale in summer." They were deprived of the services of their own people, and placed under the guardianship of churlish and watchful keepers. All free communication between them was well-nigh forbidden. They were occasionally harassed by ridiculous charges of attempting to escape. And what perhaps was more afflicting than all, they were avoided by the members of the University like men infected with pestilence. It was remarked by Ridley as a "wonderful thing," that their solitude was not cheered by a single office of kindness from any one of their brethren in scholarship. The sympathies of humble and unlettered men were much more lively than those of the learned orders. The townsmen of Oxford, and many at a distance, to whom the prisoners were known only by their virtues and their sufferings, were generous in supplying their necessities. Provisions and clothing were dispatched to them from London, with a liberality which drew forth expressions of the most cordial thankfulness from Ridley. It further appears that they were assisted with money; but this relief was partially intercepted by occasional embezzlement.

The place at which these two blessed martyrs suffered was in front of Baliol College, "at that time a ditch by the town-wall, but now filled up and made a street: the exact spot was near the corner of Broad-street: ashes and burnt sticks were, not long since, dug up at the spot."

But the place which seems to me, my reader, to bring him before us most vividly, is one which I was delighted to visit not long ago, the garden of Pembroke Hall in the town

of Cambridge, that garden in which he tells us he learned without book almost all Paul's Epistles. There it was that his meek and earnest spirit received light and food and strength from the inspired word and the promised comforter, and was prepared for that path of earthly sorrow and shame, and yet of heavenly light and joy, in which he went forward till he passed from earth to heaven. The old walls are still standing—the broad path with its narrow border of flowers on the one side, and its smooth and shaven grass plot on the other, are probably such as they then were. A tree which Ridley planted in the year 1540 was standing till about eight years ago, when it was blown down; it was a fine old oak. Yes, to use his own words, "The walls, butts, (query, buttresses?) and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness;"—and they do still bear him witness, for who can pace that garden walk and look around upon the old brick wall and the sweet flowers, and the leafy branches of that ancient garden, and not feel that Ridley's spirit seems to haunt the quiet place?

Before we leave the College, let us look into the old hall—where we shall see the portraits of Ridley and of Bradford—the mute and lifeless signs of two of the noblest, and the most devoted followers of that lowly and martyred Lord for whose sake they gladly suffered the loss of all things, and to whose truth they bore witness in the fiery flame till their spirits ascended from this world of strife and sorrow and mortal suffering to the calm bright regions of eternal rest.

THE LADY CHAPEL, CHESTER

Chester, Lancaster, Deane.

GEORGE MARSH.

THERE are few places in England bearing so ancient a date as the city of Chester, or, as it was formerly called, West Chester. The Romans, when Lords of England, built the city, and made it the station of the twentieth legion, and its name in Welsh is, "The City of the Legion, on the Waters of the Dee." In the year 1653, a votive altar to Jupiter Tanarus was dug up, which had been erected by an officer of the twentieth legion, called, "The Victorious." The broad and beautiful river Dee, or Deva, whose waters were once deemed sacred, washes its walls, and half encircles the city. Ostorius Scapula is said to have fixed the original *castrum* (in English, Chester) on this pleasant site, soon after the defeat of Caractacus. A pleasant site it certainly is, and if you have not seen the fine old city, my reader, you would be as much pleased and surprised as I was, when I first visited it. Yes, and if you knew its inhabitants as I know them, you would have been as heartily sorry to leave the place as I was, after a residence of ten years there. I had expected to be carried back by the sight of the streets and houses in Chester some three or four centuries—to find myself among strange old buildings, with their projecting gables, massive beams, and the rude rich carving, and relievo work with which our forefathers were wont to decorate the outer walls as well as the inner chambers of their mansions. I had heard of the

walls of the old city, but I was not prepared to find a walk of nearly two miles in extent on their summit, presenting at almost every turn, some new or interesting point of view. The rows had been described to me, but I had not been able to understand the description, or to picture them to myself as they actually are—the space usually occupied by the front chamber of the first floor of every house, on either side of the street, left in building the houses, as one long, clear, open gallery—a balustrade on the side which overhangs the street, and on the other, the broad bright window-panes of the excellent shops with which Chester abounds. "Here," says Fuller, "is a property of building peculiar to this city, the fashion whereof is somewhat hard to conceive. The like being said not to be seen in all England; no, nor in all Europe again."

But that which I was wholly unprepared for, was the prospect of the Welsh mountains to the west, a low range, but a very lovely one, always wearing some changeful aspect, whether brightened in places with sunshine, while aerial mists float here and there along their sides, now vailing, now revealing the features of their varied cultivation; or wholly shrouded over by one dark mass of vapor of deepest purple, with a rich but lurid glare of fiery orange, coloring the sky above their jagged summits. The river too, the broad beautiful river, with the old picturesque bridge just below the magnificent wear, which crosses the whole stream transversely, and over which the waters rush with their perpetual roar; or farther down the river the new and graceful Grosvenor Bridge with its single arch spanning the whole stream of the wide waters, and just beyond, the lovely meadow-flat of the Rhoodee, round which the river rolls with a bold and noble sweep, half encircling that rich green plain, which is the most beautiful spot of the kind that I have ever seen. But, let us pass, my reader, to the north gate of the city, from whence, when the sky is clear, we may see the little town

and castle of Flint, and farther on, at full tide, the gleaming waters of the open sea. It was close to this spot that a small foot-bridge was formerly suspended high above the old canal, which lies deep beneath, the one end resting on the city walls, the other upon that rocky cliff, surmounted by the buildings of the blue-coat school, and the chapel and alms-houses of little St. John's. The spot, as seen from beneath, the lofty walls of dark red rock on either side, the sluggish waters below, and the cavern-like arch which rises high above them, has been likened to the Rialto of Venice, the height and depth and gloom-making is even more strikingly picturesque.

It was here that a dark and narrow prison formerly stood. I have met with aged persons in Chester, who still remember that prison, and the narrow foot-bridge hanging in the air that led to it. Those who passed along the walls in times gone by looked down upon that miserable dungeon, and kind and feeling hearts were often moved with pity for its inmates; and many a charitable hand was extended to drop a groat, or some other small piece of money in at a hole upon the city wall, that went into that dark prison.

That was the place where one of the holy martyrs of the Marian persecution was confined. His offense was the common one in those days, the open and fearless avowal of those truths of holy Scripture, which the idolatrous Church of Rome denounces as heresy, and which man, taking upon himself the prerogative of God, blasphemously forbids his fellow-men to hold.

Every rank in life, at the period when the great struggle between light and darkness, truth and error, prevailed, produced some bright examples of devotedness to the simple faith of Christ; and many of the most remarkable instances were found in that class which is not only the poorest, but the most unlettered and ignorant. One signal proof was thus afforded, that the doctrine held by the Reformers was of God.

The poor had the gospel preached unto them, and the common people heard it gladly: they knew the voice of the Good Shepherd, and an hireling they would not follow: they were enabled to distinguish between the Spirit of Christ and the spirit of Antichrist; and to cast aside the whole mass of unscriptural dogmas and Popish traditions, by which they had been enthralled; and to receive the sincere milk of the word, according to the simplicity that is in Christ. Too many are apt to look back with that pity which is akin to contempt, upon the barbarism and the rude ignorance of the days of their forefathers. But those who are well acquainted with the condition of our laboring population in rural districts at the present time, might tell them, that there is now a thicker darkness and a grosser ignorance prevailing among those classes, than there was at the period of the Reformation. Three hundred years have passed away, and instead of growing in spiritual or mental intelligence, the country people seem to have gone back. We do not here enter into the causes of this fact: but we may confess with sorrow and with shame, that until of late years, the ministers of that Church, which sprung into life from the blood of martyrs were, with a few bright exceptions, shamefully remiss in their endeavors to carry out the great principles of the Scriptures, and cruelly faithless to the charge of the immortal souls committed to them. The corruption of the true faith of the Church of England commenced at the time of Laud; and, a hundred years afterward, the sermons of most of the clergy were as devoid of life as they were of interest. The peculiar and distinguishing doctrines, for which the Reformers contended with the earnestness of apostolic zeal, and to establish which they went gladly to the flames of martyrdom, seemed, whether from intention or ignorance, to have been shunned as pestilent heresies, and to have been so carefully excluded from the pulpit, that in the reading-desk alone the witness for the truth was to be found; and it was not till men with the

spirit of Latimer—such men as John Bunyan and George Whitfield—arose—that the light and the fire of Divine life were again kindled in this country, and the gospel was once more faithfully preached to the poor, and as gladly and gratefully received. To prove the truth of what is asserted, with regard to the state of religion among the common people, after they had received the plain scriptural teaching of the Reformers, we need only refer our readers to the pages of Foxe. All impartial persons, on turning to the examinations there recorded, will find, in the answers given by poor laboring men and women to the subtle questionings of their Popish persecutors, a clear knowledge and an intelligent conception of the great doctrines of our faith, which, we fear, might often be looked for in vain among our laboring classes at the present day, if they were placed in like circumstances. We might mention, for instance, the account given of Kirby and of Clarke, two poor laborers, one of whom was burnt at the market-place in Ipswich, the other at Bury; also of two poor women, Agnes Prest and Alice Driver, both belonging to the same class, the one of Boynton in Cornwall, the other of Grundisburgh in Suffolk. The answers of these persons speak for themselves; no argument is needed to prove their clear knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and their ability to give an answer to those who asked them a reason of the hope that was in them. Though low in station, and deficient in education, they put to shame, and silenced the ignorance of their learned examiners, they proved themselves to be far better versed in scripture knowledge, and that they possessed that faith which does not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Truly we may say with the Psalmist, "The entrance of Thy word, O Lord, giveth light, it giveth understanding unto the simple."

George Marsh belonged to a superior class, but one not generally distinguished for spirituality of mind. He was a farmer in the rural parish of Deane in Lancashire. "He bore

a name still very common in this neighborhood," says the Reverend Edward Girdlestone, the present vicar of Deane, in a series of sermons which he has lately preached on the story of George Marsh, "and was very likely akin to some of those who are now listening to me." We will return to Chester again, my reader; but let us now turn our steps to the early home of the martyr, let us visit the parish in which this enlightened servant of Christ preached and taught the truth for which he died, and the country where he wandered about like a hunted roe, a marked and persecuted man, because he dared to be true to his conscience and to the faith of Christ. Here it was on Deane Moor (the place was then bare, bleak, and lonely), that he met one of his friends at sunset, and "after we had consulted together," he says, "on my business, not without hearty prayer, kneeling on our knees, we departed. I not fully determining what to do; but, taking leave of my friend, said, I doubted not but God, according as our prayer and trust was, would give me such wisdom and counsel as should be most to His honor and glory, the profit of my neighbors and brethren in the world, and obtaining of my eternal salvation by Christ in heaven."

In his admirable and inspiriting sermons, Mr. Girdlestone lays a stress upon the habit of the blessed martyr of drawing nigh to God in all emergencies, and making known his wants to God in prayer. Thus, when it was first intimated to George Marsh that he was in danger of being arrested, and was in doubt whether to fly from the danger that threatened him, or to remain, he says, "In the mean time I ceased not by earnest prayer to ask and seek counsel of God, who is the giver of all good gifts." Then it was that he met the friend, as we have just seen, and they two kneeled down together on the dark and desolate moor, and prayed for direction to him who graciously points out to His people the path in which they should go—saying: "This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left." "Think of these

two Christian friends, brethren," says Mr. Girdlestone, "kneeling down on the spot which you have just now crossed on your way to church, and then never deem that any place or time is unfit for prayer." Having in answer to these earnest prayers, received such guidance from above as had quite determined him that at a time when the very existence of the truth was at stake, it was his duty not to run away from the danger, as under more ordinary circumstances might have been allowable, but by facing it, boldly afford an unquestionable proof of the sincerity and steadfastness of his faith; we nevertheless find the future martyr still none the less earnestly, and by exactly the same means, preparing himself for the difficulties and trials which he was well aware were now awaiting him. "So betimes in the morning," says Marsh, "I arose, and after I had said the English Litany as my custom was with my other prayers, kneeling on my knees by my friend's bedside, I prepared myself to go to Smithills, and as I was going thitherward, I went to the houses of Harry Widdowes, of my mother-in-law, of Ralph Yeton, and of the wife of Thomas Richardson, desiring them to pray for me." From Smithills he was summoned to Lathom, and he says, "so the next day, which was Wednesday, we arose, *prayed*, and came to Lathom." The daily use of the Litany, as a part of his private devotions, is a striking proof of the value which these faithful men were wont to set on, and the comfort they were accustomed to derive from, the incomparable liturgy of the reformed Church of England. It serves to give also a useful hint to those who complain that the services of the Church are long and wearisome, or fancy that they are not sufficiently plain and pointed. Those who like George Marsh were in hourly danger of sealing their testimony with their blood, found these prayers neither long, wearisome, nor inapplicable, but very edifying, and full of comfort.

It was on the 12th of March, 1555—that first memorable year of suffering and death to so many of God's saints and

witnesses in England—on the Monday before Palm Sunday, that George Marsh first heard, in his mother's house at Deane, of the search then making for him in Bolton, which is about a mile from Deane. One Roger Wrinstone, and other servants of Master Barton of Smithills, had been sent to apprehend him; and they were ordered to take him first to their master at Smithills, and then, on the following day, to the Earl of Derby and his council at Lathom House, to be examined in matters of religion. He had only come to Deane at that time, it appears, on a visit to his mother, perhaps to see her and his children, previously to his departure for Germany or to Denmark, as he afterward told the Earl of Derby. The Earl, however, had been on the look-out for him, having heard of him, he said, as a heretic, in London; and had intended to order a search to be made for him, and to take him either in Lancashire, or in London. This noblenan, as he himself tells Marsh—when in King Edward's Parliament, had constantly opposed himself to the acts brought forward for the reformation. He seems to have been willing to spare the lives of the Protestants, if by the exercise of his authority, and by the force of his arguments and persuasions, he could induce them to recant, but to have shown no pity toward those with whom he was unable to prevail. He knew his influence to be great, and probably supposed that he had only to exercise it, in order to prove it all-powerful. He busied himself, as I before mentioned, that same year, about Bradford, another Lancashire man, complaining before the Parliament, that he had done more hurt by his letters, and by private exhortations to those who came to him in prison, than he had ever done when at liberty by his preaching. He sent one of his servants, however, to Bradford, declaring his desire "to be a good Lord to him," and even offering to exert his influence with the Queen, to allow him to leave England, if he would consent to go where she might be pleased to send him; but Bradford replied, that he would rather be burned in England; "for he

knew the Queen would send him either to Paris or Louvaine, or some such place, where forthwith they would burn him." Afterward, it was by the Earl of Derby that two Spanish friars were sent to confer with Bradford, one of whom was the well-known Alphonsus de Castro, the confessor of Philip II.; and on introducing themselves to Bradford, they said to him, "We are come to you in love and charity by means of the Earl of Derby."

George Marsh had passed the night at the house of a friend, having, as he said, intended before to have gone to his mother's house, but he feared to disquiet her and her household, if taken prisoner while with her. On his first awaking the next morning, letters had been put into his hand by a faithful friend, whose advice was, that he should in nowise fly, but abide, and boldly confess the faith of Jesus Christ. This advice was in accordance with his own conscience and judgment; and from that time he had consulted no more whether it would be better to fly or to tarry; but had made up his mind not to fly, but to go to Master Barton at Smithills, and "patiently bear such cross as it should please God to lay upon his shoulders." And thus it was, that after he had commended himself to the prayers of his friends, and entreated them to comfort his mother, and be good to his little children; for, as he supposed, they should see his face no more until the last day: he had taken leave of them all, with many tears on both sides, and went of his own free accord to Smithills. On his arriving there, Master Barton had showed him a letter from the Earl of Derby, wherein he was commanded to send George Marsh, with others, to Lathom, and had charged the brother of Marsh, and one William Marsh, who was probably a relation, to deliver him the next day by ten o'oclock, before the Earl or his council. In the written account which Marsh has given, we are told, with much simplicity, that he made earnest suit with Master Barton that he would allow his brother and William Marsh to remain at home, because it was the chiefest time of seed-

ing, and their plows could not go if they were not at home. "But," he adds, "nothing could be obtained."

He had been allowed, however, to go to his mother's, and there having dined, and changed part of his clothes, and prayed with them all, he had again bade them farewell, with much weeping on both sides, and set off on his way to Lathom, passing the night within a mile and a half of the Earl's mansion. There he appeared at the time appointed, but not till four o'clock in the afternoon was he summoned to the presence of Lord Derby and his council. A long and vexatious questioning of this simple-hearted minister then took place; and when it was ended, he adds: "After much ado, the Earl commanded me to ward (that is, to prison) in a cold, windy, stone house," where, he adds, "there was little room, where I lay two nights without any bed, saving a few great canvas tent-cloths; and, that done, I had a pair of sheets, but no woolen clothes: and so continued till Palm-Sunday, occupying myself as well as I could in meditation, prayer, and study, for no man could be suffered to come to me, but my keeper twice a day, when he brought me meat and drink."

On Palm-Sunday, after dinner, he was again called before the Earl and his council, among whom were Sir John Biron and the vicar of Prescott—Sir William Norris and Sir Pierce Leigh, who had been of the party at his former examination, were now absent. He was questioned, as he had been before, on the sacrament; and then the vicar of Prescott took him aside, and for a long time conferred with him. On returning to the Earl and his company, the vicar spoke kindly in behalf of the poor prisoner, saying that, "his answers were sufficient for a beginner who did not profess a perfect knowledge in that matter, until he had learned further."

The Earl was now very well pleased, and said he doubted not, but by the help of the vicar of Prescott, Marsh would be made conformable in other things. So after many fair words

the prisoner was dismissed, and a bed and a fire were ordered for him, and liberty was given him, "to go among the servants, on the condition that he did no harm with his communications among them."

During these two examinations George Marsh had replied to the questions put to him, with only that wise prudence, which the circumstances in which he was placed demanded. So it had seemed to him at the time; but afterward, on strictly searching himself, he was not satisfied; his conscience told him that he had been all the while too anxiously seeking to escape the dangers which threatened him, and that his replies had been rather evasions than answers: he felt that he had not been as straightforward as he ought to have been, and he was deeply grieved that he had not with more boldness confessed Christ, but had sought to deliver himself out of their hands, so far as he could do so, without openly denying Christ. The thought of his faithlessness and his fears sorely troubled him, and made him feel ashamed of his weakness; and he cried earnestly to God, that He would strengthen him with His Holy Spirit, and give him boldness to confess Christ, and would deliver him from the snare of enticing words. Other examinations followed, and now this poor persecuted servant of Christ was enabled to keep to his steadfastness of mind—and would not consent to agree to the arguments and persuasions of his subtle and wily opponents. He was commanded by Lord Derby to be taken to Lancaster Castle, and lodged there in prison. The servants of Lord Derby, with more sense and pity than their master, comforted him on his departure, and told him they were sorry for him, and that if he knew his own opinion to be good, he did well—entreating those who had the charge of him, to treat him kindly by the way. And thus the gentle and faithful George Marsh was taken from the home of his childhood. It was in this hilly country that George Marsh passed his early years. These wooded dingles where the quietness knows no disturbance, but

from the gurgling of the clear streams which murmur through them, and from the sweet notes of the merry birds singing their welcome to the joyous spring: here, where the wild rose trails its luxuriant branches of vivid varnished green, and puts forth its first delicate leaflets, where the woodbine twines its graceful wreaths, where the clustered stems of the hazel are richly tasseled with golden catkins, and the primrose decks the sheltered banks with its fresh blossoms, and nestles in the velvet moss at the roots of the hawthorn and the hazel—here where the full bright sunshine fills every little dell with genial warmth and glowing radiance, glancing here and there among the bursting foliage of the old gnarled oaks and the tall shafts of the yet leafless ash; here it was, in these sweet silvan solitudes, and in these rich pastures of springing grass, and those far-stretching moorlands, which meet our eyes on every side—here were the pleasant haunts of this good man, and it was in this sweet spring season, that he was taken hence, never to return.

Here he has often wandered in his merry childhood, seeking the first flowers of the spring or the brown nuts of autumn; and here, in the grave and thoughtful season of his early manhood, he may have sat, when the toil of the day was done, on many a long summer evening or in the quiet hours of the Sabbath-day—his Bible in his hand, and his heart filled with adoring love—musing on the wondrous love of Him who gave His own and only Son to death, that all who simply trust in Him and call upon His name, may never perish, but have everlasting life. Here he may have first been led to dwell on that blessed hope which he was at length enabled to realize, of exchanging the labors of agriculture, and the tending of sheep, for the far more anxious labors of a ministerial life, and the pastoral charge of immortal souls. He had been a farmer, following the calling of his father and his brothers, till the death of his wife, when he resolved to devote himself wholly to that high office to which he was undoubtedly called by the

Holy Spirit; and leaving his young children to the care and tenderness of his mother, he set out for Cambridge. There he pursued his studies, and prepared himself for the ministry; and after he was ordained, he became the curate of Lawrence Saunders, of Church Langton, in Leicestershire, another eminent servant of God, who, like himself, witnessed a good confession, and died a martyr to the truths he preached. The notorious Father Persons, or, as some call him, Parsons, the Jesuit,* "thus manages to conceal Marsh's real condition, from careless readers of 'The Three Conversions.' 'Marsh was indeed but a common minister, made of a husbandman, or laborer of the fields, in the parish of Deane, in Lancashire; he was but a curate, under the foresaid married priest, Lawrence Saunders.'

"Afterward the Jesuitic commentator says: 'So this *fellow* being first but a husbandman, and then a minister and under-curate.' Superficial readers contented with knowing just so much of English history as Romish partisans are willing to inform them, would naturally conclude from these words that Marsh was originally a common laborer, who being smitten by fanaticism, became a preacher. The facts really are, that he was a farmer, who did not take orders until he had studied at Cambridge. Of this last particular in his history, Persons says nothing. It may perhaps be thought needless to take any notice of such an author as Persons; but the truth is, that modern English Romanists make great use of him as well as of Sanders. It becomes therefore necessary to expose those early Romish authorities in all their native deformity. This exposure is indeed important, even in an historical point of view. Englishmen are often astonished that any considerable portion of their ancestors should have clung to a religion so palpably absurd and utterly baseless as is Popery. If, however, men are so blinded by prejudice or party, that they are satisfied with such historians as

* See Soames on the Reformation, p. 406.

Persons or Sanders, their continuance under any delusion is intelligible enough."

It is sad to know, that the above remarks of Mr. Soames, whose valuable work was published, I see, in 1828, might be applied to some nominally Protestant authors, almost as Jesuitical as Father Persons, who have done much to mislead careless readers (always a very numerous class) by the false and specious statements they have made, with regard to the Romish Church, especially at the time of the Reformation.

But now, my reader, before we take our departure from the native village of George Marsh, you must visit the church. People, for miles round, love that old church. It stands there as it did in the midst of that rural population in those days, and the same pulpit is still there. But of far deeper interest is the fact that not only the pulpit and the church are still there, as in the days of George Marsh, but that the same glorious gospel of the grace of God as manifested in Jesus Christ and Him crucified, which the martyr preached, and for which he suffered and died, are still as faithfully and lovingly preached there as in those days of darkness. Lathom House is no longer the residence of that noble family, who then inhabited it, and the Earl of Derby as you know, is not now a Papist, but a true Protestant. You may visit Smithills, if you will, for the old mansion is still standing, and the foot-print of George Marsh is said to be impressed on the pavement of the hall, in the spot where he stood—an idle legend, which finds, however, acceptance with some, whose superstitious credulity would be excusable in a Papist, but can not be so in those who like the Scripture are commanded to "refuse old wives' fables."

At Lancaster Castle, George Marsh was placed in the common prison among thieves and the worst and vilest characters there, and with them brought up to the bar with irons on his feet, sometimes before Lord Derby; and on the coming of Dr. Cotes, the Bishop of Chester to Lancaster, to set up there

the idolatry of the mass and the other superstitions of Popery, he was requested to send for Marsh and to examine him. This at first he refused, saying he would have nothing to do with heretics. But he sent for the jailer and rebuked him, because he had suffered the poor prisoner to fare so well, "willing to have me," says Marsh, "more strictly kept and dieted. But if his lordship," he adds, "were tabled with me, I do think he would judge our fare but slender enough." The schoolmaster and others were also rebuked for speaking to him, and the jailer for suffering them to do so. But while in Lancaster Castle, the innocent prisoner was more and more confirmed in his faith and courage, and daily he and his "prison-fellow" prayed and read the Scriptures in so audible a voice, that the people in passing by would seat themselves beneath the prison walls to listen to the word of God, when they read it. For this also Marsh was rebuked. We are reminded by the account, of those two holy men, who in the prison at Philippi, prayed, and sang praises unto God, and the prisoners heard them.

He was removed to Chester, and we now return thither, my reader, where you shall hear the rest of his sad story. Come with me through this fine old gateway, whose groined arches, blackened with time and smoke, lead into the Abbey Square. That building on the right, as we enter, is the Bishop's Palace, in former times the residence of the Abbots of Chester, and still joining on to the old Cathedral. The upper part of the building alone is modern, but the ground-floor, which now lies below the level of the garden-court, is as it was in the days of the Reformation. It was here in this ancient hall, that Bishop Cotes summoned George Marsh to appear before him, and held his first conference with him—no other person on that occasion being present. Others came afterward to question him, but they all failed to shake his constancy; and, time after time, during his imprisonment of four months within the precincts of the Palace,

he was examined and sent back to his miserable prison. That old door-way, on the left side of this groined archway, opening into the Abbey Square, to which I have already pointed your attention, was the porter's lodge; and behind the little chamber occupied by the porter, lay the dungeon in which George Marsh was confined; for a Bishop's prison was always a portion of a Bishop's palace in those days of Popery, which some, who talk of their desire for "more mystery, &c.," wish to see restored. Not many years ago, as one who had seen, and described to me the place, told me, the staples and rings of rusty iron by which the prisoner was fastened to the wall of that dark and miserable dungeon, were to be seen. That cell has been pulled down.

The door before us, at the farther end of this noble dining-room of the Palace, hung with the portraits of our Protestant Bishops—you may well stop, my reader, to gaze a moment upon one well-known countenance, full of benevolence, now opposite you—the little door, at the corner of the room, to the left of that portrait, will lead us to a narrow staircase, and thence, through a small private chapel, not used for service of late years, to the stone steps which descend into the nave of the cathedral. There is a striking view of the wide pillared nave, from the casement in the wall of a little chamber, which we shall pass, into the ancient cathedral. The beautiful shrine of St. Werburgh is well worth your seeing, and an old unlettered tomb, said to be the last resting-place of the body of an Emperor of Gemany, Henry the Fourth, who is reported to have come to Chester and to have been buried in this cathedral. It is probably a mere legend, and contrary to the so-called *facts* of history (some of them perhaps as legendary), which relates that Henry the Fourth died at Liege; but the legend tells, and Camden mentions the circumstance, that the Emperor, still under the ban of the haughty Pope Hildebrand, lived and died a recluse unknown in a rocky cell, which overhangs the Dee at Chester. You

may see that cell on the borders of St. John's church-yard. Such legends have as much truth about them, however, as those that lead captive the credulous minds of ignorant Romanists, and they are much more harmless.

And we now stand in the Lady Chapel, at the back of the communion-table, or, as the Papists would call it, the high-altar of this ancient cathedral; and here it was the noble-minded George Marsh was brought as a prisoner by his keeper and others, with bills and divers weapons, keeping guard over him; and here it was that the remorseless Bishop sat as the judge; and beside him stood Master George Wensloe, the then Chancellor of Chester, who opened the proceedings by an address of fulsome flattery to the Bishop, comparing the prisoner to a diseased sheep, and that base hireling Bishop to a good shepherd. The written answers of George Marsh, at his various examinations were here produced, and read to him, and he was asked by the Chancellor whether he would stand to them. To each question he answered, "Yes." "In your last examination," then said the Chancellor, "among many other damnable and schismatic heresies, you said that the Church and doctrine taught and set forth in King Edward's time, was the true Church and the doctrine, the doctrine of the true Church, and that the Church of Rome is not the true and catholic Church?" "I so said indeed," replied Marsh, "and I believe it to be true."

We pass over the particulars of what passed, till we are told that the Bishop took a writing out of his bosom, and began to read the sentence of condemnation. When he had read almost the half of it, the Chancellor interposed and said: "Good my lord, stay, stay: for if ye proceed any further, it will be too late to call it again;" and the Bishop paused. Then his Popish priests, and many others of the ignorant people (for a crowd was collected), called upon Marsh with many earnest words, to recant; and, among others, one Pull-eyn, a shoemaker, said to him: "For shame, man! remember

thyself, and recant." They bade him kneel down and pray, and said they would pray for him. So they kneeled down, and he desired them to pray for him, and he would pray for them. But soon after, we are told that the Bishop put his spectacles again upon his nose, and read some five or six lines of his sentence; and then again the Chancellor, with "a glavering and smiling countenance," called to the Bishop, and said: "Yet good my lord, once again stay; for if that word is spoken, all is passed: no relenting will then serve." But the resolution of the prisoner wavered not: his sentence was read to the end. "Now," said the Bishop, "will I no more pray for thee, than I will for a dog." But Marsh answered, "Notwithstanding, I will pray for your lordship."

He was delivered by the Bishop to the sheriffs of the city. His late keeper thus addressing him, with "weeping tears," "Farewell, good George." And now being given over to the civil power, the poor prisoner was carried to the dismal prison-cell on the city-walls, near the north gate. There were a few citizens in Chester, who, we are told, "loved him in God for the Gospel's sake," although they were never acquainted with him: and sometimes in the evening, at the hole upon the wall of the city that opened into the dark prison, they would call to him, and ask him how he did: and George Marsh would answer them cheerfully, that "he did well, and thanked God most highly that He would vouchsafe of His mercy to appoint Him to be a witness of His truth, and to suffer for the same; wherein he did rejoice, beseeching God that he would give him grace, not to faint under the cross, but patiently bear the same, to His glory and the comfort of His Church." And so he often spoke, at various times, as one whose chief desire was to be with Christ. Once or twice he had money cast him in at the same hole, for which he gave God thanks.

The day appointed for his execution came. The sheriffs of the city, whose names were Amry and Cooper, with their

officers and a great number of poor simple barbers, with their bills and poleaxes, went to the north gate, and took out Marsh from the prison, who went with them most humbly and meekly, with a lock upon his feet. There was an old custom, peculiar to Chester, to put money into the hands of a felon going to execution, that he might give it to a priest to say trentals or masses for his soul; "whereby," says Foxe, "they might, as they thought, be saved;" and money was offered to Marsh for this purpose. But he said he could not meddle with it; and entreated that some good man would take what the people were disposed to bestow, and give it to the prisoners, or the poor. And so he went forward with his book—doubtless his Bible—in his hand, his looks always fixed upon the open page; and many of the people said as he passed along, "This man goeth not unto his death as a thief, or as one that deserveth to die."

This is the place, my reader, where the stake and the fagots were prepared. It was then an open space, we are told, near to the Spittal Boughton. If I am not mistaken, it was on this very bank, now a pleasant garden, sloping in terraces toward the river; for it was here that, up to a late period, the gallows were erected, whenever an execution took place in Chester; and the spot was regarded as desecrated ground, and lay waste, till a magistrate of the city, now living, charmed with the beauty of the prospect which it commanded, purchased the ground which is opposite his house, and laid it out as a garden, in terraces and plots of flowers. Is it not a lovely prospect—the dark blue mountain side, seeming to lock in the broad stream of the winding river toward the west, and to the south, right before us, the rich green meadows, with the woods of Eaton Hall bounding the view!

We may picture to ourselves the spot as it appeared on that most sad and shameful day. The holy martyr with his Bible, prized more dearly than his life by him, keeping his

eyes full upon it, as he turned them away from the pardon of the Queen, "a writing under a great seal," which was placed before him, as the custom was on those occasions—the last bait of Satan, to tempt him from the steadfastness of his faith; and yet not quite the last temptation, for here an opening to escape seemed almost offered, which Foxe had evidently never heard of, but which is recorded in the old documents of the city. One of the sheriffs, Master Cooper, and his armed followers, touched to the heart, no doubt, by the meek endurance of the faithful sufferer, determined to attempt a rescue. A struggle and a fight ensued. It ended, however, in the defeat of the brave and honest man and his followers. He was compelled to flee for his life, and escaped over Holt Bridge, some few miles down the River Dee, into Wales. There he remained, hiding himself among the fastnesses of the mountains, an outlawed man, till Elizabeth came to the throne, when he returned with an honored name to his native city. Such an attempt is not recorded on any other like occasion, but we gladly relate it to the lasting credit of the good old city of Chester.

The execution proceeded. Marsh would have spoken to the people, declaring the cause of his death, and designing to exhort them to cleave unto Christ; but Amry, the other sheriff, would not permit him to speak, and said to him, "George Marsh, we must have no sermoning now." "Master," he replied, "I cry you mercy," and so kneeling down, made his prayers. It was indeed a cruel death that he suffered; for they added an unusual torment, "a thing made like a firkin filled with tar, was placed over his head, and the fire being unskillfully made, and driven to and fro by a strong wind, he suffered great extremity in his death, which, notwithstanding, he abode very patiently." They that stood lower down on the bank, and looked upon the shapeless mass which the body of the poor sufferer presented, as he stood a long time tormented in the fire without moving, supposed that he was

dead, when suddenly, he spread abroad his arms, and crying out: "Father of heaven, have mercy upon me," so yielded his spirit into the hands of the Lord. "Upon this," adds Foxe, "many of the people said that he was a martyr, and died marvelous patiently and godly, which thing caused the Bishop shortly after to make a sermon in the Cathedral Church, wherein he affirmed that the said Marsh was a heretic, burnt like a heretic, and was a fire-brand in hell. This wretched prelate died soon afterward, as many thought, under the just judgment of God. Circumstances connected with his death, proved but too clearly that he had been an immoral man."

Not long before I left my pastoral charge in Chester, when it had become a common occurrence for nominal members of our Church to secede to Rome (a strange infatuation in those who ought to know that the Church of Rome and the truths and doctrines of the Bible are often in direct opposition the one to the other), I took occasion when preaching to a large congregation, to refer to the martyr of Chester, and gave some details of his examinations in the Cathedral, his sufferings and death at Boughton. It was with no little surprise that I afterward heard from many of my congregation that they had not even heard the name of George Marsh, and knew not that any martyr to the truth had suffered at Chester.

Had I remained there, I was about to collect subscriptions, in order to erect a monument to his memory. I had even fixed upon a model, a triangular stone pillar with little ornament, and I take this opportunity of making an appeal to those among the people of Chester, by whom the sound and Scriptural principles of our Protestant Church are deeply prized, to come forward and aid me, though I am now no longer one of their pastors, in this good work.

I had made an estimate of the cost of such a monument, and found that no great number of subscribers would be needed to carry out the work.

I think my appeal will be responded to in the old city.

Before, however, we take our departure from Chester, my reader, I would point out to you a place not generally known, which has, however, gained some celebrity from the circumstance which occurred there; I speak of an important event in the records of the reformation, owing to which, under God, the inhabitants of Dublin, and other towns in Ireland, were saved from the atrocities of those Romish persecutions which occurred in every part of England. I allude to the well-known story of the arrival of Dr. Cole at the old city on his way to Ireland, bearing with him the commission of the Queen to the Lord Deputy, which empowered him to institute proceedings against the Protestant subjects of the sister-island. During his short sojourn at the "Blue Posts," then the principal inn or hotel in Chester, the Mayor himself, a bigoted Romanist, waited upon Dr. Cole, and in the course of conversation, the latter took out of a cloak-bag a leather box, saying: "Here is that which shall lash the heretics of Ireland," alluding to his commission which the box contained. The words were overheard by Mistress Edmonds, the landlady of the hotel, who was a sound Protestant, and whose brother John Edmonds, also a Protestant, resided at Dublin. With admirable presence of mind, notwithstanding her consternation, she sought and found an opportunity, of which she instantly availed herself. This occurred when the Mayor took his leave, and Dr. Cole ceremoniously attended on him, as he walked down the stairs. Opening the box, the good woman quickly took out the commission and substituted in its place a pack of cards wrapped in paper. The doctor coming up to his chamber, suspecting nothing of what had been done, took up the box, and going to the water-side, the wind and weather serving him, he set sail for Ireland.

We may imagine the anxiety of the good landlady until her important guest had taken his departure, and she heard that the vessel had quitted Shotwick, then the place of embarkation for Ireland. In due time the notorious Doctor ar-

rived in Dublin, and coming to the castle, Lord Fitzwalters, the Lord Deputy, sent for him to appear before him and the privy council. The box was then opened by the secretary, when instead of the Queen's commission against the Irish Protestants, a pack of cards was found, with the knave of clubs lying uppermost. Nothing could be done without a commission, and Dr. Cole returned to England to obtain another. It was a long and tedious journey in those days, and before a fresh commission could be conveyed to Ireland, and while the doctor was waiting for a wind on the water-side, news came that the wretched Queen had been stopped in her career of crime by death. Her successor, Elizabeth, was so delighted with the story, that she granted a pension of forty pounds a year to the worthy landlady, Elizabeth Edmonds.*

I had often inquired, during my residence in Chester, for the locality of the "Blue Posts;" and could not for some time obtain any satisfactory information. A small and wretched public house was on one occasion pointed out to me in lower Bridge-street, as the place; but I could not suppose that the pompous Dr. Cole was at all likely to tarry in such a place, or the Mayor of Chester to wait upon him there. I was one day sitting with one of my own parishoners, whose husband occupies a spacious house at the upper end of Bridge-street Row, a short distance from the Church of St. Peter's, where the four principal streets cross; and I was admiring the fine old spacious apartment, especially the relievo work which ornaments the ceiling, and observing that the only fault of the room, one common in former times, was its want of height. "This room possesses a peculiar interest," said the lady of the house, "it was in former times the scene of a remarkable occurrence; for this house was the then principal inn in Chester, and this very room the chief apartment of the 'Blue Posts.' Here it was that the landlady of the inn took out from its

* The above facts are found among the MSS. of Sir James Ware, copied from the papers of Richard, Earl of Cork.

THE INTERIOR OF CHRIST'S CHURCH, OXFORD.

Lambeth, Oxford.

CRANMER.

I AM not setting before you, my reader, in these pages, the legends of a Popish calendar of so-called saints; but facts in the lives of men of like passions with ourselves. Men who felt that their sphere of duty was not the monastery in some secluded valley, or the anchorite's cell on the mountain-side; but men who knew that they were called upon to act upon the word of their incarnate Lord in His prayer to His Father, and our Father: "I pray not that Thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Our Lord has thus described the character and the calling of His true disciples: "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." In the world, yet not of the world, is therefore the inspired description of the servant of God. Such were the men who here appear before you. Far from being faultless, they were conscious of much sin and infirmity, and the writer and the reader of their lives would be strangely misled, if they looked for any thing else in them. I have not therefore the least intention of defending in these papers the failings, or exaggerating the high and eminent qualities for which they were distinguished beyond most other men. I would not seek to emulate the style, or follow the example of the writers of those strange and cunningly-devised fables with which the Lives of Popish Saints abound. Their chroniclers have outreached themselves in the accounts which they have given of those canonized prodigies of superhuman attainments, whose lives, as set before the credulous and gap-

ing multitude, present a series of improbable perfections; and who, according to one of the monstrous doctrines, or rather figments of the apostate Church of Rome, have not only performed that which it was their duty to do, but have thrown also their contributions of supernumerary good works into the common treasury of works of supererogation, that store-house of supplies, which Rome assumes to possess and to dispense to souls in need of good works; that is, to such as can afford to pay for them. The estimate we take of the martyrs of the Reformation must be according to a far higher standard, not from the dogmas of men who would keep their brethren, in ignorance of that book which presents the one only true standard, and which, in recording the lives of its most distinguished saints, describes men of a different stamp from the prodigies of the Romish calendar; men who had neither merits to spare for others, nor merits sufficient to save themselves; men whose simple dependence was on Jesus Christ and Him crucified; and who were always looking out of self, and unto Jesus, as both the Author and finisher of their faith, and the ONE MEDIATOR between God and man—men who were so conscious of their own sinful infirmities, and of their need of the grace which is in Christ Jesus, that they were "glad rather to glory in their infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon them." 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Thomas Cranmer was a disciple of this school, a man of many rare and admirable qualities, many lovely and holy graces, but not without infirmity and defect. His character in some respects presents a strange paradox of strength and weakness, of truth and error. His faults were seldom those of commission, but rather the yielding to others, instead of being true to the convictions of his own conscience. He seems even to have excelled Latimer and Ridley, in the meekness of wisdom, but to have fallen short of them in decision and firmness of character. He was often placed in circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, in which discreetness and

delicacy were no less needed than sound judgment and uprightness. But in whatever situation he might be placed, an unworldly simplicity, and a singular disinterestedness always distinguished him. Few characters of such eminence have been so attacked or vilified as he has been; and bitter execration has been heaped upon one act of his life, his momentary denial of that faith, which it cost him the energies and the labors of his life to establish in this realm. But they who have thus maligned him, have been strangely forgetful of one fact, that the great Apostle, whom they have exclusively claimed, and presumptuously appropriated as the Prince of the Apostles, and the first link in their so-called unbroken chain of apostolic succession, was far more guilty in that one especial sin. For truly it was with brokenness of heart, in sorrow and in shame, that Cranmer denied the faith, with the certainty of that horrible death before him, by which already a multitude of his brethren had actually suffered. But Peter denied his Lord with curses and with oaths, before one of his brethren had suffered. And they who execrate the sin of Cranmer would do well to think upon Peter, and be silent. They should remember, that while their own Gardiner, in his dying words exclaimed, "I have sinned like Peter, but like Peter, I have not wept;" never was a repentance more deep and genuine than that of Cranmer's. "He was an image of sorrow," says a spectator, "the dolor of his heart bursting out at his eyes in plenty of tears. He presented a spectacle to move the heart of both friend and foe."

We should pay, I fear, a useless visit, my reader, to the place of Cranmer's birth. We are told that, in the year 1790, traces might be seen of the walks and pleasure-grounds which belonged to the mansion of his fathers. Tradition likewise speaks of a small rising-ground or mount, in the immediate neighborhood of the house, from the summit of which, in his more peaceful days, he was accustomed to survey the beauties of the surrounding scenery, and to listen to the music

of the village bells. But we are also told that this memorial of the Archbishop has now wholly disappeared. The mansion stood in Aslacton, a hamlet in connection with the parish of Whatton, in Nottinghamshire, at no great distance from the town of Nottingham. The family of Cranmer was of high respectability; one of his ancestors having come over at the Norman conquest, among the companions of William the Conqueror; and the immediate forefathers of the primate had left the family residence at Cranmer Hall, in Lincolnshire, and settled at Aslacton, on a marriage with the heiress of that name and place. We fear that nothing but the name would now be found to furnish any link of association between Cranmer Hall and the martyr.

Thomas Cranmer was the second son of the owner of Aslacton, and, while he was yet a child, his father died. His only schoolmaster, during his boyhood, was a rude parish-clerk, who, by his harsh and churlish disposition, did little to recommend his lessons to his youthful pupil. He was early trained in all those manly sports and hardy exercises which were common to gentlemen of his degree in those days. He was so admirable a horseman, that even in after years he was able to mount and master the roughest or most high-mettled steed in his stables at Lambeth. His mother, however, designed him for a learned and studious life, and sent her son, as the custom then was, at the early age of fourteen, to Jesus College, in the University of Cambridge. There he took his degree; and, when in his twenty-second year, was elected fellow of his college. He soon, however, vacated his fellowship, by marrying, before he had attained his twenty-third year. His wife was a gentlewoman, but of a reduced family; she died in child-bed, within the year of their marriage, and her infant did not survive her.

Cranmer had remained at Cambridge, as reader at Buckingham (which is now known as Magdalene) College, but his character and his attainments were so highly esteemed, that he

was soon after re-elected to his forfeited fellowship at Jesus College. He had been indeed, as he continued to the end of his life, a diligent and patient student. Whatever course of study he pursued, he made himself master of, never reading without his pen in his hand, and making notes and extracts; or marking those passages which struck him. He had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the sophistries of the schoolmen, according to the established system of the universities in those days: but when Erasmus came to reside at Cambridge, his attention was at once turned to the enlightened and enlarged views of that remarkable man. He was led on by a divine Teacher, however, to the pursuit of far higher studies. In order to understand the great question then beginning to agitate the minds, not only of the common people, but of learned theologians, namely, whether the Romish Church or the Holy Scriptures alone were to be regarded as the rule of faith, Cranmer found it necessary to make himself well acquainted with the one inspired book; and he therefore set himself to the diligent study of the Old and New Testament, not merely in the Latin translation of the Vulgate, the text book of the Church of Rome, but in the original Hebrew and Greek. It was in the year 1519, that Cranmer first devoted himself to this great work, and for three years he was thus occupied with God's statutes; "forasmuch as he perceived he could not judge indifferently in any weighty matters, without a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures; therefore, before he was infected with any man's opinions or errors, he applied his whole study therein."

The niece of Cranmer had married a gentleman of property named Cressy, who resided at Waltham, and Cranmer had received the two sons of his kinswoman as his pupils at Cambridge. An infectious disorder which broke out at the University had induced him to remove with his two pupils to their father's house. While they were residing there, the King came with his suite to Waltham Abbey, to pass the

night on his way from Grafton to London. Two of the King's attendants were lodged at the house of Mr. Cressy, and these were no other than Gardiner and Fox, who were afterward the Bishops of Winchester and Hereford. They were both acquainted with Cranmer, and the party met at the supper table of Mr. Cressy. The conversation turned on the one engrossing subject, at that time, the divorce of Katharine of Arragon. The subject had been discussed at the two Universities by the King's command, and Cranmer had been selected as one of the commission of the council, but in his absence another delegate had been been appointed to take his place. A decision had been already given, contrary to the wishes of the King. In the course of this conversation at the supper table of Mr. Cressy, Cranmer remarked that the question in debate appeared to him a very simple one, and that it ought to be determined by a reference to the Word of God. "Such a proceeding," he observed, "would settle the matter in the right way, and with the least delay and expense. It was a question for divines," he added, "and one that ought to be settled, not at Rome, but in England."

The opinion of Cranmer was reported by Fox, then the Royal Almoner, to the King. Henry was at that time in an exasperated state owing to the reply of the Papal court, which spoke only of delaying the settlement of the King's divorce. "Where is this Doctor Cranmer," said Henry, "I perceive he hath the right sow by the ear." Cranmer was immediately sent for. The quiet, modest student reluctantly obeyed the command of the imperious King, and that was the first of a series of events, by which, He who maketh even the wrath of man to praise Him, and who ordereth all things according to the counsel of his own will, was about to break the soul-enthralling bondage of spiritual despotism, and to introduce the glorious principles of divine truth, into the councils of the state, the pulpits of the established Church, and the private households of the people.

In that conversation at the supper table of a private gentleman, probably unknown before and afterward beyond his own sphere, the great rule of faith and of interpretation was propounded which the Lord God has appointed as the only standard of authority to His Church. It was then brought forward in its application to one case of ecclesiastical law of temporary interest; but the appeal to Holy Scripture, as the one absolute rule in all questions of faith and morals was the point at issue in the mind of Cranmer, and his future course from that evening, plainly denoted that he was the individual appointed of God to establish and to carry out the principle during his life, as the chief ordained minister of Christ in this country, and to set his death as a seal of witness to it.

In the exercise of his authority at Cambridge, Cranmer had obtained the name of a Scripturist, for having been appointed to the lectureship of divinity in his own college, and to be the public examiner in theology to the University, he would not consent to grant his certificate to any student examined by him, however superior the individual might be as to other acquirements, unless he found also the knowledge of the Bible. This regulation of Cranmer's, and his resolute adherence to it, stirred up at the time a spirit of deep and bitter animosity in many, who in after-years expressed their heartfelt gratitude to him for their acquaintance with Holy Scripture, and for the just estimate they had been thus constrained to form of the theology of the schools.

The time, however, was arrived, when the Scripturist, whose sphere had been hitherto the comparatively narrow area of a University, was to come forth upon an extensive field of action, and to combat error, and to fight the good fight of faith as the dauntless and successful champion of divine truth, both in the councils of the King, and in the deliberations of the leading Divines of the Church.

One grand object he kept steadily before him, and pursued with an inflexible purpose, and an unwearied patience. Amid

the distractions of secular business, and of purely political questions, and all the difficulties of his own peculiar position, he never swerved from the straightforward course which he had marked out for the attainment of that object—namely, the emancipation of his countrymen from the degrading bondage of the corrupt and idolatrous Church of Rome; and the establishment of a pure and Scriptural creed. He did not seek wantonly to destroy any portion of the ancient edifice; but endeavored to preserve all that was according to God's word, and to employ all that was valuable in the materials formerly used, in order to rear the Church of the Reformation. Much as we owe to the other distinguished martyrs, to Ridley, Hooper, Latimer, Philpot, Bradford, Tayler, and others, each of whom fulfilled with admirable wisdom the work of their special calling, and elucidated some peculiar point of service to the Reformation, still Cranmer stands pre-eminent and alone. As Blunt has said, "he had fallen upon evil tongues in those days," and his memory has since been unjustly traduced by those who might have known him better, or who could not understand him. But on almost every point where he has been attacked, various circumstances have come to light which prove him to have been misrepresented and unjustly accused. Even Foxe was mistaken in the account he has given of the burning of Joan Bocher, and the affecting story which he has told of the reluctance of the youthful King to sign her death-warrant till almost forced by Cranmer to do so. It has now been clearly proved that the honest martyrologist had been misled by a story which the enemies of Cranmer were only too glad to circulate. The warrant was not signed by the King, but by the Council, whose office it was to do so during the King's minority; Cranmer was not present in the Council when the sentence was passed upon the poor persecuted victim; and there is every reason to believe that the primate had no share in her condemnation. "This passage in Cranmer's history," it has been

well remarked, "has been pronounced incapable of defense; and truly it must have ever been so considered, had not recent researches released him from the imputation under which he has so long and so injuriously suffered."* Other instances in his life might be noticed, with reference to which the calumnies against him have been as satisfactorily refuted: but one fact we must never forget, that Cranmer and his brethren in the faith are not to be judged as we should judge such men in the present day. We must bear this in mind in forming our opinions of them. Eyes long used to the gloom of a prison are not all at once accustomed to look at objects in the clear, bright sunshine; limbs long cramped by fetters do not immediately acquire a vigorous power of exercise; and, in like manner, the mind was affected by the darkness and the bondage of Romish superstition. Although a divine hand may anoint the blinded eyes of his spirit, the man may at first be like him who saw men, as trees, walking. On some points, the honest and ingenuous Cranmer continued for a long time in grievous error, as in the part he took at the trial of the faithful Lambert. His gentleness, however, on that occasion, presented a striking contrast to the rest of the opposers of the martyr; yet he held the same erroneous opinions with them on the sacramental question at that time. And it was not until Ridley had put Bertram's Treatise into his hands, and had urged him to consider the scriptural statements, which the author pointed out, that he was led totally to renounce the false and monstrous views to which he had been trained by the Romish Church, and to which he had, till then, pertinaciously adhered.

"I acknowledge," said this simple-minded man afterward, in answer to Gardiner, "that not many years past I was yet in darkness concerning this matter, being brought up in scholastic and Romish doctrine, whereunto I gave much

* See the writings of Roger Hutchinson, published by the Parker Society, Biographical Notice, pp. iv., v.

credit. And, therefore, I grant, that you have heard me defend the untruth, which I then took for the truth; and so did I hear you, at the same time. But, praise be to the everlasting God, who hath wiped those Saulish scales from mine eyes; and I pray unto His Divine Majesty, with all my heart, that He will likewise do once the same to you. Thy will be fulfilled, O Lord!"

Cranmer was indeed singularly qualified, in many respects for the high position to which he was exalted: and the violent and guilty monarch, one of whose few redeeming qualities was his unshaken friendship for Cranmer, appears to have been among those who best understood and appreciated the character of this distinguished man. He seems to have been almost untainted by worldly ambition, or the poor desires of earthly advancement. He was much displeased with the men who had been the means of first introducing him to Henry, "and begged in vain that he might be excused the honor of being closeted with the King." And when it was intimated to him, by the desire of his Sovereign, that he was to be elevated to the primacy, he remained six months longer than it was necessary, on the continent, hoping that, during his absence, some other person might be appointed in his stead. On repeated occasions, the King himself expressed his astonishment at his guileless and unsuspicious nature, "What would they do with him," said Henry, when he first heard of Gostwick's attempt against the Primate, "If I were gone?" The King is also said to have crossed out the three cranes from the armorial escutcheon of Cranmer, and to have put three pelicans in their stead, saying, as he did so: "that those birds should signify unto him that he must be ready as the pelican is, to shed her blood for her young ones, nurtured in the faith of Christ; for," he added, "your blood is likely to be tasted, if you stand thus firmly to your tackling in defense of your religion."

Let us take boat, as they would have said in Cranmer's days,

my reader, at the Temple stairs, and row down to Lambeth. Alas, among many improvements that London has witnessed in these modern times, this noble and beautiful river Thames, which in days of old was its fairest ornament, has now become little better than a wide and common sewer to the vast metropolis. I myself can remember the delightful freshness of this broad bright river, when the full tide came rolling onward from the open sea, meeting the sweet strong breeze from the west, and the whole surface of the stream was pleasantly ruffled into dancing billows, sparkling in the sunshine; and there was not then, as there now is, a faint and fetid stench rising from the waters. I have stood when a boy, on the graveled terrace of this Temple garden, and then the grass was as green as that of a country meadow, and the flowers in the border almost as bright and sweet-smelling as those in a country garden, and the trees were waving their leafy branches with a rich foliage almost like that in a country grove. And I have looked down upon the fresh and glancing river, and thought to myself, coming as I did from the noise and the crowd of the busy streets, that I had scarcely seen a pleasanter spot than this Temple garden. But let us picture to ourselves this well-known garden, as it was in olden times. We need not go so far back as the period when the red rose and the white rose were gathered in its fragrant alleys on a memorable day for England, and made the badges of those two hostile parties, whose conflicting passions, and whose strong ambition stirred the heart of merry England, and watered its soil from one end of the country to the other, with some of the best blood of its noble sons. In the time of Edward the Third, the long and busy street of the Strand was a country road, and gained its name, no doubt, from being a strand open all along the river side from London city to the village of Charing—now Charing Cross. Charing was still a village in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Here and there along this open Strand, was some stately

building, probably a nobleman's castle or stronghold, like Baynard's Castle. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, the castles seem to have become mansions, suited to more peaceful days, and many of those mansions were the palaces of the chief noblemen, and then, instead of the unsightly coal and timber wharfs, and the huge black barges moored close to the banks of the river, and the confused mass of irregular houses rising behind them, which now meet the eye, there were gardens and terraces, and flights of steps, and alleys of green trees. And the scent of flowers was borne on the breeze from shore to shore as the gilded barge or the quaintly shaped boat of those days floated along the pure and gliding stream. There stood the Lord Arundel's far famed palace, and there a little higher was Essex House, and there the stately mansions of Cecil, Russell, and Villiers, where now the narrow streets still bearing those noble names are the sole memorials of their sites. There was the proud and widespread palace of Somerset, the Protector, not the building before us, but the old palace which was taken down at the close of the last century.

And now passing the Savoy, and the spot where Durham Place once stood, which is covered with the houses of the Adelphi, we see before us one fine palace of former days, Northumberland House, still standing in its grandeur. And there stood the vast and magnificent palace of Whitehall, covering in former days a wide extent of ground. The Banqueting House is now the sole but stately memorial of the royal palace, which was destroyed by fire soon after James the Second quitted it, when he forfeited his kingdom. I do not now speak, however, of the palace mansions of the English nobility which adorned the banks of the Thames in Cranmer's time. Many of those I have referred to were not then standing, at least in the form they afterward assumed. But where are they all now, with the one or two exceptions we have noticed—and how much have the people of London

lost of health and enjoyment by the change which has taken place in their once beautiful river and its once ornamented banks?

But our destination, my reader, is the palace of the Archbishop at Lambeth, and we will cross the river after we have cleared the arches of Westminster Bridge, and land before the old gateway of Lambeth Palace. How often has this broad stream been thus crossed over, and re-crossed from Whitehall to Lambeth, in those days when the river might be called the populous highway of the metropolis, and the richly ornamented barge and not the elegant carriage was the conveyance of the monarch and his nobility. How often has the barge of Cranmer been moored at this spot, and conveyed the single-minded Primate to the stairs of Whitehall Palace. Here it was that King Henry came on one occasion, memorable to Cranmer. The clear-sighted monarch had penetrated the designs of the crafty Gardiner in the papers laid before him, filled with the charges of perjured witnesses against Cranmer, and ordering his barge in the evening, he placed the papers in his sleeve, and proceeded forthwith to Lambeth. When the Primate came forth to meet him, and stood waiting on the steps by the water side, "O my chaplain," cried the King, "now I know who is the greatest heretic in Kent." He then put the papers into Cranmer's hands, and bade him look into them. The good Archbishop saw with astonishment, the names of his accusers, many of whom were under obligation to him, and had received kindness from his hands—such were the men now banded together in a shameful conspiracy against their Primate. Cranmer respectfully demanded that a commission should be appointed to look into the matter. "A commission there shall be," said the King, "but the Archbishop of Canterbury shall be the chief commissioner, with such colleagues as he himself shall be pleased to appoint." These false and perjured men had done the Archbishop an ill turn, but they soon came with fair and

fawning words to implore his pardon. He gave them but a mild rebuke, with a full forgiveness, and on this, and various other occasions, he won for himself that high testimony to his Christian spirit of forgiveness, which became a proverb linked with his name, "Do my Lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you make him your friend for ever."

After the death of the Duke of Suffolk, the husband of the King's sister, that upright man who had been the stanch friend of Cranmer, and a hearty forwarder of Protestant principles, another plot was got up against the unsuspicious Cranmer by the Romish party, the Duke of Norfolk being at the head of it. An accusation was formally brought before the King in Council, that the Archbishop and his learned men had so infested the whole realm with their unsavory doctrine, that three parts out of the four in the land were abominable heretics, and the petitioners, as they seriously pretended, out of pure regard for the safety of the King, besought that Cranmer might be forthwith committed to the Tower. The King seemed to hesitate, and he was instantly assured that while the Primate was left at large, no person would dare to come forward as his accuser, but that if he were once in prison "the tongues and consciences of men would be released from all restraint, and the royal councilors would be enabled to search out the truth." Henry, with his wonted sagacity, saw through the whole design, but determined to outwit the smooth and flattering complainants. He gave his full consent to all that was required, bidding them to summon the Archbishop on the morrow, and then, if they should see fit, commit him straightway to the Tower.

In the deep stillness of that same night, just before midnight, the measured dash of oars might have been heard sounding more and more distinctly, from the spot where we are now standing; and soon after a royal barge quietly approached the river stairs. A single figure might have been seen ascending the steps with noiseless foot-fall like a shadow

stealing through the soft gloom. In another minute the gate-way-bell of the Palace tinkled faintly, and when the wicket gate was cautiously opened, the light of the porter's lanthorn fell upon the muffled form and the well-known features of Sir Anthony Denny. The little door closed upon him as he quickly entered, and the darkness and quietness of the night was for a while unbroken; then the wicket-gate was again opened, and the light flashed for a moment on the two figures which came forth from the Palace gateway, and walked straight to the river stairs.—The King had sent for Cranmer at that dead hour of the night, and the Archbishop had risen from his bed to obey the summons. He found Henry waiting to receive him in the gallery at Whitehall. The King told him plainly the charge brought against him by the Council, and added gravely, that he had given his consent to their demand. Cranmer with his wonted ingenuousness mildly declared his perfect willingness to be committed to the Tower. Kneeling before the King his master, "I am content," he said, "if it please your Grace, with all my heart to go thither at your Highness's commandment, and I most humbly thank your Majesty that I may come to my trial; for there be that have in many ways slandered me, and now this way I hope to try myself not worthy of such report." On this the King, unable to suppress his amazement at the conscious uprightness of the simple-minded man, burst out—"O what a man you must be, what simplicity is in you! I had thought that you would rather have sued me to take the pains to hear you and your accusers together for your trial, without any such durance! Do you know what state you are in with the whole world? and how many great enemies you have? Do you not consider what an easy thing it is to procure three or four false knaves to witness against you, who, if you were at liberty, would not dare to show their face. Think you to have better luck that way than your Master Christ? No, not so, my Lord of Canterbury. Go you to the Council to-

morrow; and when you shall appear before them, demand that your accusers be brought to face you. And if they should proceed to commit you to the Tower, show them this ring,"—and the King put his own signet ring into Cranmer's hand—"the sight of it will instantly bring the matter before me."

By eight o'clock on the morning of the following day, Cranmer was in the ante-room of the council-chamber. He had received his summons, and he had come at that early hour to meet it. There he was suffered to wait, and there the excellent Dr. Butts, the King's physician, found him, the first nobleman in the realm next to the royal family, waiting among the lackies and serving men. He went straight to the King's chamber and reported there the gross insult put upon the Archbishop. "He had seen a strange sight," he said, "that morning." The King questioned him. "The Primate of all England," replied Dr. Butts, "is become a serving man, and for the greater part of an hour has been standing among the brethren of that calling, at the door of the council-chamber." "Ha," said Henry, "is it so? They shall hear of this before long."

Cranmer was summoned to appear before the Council, and in answer to the charges brought against him, demanded that his accusers should come forward. He spoke in vain; and the order was given to commit him to the Tower. But Cranmer now held forth to the view of the astonished assembly the signet-ring of his royal master. The proud and insolent party were panic-struck; and the Lord Russel exclaimed with a mighty oath, "Said I not true, my Lords, that the King would never endure that my Lord of Canterbury should be disgraced by imprisonment, for any cause less than arraignment for high treason." They were now, by power of the royal signet constrained to appear before the King's presence, and there the high-spirited monarch rated his "discreet Council" in severe and indignant terms for their insulting treatment toward the

Archbishop, keeping him at the door of their chamber like a serving man. "I would have your Lordships to understand," said the King, "that the realm of England contains not a more faithful subject than I have ever found in my Lord of Canterbury; and he that pretends attachment to me, must be ready to show respect and honor to him." The disconcerted courtiers were ready with their excuses and apologies. They had meant no sort of injury, they protested earnestly, against his Grace of Canterbury, they had requested that he might be committed to the Tower, but their sole object was, that he might come forth from his confinement with augmented reputation and glory. "Is it even so?" said Henry, "think ye then, that I discern not how the world goeth among you? Think ye that I see not the malice which sets you against him? I counsel you, let it be avoided out of hand, and never let my friends receive this usage again at your hand." Having said this, the King quitted the room. The gentle and forgiving Cranmer was as willing, with his wonted spirit of forgiveness, to accept their expressions of regret for their conduct toward him, as they were profuse in the offer of them.

And now, my reader, let us enter Lambeth Palace. Perhaps in former days, there was a rude splendor about the ancient edifice, which we shall not find there now, but at no period did the interior of the building present such an appearance of simple grandeur as at the present time. The broad stone stair-case at the entrance, the long, wide, airy corridors, the spacious and lofty apartments, are all of admirable proportions, and all preserve the same character of quiet and simple grandeur, combining the ancient style of architecture belonging to this celebrated mansion, with the far more comfortable and unpretending character of an Englishman's home at the present day. There is no glitter of gilding, no gorgeous coloring, but a noble plainness pervading all.

What an air of comfort there is about this large and pleasant drawing-room—what light and cheerfulness from the beautiful projecting window where fresh flowers and exotic shrubs attract the eye by their rich and varied tints, and fill the air with their delicate fragrance. A few old pictures by Italian masters, and that fine full-length portrait of Charles the First in the ante-room, leading to the chapel, the doors of which stand open, are among the few ornaments of these rooms. How striking is the view which this window commands; the broad majestic river, with that grand façade of rich and elaborate ornament, the new Houses of Parliament standing on its opposite margin, and the light and lofty towers of Westminster Abbey rising beyond; even the old unsightly bridge appears to advantage from hence, with that mass of buildings of varied character piled together, extending as far as the eye can reach: towers and steeples, near and distant, and grandly conspicuous above all, St. Paul's Cathedral rearing its magnificent dome, almost like some mountain summit over a mass of dusky vapors, and standing out clearly from the blue and open sky with the sunbeams blazing on its golden cross. There is a beautiful foreground to this distant view, in the green lawn, and the broad flower-pots, each of a single color, and the lofty trees beyond, now in the first freshness of their summer foliage.

Here is the private library of the Archbishop, where he receives his clergy. That quaint and ancient portrait over the mantle-piece is the hard, dull countenance of old Archbishop Warham in his Romish trappings. We should like to see the grave, mild features of his Protestant successor, Thomas Cranmer, in that place, as more in keeping with the present occupant of this fine apartment. But perhaps the contrast which is now presented, may be as instructive and as cheering. Fresh and beautiful flowers also adorn this graceful window, and stand among the books and papers on the writing-table, the pure and simple enjoyment of the loveliest of

God's creations, by one, whose time is constantly occupied with a heavy weight of care and business.

We enter now the guard-room, or, as it is also called, the state dining-room, where those grand public banquets used to be given, at which many of the nobles in the land were often present. They have been discontinued of late years. To one of those dinners, in the time of the late primate, Dr. Chalmers was taken, and was afterward asked what he thought of the entertainment. He expressed himself shocked at the profuse and stately magnificence of the feast "But what did you think of the Archbishop himself?" was the question then proposed. He replied in his strong Scotch accent, "Not an hair of his head was singed, neither was his coat changed, nor had the smell of fire passed upon him?"

Here are a series of portraits in this grand old room well worthy of your attention, my reader, the portraits of the successive Archbishops of Canterbury from a distant period up to the present times, some of them in Popish mitres, some in trencher caps, some with their natural grey hair, others in the flowing perukes or the compact wigs, which most of us remember as the inseparable appendage of a Bishop's head. I have heard sensible persons dilate on their veneration for the episcopal wig; and speak of its being discarded, as a derogation of the office of a bishop, and as a kind of sacrilege, to be deplored. But what could be more absurd, than the custom of putting a hideous and unnatural mass of false hair, upon the head of one who should be distinguished among other men by a grave and holy simplicity? and I have often reminded such complainants, that the Bishop's wig was never worn in the purer ages of our Church, neither Cranmer, nor Ridley, nor Jewel, wore wigs; but the venerated wig came in with the outrageous fashions of the most profligate reign of this country—being brought over by Charles the Second from France; and when the laity had long discarded the curled and flowing peruke, or the cauliflower wig, the clergy

still clung to the preposterous and graceless fashion. We should like to see the effeminate lawn sleeves, and robings of black satin also cast aside, and some manly costume of a grave character substituted, better suited to the office of an overseer of Christ's Church.

How much of deep and thrilling interest is associated with many of these silent portraits, suspended side by side around this quiet room. Here the men themselves have successively stood, each one in his day the living master of old Lambeth Palace. As we gaze upon those lifeless features, how many a vista opens before us, presenting some memorable scene in the political annals, or the private records, of the times in which they lived. What a diversity of expression there is in some of these faces; the saturnine and repulsive character of Cardinal Pole, a true index, it appears to me, the more I read about him, of his real character; the grave countenance of the tried and faithful Juxon; the round florid face, and mean features of poor Archbishop Laud, whose sad and shameful death, even those who most repudiate his opinions, and his previous conduct must deeply lament; the mild, calm features of good old Sancroft, the chief of the nonjuring Bishops; the plain but pleasant countenance of Tillotson; the disagreeable expression of Cornwallis; and the very handsome, but not very intelligent countenance of Manners Sutton. We grieve to see that the smallest and poorest picture of the whole collection, and that which occupies the least conspicuous place, is that of the greatest and perhaps the most godly man among them, the chief leader in the great reformation of our Church, the much slandered, but admirable Cranmer.

But let us linger a little while, as we pass through this gallery, also lined with old pictures, to gaze on some of them; for here are also the portraits of remarkable men, the transcript of whose features we may well wish to behold. And here are some nameless portraits exciting our curiosity, not

because we know not whom they represent, but from the old quaint style of the painting, and the character of the countenance, a caricature perhaps, but still a likeness of the individual. That fair gentlewoman, the ornaments of whose coif and kirtle, and the ring on her hand, are laid on with gold upon the hard wooden panel, was no other than Queen Katherine Parr. There is something about the air and expression of the whole portrait, stiff and ungraceful as it is, which well accords with the character of that highly-gifted and discreet woman, whose elevation brought her to a path beset with difficulties and dangers alike to her faith and her life. Here is an extraordinary picture, the portrait of Juxon taken after his death, the eyelids closed, and the livid shadows of death upon the calm, pale countenance, the lifeless head in its close linen cap, lying back upon a pillow. We should like to know by whose directions, and for what reason, this strange picture was painted? Was it by his own, and to read a lesson to his successors, of the uncertain tenure and certain end of the highest earthly distinctions?

We pass from this gallery, and soon find ourselves in wide desolate passages, leading to untenanted chambers, the doors of some of them open. To this ancient chamber, some thirty years ago, I came on two occasions, to be examined for the holy orders of deacon and priest. The sunbeams glanced as brightly then, as they do now, through the transparent leaves of the green trees rising like a screen before the narrow casements of this dull old chamber; and the river flowed on as it does now, on those two mornings, so marked in the calendar of my past life. How many years have passed away since I first looked through this casement, and how many events have occurred to fill my mind with solemn thoughts, and my heart with thankfulness! How much has happened to enlighten me as to the true and scriptural character of our reformed Church of England, of which I was then ordained a minister, and to teach me to regard its establishment with increasing

value! Little did I then understand of the real character of that apostate Church, so degraded and so encumbered by the monstrous superstitions which have grown into, and become part of her system, and of that cruel and persecuting spirit which has characterized her up to the present day! Little did I think then of the weight of care and anxiety which had doubtless often pressed so heavily upon the mind of the noble and painstaking Cranmer, and of that high and godly purpose which he kept always steadily before him, and which his single eye, and simple faith, and unconquerable spirit enabled him, by the grace of God, to pursue. But now, I can never enter this old palace, without constantly calling to mind, that it was here his mind was exercised with its quiet thoughts and patient labors; here, that with indefatigable perseverance, he searched deep into the whole record of the word of God, and lifted up his heart in earnest prayer for light and direction from above, and for that wisdom which the Lord God has commanded us to seek from Him, and which He has graciously promised to bestow in answer to our prayer.

These winding steps of broken stone lead us to a strait and narrow cell, barred and bolted in the days of Popish persecution. Now the massive doors are seldom closed, the huge and unused key is rusting in the lock; the fresh summer air streams in through the shattered casement, and circulates freely, because the doors stand open. This is the prison in the Lollards' Tower. The large iron rings are still fixed in the rough oaken boards which clumsily cover the cold stone walls; and many a rude inscription awakens a thrilling sympathy with the long-forgotten tenants of that miserable place. Here is one inscription: "Jesus est amor meus." Therefore the writer was imprisoned here. We may well bless God, as we stand in the Lollards' prison, that these dens of torture are but the curiosities attached to the dwelling of a Protestant Bishop. In Popish countries, such places are still to be

found kept to their appointed purpose.—It was but a year or two ago, that under the very walls of the Vatican the prison cells of the Inquisition were forced open by the enraged populace, and enough was seen to prove how recently they had been occupied, and how many scenes of secret and horrible iniquity had been transacted in those dark and infamous receptacles.

"In the year 1849, fifty-three priests were committed to the dungeons of the Inquisition, under the eye of the Pope himself, for having shown kindness to the soldiers wounded in the struggle for religious liberty. In the month of April, 1850, the Palace of the Inquisition at Rome was thrown open to the public. In the lower dungeons were to be seen the squalid remains of dresses of men, women, and children; on the walls were read mournful sentences written in blood. A trap door was discovered, and a heap of bones. But a subterraneous cave, covered with human remains and skeletons of persons of all ages, occasioned especial horror." I remember reading at the time, that a long soft silken tress of a woman's hair was found lying on a decomposed mass of human remains. Well might the writer of the account add: "Would that those persons, who wish to excuse this hellish tribunal, and who will not believe what is said of it, would come and view it with their own eyes."*

Let us quit the Lollards' Tower. This magnificent hall, ninety-three feet in length, rebuilt by Juxon, contains the library of Lambeth Palace. But we must not linger here. Let our last visit be to the chapel, the most ancient and perfect part of the whole building: it is the same that was built by Archbishop Boniface, at the command of the Pope, about the year 1262, by way of penance, for an affray in which that fractious and violent prelate attacked the monks, and knocked down the prior of St. Bartholomew's, near Smithfield. Such doings were not rare even in much later

* From a tract published by Seeleys, entitled "Startling Facts," &c.

days: for it is related, by way of commendation of the mild and patient Cranmer, that he was never known to strike his servants. Bishop Bonner, however, seemed to find pleasure in flogging his prisoners with his own hands, and even the excellent Sir Thomas More is known to have stood by and witnessed the unmerciful scourging of a gentleman of the Temple, for refusing to give up the names of such of his fellow-templars, as were suspected heretics. He, as well as another man, named Tewkesbury, a leather-seller, was flogged by More's command, who afterward looked on, while he was racked in the Tower. And yet Sir Thomas More was one of the gentlest and most refined spirits of his age.

We turn with delight from the barbarous practices of the men of former times. It is usually said in excuse, that they were chiefly to be attributed, not to the men, but to the times. But had the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ been read and known of all men, and permitted to exert its wondrous power in these days, then—however deficient our forefathers might have been in those arts and sciences, the influence of which is now so much extolled by those who know but little of human nature—then, we are persuaded we should never have heard, but in rare exceptions, of such barbarous ways. The only softener of unbridled passion, and the only refiner of coarse and selfish nature, is the word of God brought home to the conscience by the Holy Spirit.

But wise men and erudite historians often take false views of human nature, and write much solemn nonsense on the subject of ancient and modern manners. That pernicious system which so long kept, and would still keep, the open Bible from the people of the land, was the real cause of those barbarous manners and uncontrolled tempers. The times are indeed altered, but this is chiefly to be attributed to the direct and to the indirect influence which the Holy Bible, freely circulated, exerts in every rank of society. May God in His goodness and mercy, preserve us from being brought back to

the darkness and the degradation of those mediæval ages, so much vaunted and desired by some among us.

How refreshing to turn from the thought of the mummeries and idolatrous practices which have been carried on in this ancient chapel, to the daily worship as it is now conducted —the unostentatious household gathered together, the mild and venerable Primate feeling it to be his peculiar place and privilege to instruct his children, and his servants, and the guests that may be present, and not intrusting the delightful charge of reading and expounding the Holy Scriptures to another, but fulfilling that scriptural duty himself, making his exposition, as his custom is, eminently plain and practical, and reminding the hearer of the apostolic description of a faithful bishop, "apt to teach." We wish the godly practice were common to all such households.

Alas! how changed is this once-beautiful garden, so long celebrated for its rare exotic trees, and the freshness of its wide and grassy lawns, its beds of flowers, and the rich foliage of its venerable groves. The once pure atmosphere is now loaded with particles of soot, which settle on the trees and blossoms; and the flowing tide of the once silver Thames, sends up but a pestilential stench from its troubled waters. The sweet stillness of the suburban retreat is broken by the rolling rattle and the shrill whistle of the railway carriages, as they rush along the line which closely skirts one side of these gardens, into which the passengers look down for a few seconds, as they are whirled along. Still how many associations must arise to those who are acquainted with the history of our Church, as they pace these broad walks, and think upon by-gone times. One flower, almost the lowliest, and yet almost the loveliest and sweetest, the lily of the valley—still flourishes in this place; and a broad border of extraordinary length, fragrant with thousands of this charming flower, extends along the side of this wide terrace walk, under the low and ivy-mantled parapet. I know not of what grace accord-

ing to the language of those skilled in such matters, this lowly blossom may be the emblem; but surely we may well look upon it as the type of Christian humility, flourishing under the most unfavorable circumstances, losing neither its purity nor its sweetness. We love to think of this, and as we think, to pray that He who can alone make the proud heart humble, and enable an ungenial soil to give forth a fragrance so exquisite, may keep and guard His own work. May the lily of the valley, in the sense of this emblem, be found preserving its freshness here, even if all other plants and flowers droop and fade.

I do not intend to enter into any thing like a detail of the eventful and important history of Cranmer, in these papers, or even to give a sketch of his life—that is of the regular and connected succession of its events—I would but touch here and there upon some particular incident. The space I have allotted myself would not permit more. The exertions of Thomas Cranmer, have, under God, produced an influence upon the state of this country, with regard both to its political character and its domestic society, yet to be told. He was undoubtedly and pre-eminently the man for the hour—the instrument selected and employed by the Divine arbiter and disposer of all events, to bring forward and to execute His purposes of love and mercy to this long benighted land. The very infirmities, and even the faults of Cranmer, have had their appointed use, in teaching us to withdraw our thoughts from the man in his weakness, and fix them in admiring adoration upon the glorious Being who hath said, "I am Jehovah, that is my name, and my glory will I not give to another: I will work, and who shall let it." In the reigns of Henry and Edward we see Cranmer in the extreme perils of honor and prosperity—deserving sometimes of high commendation, sometimes of blame—but still pursuing the same steady course, ever keeping full before him the one grand object of his life. In the reign of Mary we find him in the degrada-

tion and change of adversity, but he is still in the same path, still concentrating his every energy toward the same object of vital importance. At one time we behold him the distinguished friend and the unspoiled favorite of the haughtiest monarch this realm of England ever saw—the only man whom Henry called for at his last most trying hour, and died, grasping the hand of his faithful servant. Then we find him the sponsor and the guardian of the most godly and gracious of our kings—the youthful Edward—but beset even with greater difficulties than in the preceding reign. In the reign of the narrow-minded and superstitious Mary, and to the Queen herself, Cranmer was an object of bitter hatred and unrelenting persecution: but however trying his situation may appear in the eyes of unthinking observers, his course was clearer, and the peril to his immortal soul—the one great consideration in his eyes—less imminent; and yet, in the trying hour, he fell. Was it to prove to him that the preparation that he had made for that dread season had had too much of self-dependence in it, and far too little of holy watchfulness, and of entire dependence upon that strength which is made perfect in weakness? But when the lesson had been learned, under his divine teacher, then the disciple arose, Antæus-like, stronger from his fall, and the language of the last action of his devoted life was truly that of the Psalmist's words: "Rejoice not against me, O my enemy; when I fall, then shall I arise."

Probably the day of most unclouded happiness in Cranmer's life, was that on which he placed the crown upon the fair head of the youthful and ingenuous sovereign of whom, as we have said, he was the appointed guardian, and to whom at his father's request, he had stood sponsor. It was on the 19th of February, 1547, that the young king rode in the midst of a magnificent procession from the Tower to his palace at Westminster: and on the day following, the Lord's day, he was crowned in the Abbey Church. There was no sermon com-

posed for the occasion; but the loss of any formal composition of the kind was more than supplied by the simple and forcible address of the Primate of England to his royal pupil and master, and more suited to the tender years of the charming boy, whose extraordinary powers of intellect, and whose still more extraordinary piety, would enable him to understand, and dispose him to appreciate, the profound and enlightened wisdom which breathed in the clear and pointed words of that address. We refer you, my reader, to the address itself, as given in Soames' History of the Reformation. Though short, and therefore the better suited for the occasion, it is too long to be inserted here, with the exception of a few sentences. Cranmer commences by plainly admonishing the young king that the promise which he had made to renounce the devil and all his works, is not to be understood in the sense imposed upon it by the Bishop of Rome, as binding him to any dependence on his see. "Paul the Third," he adds, "wrote to your royal father '*didst thou not promise when crowned by our permission, to forsake the devil and all his works: and dost thou run to heresy? For the breach of this thy promise, knowest thou not, that it is in our power to dispose of thy sword and sceptre to whom we please?*'" We may remark, by the way, that the blinded admirers of Popery in the present day, would do well to consider that this is the tyranny to which they would subject the faith and conscience, the liberty and the authority of our beloved Queen, and make her either the creature or the puppet of an important foreign bishop, the misguided patriarch of a corrupt Church. Cranmer, in the continuation of his address, solemnly repudiates the intolerable assumption of the Roman see. He reminds the young king that, although the rites of coronation are but ceremonies, which do not affect his title to the throne, they are important ceremonies, because they admonish kings of their duty toward God. He concludes by saying, "Not, therefore, as authorized by the Bishop of Rome, but as a messenger from my Saviour Jesus

Christ, I shall now humbly remind your Majesty, of the duties which have devolved upon you. Your highness then, as God's vicegerent within your dominions, is bound to see that among those committed to your governance, God be truly worshiped, idolatry destroyed, images removed, and the tyranny of the Roman Bishops overthrown. You are to reward virtue, to punish crime, to justify the innocent, to relieve the poor, to promote peace, to repress violence, and to execute justice throughout your realm." He then refers him to the word of God, for examples of those kings who obtained the blessings, or drew down the wrath of God upon them, and puts prominently forward the lovely record given of one still younger than the youthful monarch he addresses, even that of Josiah. This is the last sentence of the address: "May the Almighty God of His mercy, cause the light of His countenance to shine upon you: may He grant you a happy and prosperous reign: may he defend and save you, and let all your subjects say, Amen." That was indeed a morning of promise to the great leader of the reformation, and to all his godly brethren throughout the realm; and there was then little reason to fear that clouds and darkness would overshadow its brightness. The youthful king was of sound constitution, and in excellent heath; their only cause of alarm might arise from the precocity of his intellect, or from the well known fact, that piety so remarkable in one of tender years, is often the sure precursor of early translation to a heavenly inheritance.

But alas, scarcely six years had passed away after the coronation of the youthful Edward, when his loving and faithful Cranmer stood in all the heaviness of blighted hope and heartfelt sorrow, beside the couch on which the child of his affection lay in the languor of a fatal disease. The measles and the small-pox coming in succession, had exhausted the vital energies of the noble youth, and left after their ravages, the seeds of pulmonary consumption. Yet even more deeply than by the sad prospect of his early death, was the heart of

Cranmer tried by the last request of the dying king. Edward the Sixth had written with his own hand the draught of the document by which he had altered the order and right of succession, as set forth in the will of his father, and had appointed the Lady Jane Grey as his successor to the crown, in the place of the Lady Mary, his sister. The devise of the crown to this effect, had, after many objections, been made out by the Lord Chief Justice of England, and signed by all the members of the council, Papists as well as Protestants. Cranmer alone refused, as he said, to commit perjury and violate his oath to the late King. He therefore withheld his signature. "I can not allow my conscience," he said, "to be guided by other men's acts." "He insisted and entreated to be allowed a private interview with his beloved sovereign—but he was insultingly charged before the Council with daring to interpose himself between the King and his settled purpose. He went, however, to the dying prince, but was not permitted to be alone with him. It was a sore trial to the true-hearted Cranmer to resist the affectionate pleadings of one so tenderly loved and so highly valued. "I hope," said the dying King, "that you alone of all my council, will not stand out against my will. The judges have told me that I may lawfully bequeath my crown to the Lady Jane, and that my subjects may lawfully receive her as Queen, notwithstanding the oath they took under my father's will."

Cranmer requested permission to consult with the judges, and having done so, he signed the devise of the King. But his conscience reproached him, and he acted against his own judgment. There can be little doubt but that the youthful monarch was, in some respects, the dupe of Northumberland, but we can not agree with those historians who represent his altering the succession to the throne as being chiefly at the instigation of that ambitious and unprincipled man. It was rather his clear insight, marvelous in one so young, into the real character of the abominable system of Rome, and his

knowledge of the truth, in its only oracle—the word of God, acquired, as that knowledge only can be, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit—which constrained the dying King to make every effort to secure to his people, as his successor, one who would acknowledge no other religion than that of the Bible; and who would regard the Protestant faith as the palladium of England. It might be truly said of him, that "from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures." "Ah, Master Cheke," said Cranmer, taking Sir John Cheke, who had been preceptor of his royal godchild, by the hand, "you may be glad all the days of your life, that you have such a scholar: he hath more divinity in his little finger, than we have in our whole bodies." His estimate and his love of Holy Scripture had been strikingly manifested at his coronation. Three swords of state were brought to be carried before him. "One is yet wanting," said Edward. His nobles inquired what he meant. He told them—"The Bible." "That book," he said, "is the sword of the Spirit, and to be preferred before these swords. That ought in all right to govern us, who use them for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without *that* sword, we are nothing, we can do nothing, we have no power. From that we are, what we are this day. From that we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. He that rules without it, is not to be called God's minister, or a king. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength." And having spoken these remarkable words, he commanded a Bible to be brought, and to be carried before him with the greatest reverence.

Young as Edward the Sixth was at the time of his death, and inexperienced in the ways and in the wisdom of the world; he had come to the same conclusion as many of the most intelligent and experienced of the legislators of this country in

after years, when, acting according to the plain declaration of the articles of our Established Church, that the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England, they refused their allegiance to the treacherous monarch who would have placed his country under that illegal jurisdiction, and invited William of Orange to the vacated throne. The last prayer of the dying King might truly be said to make the royal chamber the gate of heaven. "Lord God, deliver me out of this wretched life, and receive me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done. Lord, I commit my spirit unto thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with Thee; yet for Thy chosen's sake send me health, that I may truly serve Thee. O my Lord God, bless Thy people, and save Thine inheritance. O Lord, save Thy chosen people of England. O my Lord God, defend this realm from Papistry, and maintain Thy true religion, that I and my people may praise Thy holy name, for Jesus Christ's sake." The energy of his own prayer aroused him, and his eyes, as he opened them, falling upon those who attended on him, he said, "Are ye so nigh? I thought ye had been farther off." He seemed somewhat distressed at first that his words had been overheard, but meekly added, smiling as he spoke, "I was only praying to God." Soon after, he exclaimed, "I am faint! Lord, have mercy upon me, and take my spirit!"

These were his last words. The prayer of the young and pious monarch was graciously answered, but not till the people of England had been brought to an understanding of the true character of Popery, under a more full and frightful development, than any they had before witnessed. It was yet to fall as a scourge throughout the length and breadth of England, and the inhabitants of the land were to learn a lesson which we trust they may never forget. During the reign of Mary, two hundred and eighty-eight individuals were burnt at the stake, among whom were the primate, four of the bishops, many of the most distinguished of the other clergy,

some of the gentry, and a very large number of the poorer classes. We are aware that Popish writers have opposed to this statement, the number of those who suffered in the reign of Elizabeth; but it has been clearly proved that during her reign no individual suffered death on account of his religious opinions, but for political offenses of the gravest and most treasonable character: nor did this happen till after the Bishop of Rome had presumed and pretended to issue his bull of excommunication against the Sovereign of this country; and originated numberless plots against the Queen's life, and let loose a host of Jesuits over every part of the land; so that to Rome may be traced back the crimes which were visited by the sword of justice in England. "Not one Romanist," says Mr. Stokes, in his admirable volume entitled, "The Days of Queen Mary," not one suffered in Elizabeth's reign, excepting those who by treasonable practices, rendered themselves offenders against the state, and were tried as such. This important truth is studiously concealed by the Romanists of the present day, who bring forward as their *martyrs*, men who will ever be chronicled by impartial historians, and from their own mouths, as *traitors* and convicted *felons*. "Lord Burleigh published a tract to prove that the Romanists, who suffered death in Elizabeth's reign, were punished for their political offenses, to which severity the Queen was driven by the Pope's bull of excommunication against her. Bishop Bramhall gives the same testimony. We might cite other authorities, but the fact is generally acknowledged by all unbiased historians.

In returning to the subject more immediately before us, the character and conduct of Cranmer, I may here repeat, that one of the charges still brought against him is that he was a persecutor. Mr. Soames records the fact that "even Cardinal Pole renders justice to the Archbishop in one remarkable instance. "It has of late," he says, "been the usage to paint Cranmer as a persecutor; and to represent that, however

shameful might be the conduct of his enemies toward him, he had the less reason to complain of it, because he had himself treated opponents in a similar manner; and would have continued this cruelty, had power remained in his hands. His contemporaries, however, appear to have thought of his case very differently. Those who respected him, alleged his own kind and merciful exercise of authority, as an additional ground for reprobating the severity which he encountered. In his day of prosperity, they said, 'the Archbishop caused no man's death, but treated all persons with good nature and benignity.' This testimony, so honorable to Cranmer's character, found its way even to the ears of Pole, who, unfriendly as he was to Cranmer, dared not to deny that, in this, his friends had done him no more than justice."*

Tardy justice, however, has been done indeed to the character of this good and great man. "Few others," says Bishop Short, "unless they had possessed his judgment, his Christian feelings and simplicity would have been able to weather the storms to which his bark was exposed, during the tumultuous period of the reign of Henry the Eighth. To him we chiefly owe the Articles of our Church, the first book of Homilies, as well as much of the compilation of the Common Prayer. In him we see one of the brightest examples of a primitive and apostolic bishop;" and he adds, soon after, "if in his latter end, we deplore his fall, let us remember he was but a human being like ourselves, and that the blessings of which he was the instrument, all proceed from a heavenly source to which our gratitude is chiefly due."

Perhaps there was scarcely any period in which the faith and the feelings of the reformers were more deeply tried than at the death of their youthful Josiah, as the wise and godly Edward was called by them: all their hopes were suddenly crushed, and nothing remained, so far as their natural sight could discern, but a future of perplexing fears and coming

* Soames, vol. iv. pp. 502, 503.

evils. "The days and nights of anxiety, which they must have spent at this crisis, waiting for the policy of Mary to disclose itself, must be carried to the account of those silent sufferings which were more insupportable, perhaps, however less imposing, than the fire and the fagot." *

Cranmer was at Lambeth, and there he remained at that trying time, and there he was joined by his valued friend Peter Martyr. The latter had received orders on the accession of Mary to suspend his lectures, and to keep within the precincts of Oxford; but liberty was afterward given him, and the first use he made of it was to hasten to the Archbishop and to this hospitable mansion, where he had formerly been received, under very different circumstances; for then the Primate in the modest dignity of his high rank and undisputed power, had made his ancient palace the home of many distinguished foreigners. He had invited them in their hour of distress to share its plentiful board, and dwell with him as brethren. Times were indeed altered. Cranmer had been summoned to appear before the Council, treated with insolent severity, ordered to confine himself to Lambeth; and not long after, he was again commanded to appear before the Council, and to bring with him the inventory of his goods. Many of the devoted servants of Christ foreseeing the storm which was about to burst over their country, prepared to leave it; and Cranmer wrote to one of his friends, advising him to depart, adding, that no man should fear that his flight would bring discredit upon the Gospel, reminding him, that even our Lord did not hesitate to avoid the danger with which his life was threatened, till his hour was come: and that his apostles never rushed needlessly into danger. Some who loved him, gave him the same advice. He nobly replied: "Were I likely to be called in question for treason, robbery, or any other crime, I should be more likely to flee than I am at present. As it is, the post I hold, and the part I have taken, require

* Blunt on the Reformation.

me to make a stand for the truths of Holy Scripture." He added, that he had resolved to lose his life, rather than desert his post.

He now prepared himself for the worst. Collecting, and paying his debts, and arranging his affairs, he so set his house in order, that not a single demand upon him remained unsatisfied; and having done this, he is said to have exclaimed: "Thank God, I am now my own man. I can now, with God's help, answer all the world, and face all adversities that may be laid upon me."

In the month of November, 1553, he was attainted of high treason, and seems to have expected that his execution would soon follow. But, it was not until the March of the following year that Cranmer, with Ridley and Latimer, was removed to Oxford, where those disputations were held between them and their Romanist opposers, which were first followed by the martyrdom of the two other Bishops.

On the 20th of April they were condemned and excommunicated as heretics; but eighteen months passed away before their execution took place; and a further interval elapsed before Cranmer was also led to the stake. The charge of high treason had been abandoned; it was supposed by many, because the Queen, in her unrelenting enmity against Cranmer, was determined that he should suffer by the more painful death of burning, rather than by being beheaded, as he would have been, if convicted on the charge of high treason. He seems to have been more straitly confined and more inhumanly treated, when at Oxford, than either of his two companions in suffering: for his prison was the loathesome Bocardo, the common jail.

The account that is given of his degradation from his high office is deeply affecting. He was arrayed in old canvas garments, made in mockery after the fashion of his costly robes of office; and the vulgar and savage Bonner taunted him with brutal exultation on his changed appearance.

Cranmer was at this time in miserable poverty—being without even a penny to purchase food, on his returning to prison, after the insulting ceremony of his degradation. A Gloucestershire gentleman, who had been much affected by the sight of his patient endurance, brought to him his gown, which had been taken from him. He had managed to get possession of it, and he walked by Cranmer's side on his return to prison, speaking kindly and respectfully to him, and he gave money to the bailiffs to purchase food for their prisoner. Had he offered it himself, he knew that he should be brought into peril for such a simple act of Christian humanity. As it was, he was summoned before Bonner and Thirlby that same day, and severely reprimanded, for having given relief to an excommunicated heretic.

Immediately on his return to that gloomy and wretched prison, where he had passed so many weary days, his enemies changed their mode of treatment toward him. He was visited and condoled with by several of the highest personages in the University, and he was invited by the Dean of Christ Church to become his visitor. He was received with a courteous hospitality, entertained with kindness and respect, and many flattering words were spoken to him. A plan was in fact adopted, which seemed but too successful for a time. The Romanist party were determined to spare no pains, and leave untried no artifice, by which they might induce him to recant: and he, who had stood firm under their frowns and threatenings, was overcome by the apparent kindness, and the earnest persuasions of his pretended friends. He was at last induced to sign a recantation. I do not enter upon a detail of the circumstances, but there is now little reason to doubt that a false account has been given of this sad proof of human frailty in one who had been hitherto so faithful to the truth and to his own enlightened conscience. No less than four of his recantations have been boasted of; but those who will read the remarks of Mr. Soames on the

subject, and consider the evidence he has collected, will find that a very different view must be taken of the transaction from that which the Romanists have brought forward. Whatever really took place, however, one fact remains, that Cranmer fell, and denied the faith; that the love of this life, or the fear of the painful and ignominious death that awaited him, or the alluring promises that were held out to him, prevailed for a time. Probably he relaxed in watchfulness—was less earnest in prayer, "Sometimes," says Bishop Hall, "both grace and wit are asleep in the holiest and wariest breast." Like the man of God, when at Bethel, who had come thither resolved to set his face like a flint, to brave the dangers, which he was sent to meet alone, but who was never forsaken by God, while he was simply obedient to the command which had been given him, and refused even to eat bread, or drink water with the enemies of God; but who was overcome in his unguarded hour, and won over by the old and faithless prophet; so it was with Cranmer. He had stood firm and fearless, when brutally attacked and shamefully ill-treated; but there were many old prophets at Oxford at that time; and they played too well the part of the gray-headed tempter at Bethel. So he went back with them!

"Whatever view others may take of thy fall, O David," said good Bishop Hall, "I can never look upon thee, at that sad hour, but through my tears."

Cruel indeed were the ways resorted to by those wicked men, in order to overcome the faith and steadfastness of this good and simple-minded minister of Christ. He was one of those characters rarely met with, in whom it is difficult to awaken suspicion; who seem willing to take men on their own showing, thinking that no evil is intended where no evil appears. They knew also his weak points; for he was distinguished by a singular transparency of character, and seems to have had neither the art nor the wish to appear otherwise than what he was: and therefore those weak points were

easily discerned. Bright hopes, sudden surprises, changes in his mode of treatment, specious promises, plausible reasonings, respectful and deferential courtesies, kindness, sympathy, with these Cranmer was plied to the disgrace of the party who were resolved, at all hazards, to entangle him in their toils. One sudden surprise still awaited him. But when it came, he was prepared to meet it.

Dr. Cole, the Provost of Eton, came to his prison and requested to know if he had any money. He had none; and Cole gave him fifteen crowns, and exhorted him to constancy in the faith.

The following morning was dark and cheerless, and the rain fell heavily. Cranmer's time was come, and he was led forth from Bocardo to St. Mary's Church. Clothed in coarse and squalid garments, and walking between two friars, the Primate of all England passed through the streets on his way to that spot, where his two beloved friends, Ridley and Latimer, had been burnt as martyrs to the faith not many months before.

But first, probably according to the arrangement of that morning, to shelter his persecutors from the inclemency of the weather, the sermon was to be preached, and his expected recantation to be made in St. Mary's Church. Notwithstanding the meanness of his apparel, the mild gravity of that sorrowful countenance and the long white beard of the venerable archbishop touched the hearts of the spectators with sincere commiseration, as he was led to a lofty platform which had been raised opposite the pulpit, that he might be seen by every one. There he knelt down and continued for a short time in silent prayer, while the tears fell fast from his eyes. Dr. Cole preached the sermon, and spoke of the prisoner as the chief leader in that heresy which had infected the religion of the whole country. But we can not dwell on the sermon, and the false and cruel accusations it contained, and the

heartless address to the victim of that wicked and savage creed which is typified in Scripture as an abandoned woman, drunken with the blood of the saints, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus. During the whole of that sermon Cranmer stood the very image of sorrow, the tears streaming down his venerable face: but he stood in meek and patient quietness, only at times he raised his eyes toward heaven, then, as if overcome by shame, fixed them on the ground. When the preacher called upon the congregation to pray for the prisoner, every one knelt down and prayed for him, even as they had all wept with him when they saw him weeping.

Cranmer knelt down with them and prayed in silence. When he rose up from his knees, after thanking the people for their prayers, he said, "I will now pray for myself, as I could best choose for my own comfort, and say the prayer word for word as I have written it." When that affecting prayer was ended, he knelt down again and repeated the Lord's prayer, all the people kneeling with him and uniting their voices with his in that solemn prayer. And now all listened in breathless attention to the address, which they had been anxiously waiting to hear; "Every man, good people," he began by saying, "at the time of his death, is desirous of giving some good exhortation, that others may remember it, after he is gone, and be the better thereby. So I beseech God to grant me grace, that I may speak something at this my departing, whereby God may be glorified and you edified;" for some time he continued to speak, but still the public recantation which the Romanists expected to hear from his lips had not been spoken. He had carefully and wisely reserved for the close of his address, the recantation, not of that pure scriptural faith, which he had so long held, and so long labored to advance and to preach, but the full, plain, and explicit renunciation of that recantation which he had written and signed, and he added, "forasmuch as my hand

offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall first be punished: for if I may come to the fire, it shall be first burned; and as for the Pope, I refuse him as Christ's enemy, and antichrist, with all his false doctrine."

We may easily picture to ourselves the general effect produced by these words, on that large and mixed assembly; the brief pause of mute astonishment, the murmured expressions of satisfaction and thankfulness in some, and the loud and savage taunts and reproaches of those who were now utterly disconcerted and baffled. At the very climax of their success, as they thought, their triumph had suddenly received its death-blow. In answer to the angry reproaches of Lord Williams of Thame, who, with other persons of note, had attended, by order of the Queen, to preside at the execution, Cranmer said, "Alas! my Lord, I have been a man that all my life loved plainness, and never dissembled till now against the truth, which I am most sorry for, and I can not better play the Christian man than by speaking the truth, as I now do. I say therefore that I believe concerning the sacrament, as I have taught in my book against the late Bishop of Winchester." The violent clamor of the Romish party was here outrageous, and Cranmer was hurried away to the spot where he was to die. As he went along he was assailed unceasingly by the bitter taunts and the insulting remonstrances of the Romish priests, especially of De Villa Garcia. But nothing could disturb or trouble him now. His agony of grief was at an end; calmly and even cheerfully he gazed around him, with looks of kindness on his mild expressive countenance; calmly, and with unshrinking fortitude, he endured the dreadful flames. True to his word, he held forth his right hand over the raging fire; there he steadily kept it, except when once for a moment he raised it to wipe his face. His left hand was constantly pointed upward, and his eyes raised toward heaven, while he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my

spirit." At times, indeed, he fixed them on his burning right hand, exclaiming, "Oh this unworthy hand!" Thus he stood motionless, enabled, doubtless by divine strength, to master the strong agonies of bodily pain, and to possess that wonderful power of self-command which he manifested to the end. The fire burnt rapidly and furiously, and his happy spirit was soon set free from its mortal prison-house. His heart was found afterward, among the ashes, unconsumed.

"Thomas Cranmer," says Burnet, "was a man raised of God for great services, and well fitted for them. He was naturally of a mild and gentle temper, not soon heated, nor apt to give his opinion rashly of things or persons, and yet this gentleness, though it oft exposed him to his enemies, who took advantages from it to use him ill, knowing he would readily forgive them, did not lead him into such a weakness of spirit as to consent to every thing that was uppermost: for as he stood firmly against the six articles in King Henry's time, notwithstanding all his heat for them; so he also opposed the Duke of Somerset in the matter of the sale and alienation of the chantry lands, and the Duke of Northumberland during his whole government: and now resisted unto blood: so that his meekness was really a virtue in him, and not a pusillanimity in his temper. He was a man of great candor: he never dissembled his opinion, nor disowned his friend; two rare qualities in that age, in which there was a continued course of dissimulation, almost in the whole English clergy and nation, they going backward and forward, as the court turned. But this had got him that esteem with King Henry, that it always preserved him in his days. He knew, what complaints soever were brought against him, he would freely tell him the truth; so, instead of asking it from other hands, he began at himself. He laid out all his wealth on the poor, and in pious uses. He had hospitals and surgeons in his house for the King's seamen;

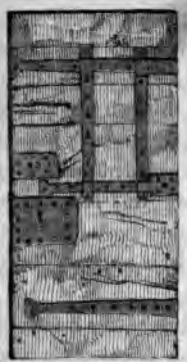
he gave pensions to many of those that fled out of Germany into England; and kept up that which is hospitality indeed, at his table, where great numbers of the honest and poor neighbors were always invited. He was so humble and affable, that he carried himself in all conditions at the same rate. He had been the chief advancer of the reformation in his life, and at last sealed it with his blood. Those who compared modern and ancient times found in him so many and excellent qualities, that they did not doubt to compare him to the greatest of the primitive bishops. It seemed necessary that the reformation in this Church, which was indeed nothing else but restoring of the primitive and apostolical doctrine, should have been chiefly carried on by a man so eminent in all primitive and apostolical virtues."

Le Bas has eloquently said when speaking of the death of the young King Edward the Sixth: "The Archbishop and his friends must have then foreseen, that sooner or later, the furnace would be heated for themselves, with seven-fold fury. A short eclipse, it is true, was permitted to pass over the brightness of their great leader's integrity. But at the last, it emerged with a splendor, no lapse of time shall ever be able to efface."

The very next day after the burning of Cranmer, Cardinal Pole was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury, and that same night these words were written upon the gates of Lambeth Palace: "Hast thou killed, and also taken possession?"

Come with me, reader, to Oxford. Nothwithstanding the heresy that has sprung up in the bosom of that venerable and ancient seat of learning, among men who are the ordained clergymen of our Protestant Church, but who have not ceased their efforts to confuse and undo the great work of the glorious Reformation, there are true hearts and sound and faithful sons of the Reformation there.

Come with me into the Church of St. Mary Magdalen. You see that ancient door of thick dark oak, slightly polished, and strengthened with iron bars, which is fastened to the wall of the north aisle. That ancient door once opened into a cell of the old Bocardo prison, the very cell in which Cranmer was confined at the time when he was led forth to die. That ancient door inclosed him, even when in prison, in the quiet sanctuary where he prayed and meditated over the holy and inspired volume, which he loved better than life. And there did he prepare to meet a martyr's death, with that strong faith and enduring constancy which pure gospel truth can alone inspire.



DOOR OF BOCARDO PRISON

Come with me to the street called Broad, which passes close to the walls of Baliol College, and look down upon the cross which is marked out in the middle of the pavement. That is the very spot where Cranmer and Ridley and Latimer expired in the flames; and where the blood of these three noble martyrs cries from the earth. And come with me to the Woodstock Road, and you will see that the Protestants of these days have not forgotten the glorious martyrs of the Marian persecutions. The cross which they have erected, near the spot where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley suffered, is very beautiful. Look down upon it through that avenue of fine old trees, with the ancient church tower rising behind it, and read the inscription, which tells to every passer-by, that the godly deeds of our great spiritual forefathers, still live in the hearts of those who are the true children of the Reformation.

THE MARTYR'S MEMORIAL, OXFORD

To the glory of God,

AND IN GRATEFUL COMMEMORATION OF HIS SERVANTS,

THOMAS CRANMER,

NICHOLAS RIDLEY,

HUGH LATIMER,

PRELATES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

WHO NEAR THIS SPOT,

YIELDED THEIR BODIES TO BE BURNED,

BEARING WITNESS TO

THE SACRED TRUTHS WHICH THEY HAD

AFFIRMED AND MAINTAINED AGAINST THE

ERRORS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME,

AND REJOICING THAT

TO THEM IT WAS GIVEN, NOT ONLY TO BELIEVE IN CHRIST,

BUT ALSO TO SUFFER FOR HIS SAKE.

THIS MONUMENT,

WAS ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION

IN THE YEAR OF THE LORD GOD,

MDCCCXLI.

Essex and Suffolk.

HUNTER, LAWRENCE, ROSE ALLEN, &c., &c.

THE articles of the Church of England are the plain and direct exponents of *two great principles*. *First*, that our Church claims no authority for itself but that of the Bible, declaring that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the faith, or be thonght requisite or necessary to salvation;"* and that "it is not lawful for the Church to ordain any thing that is contrary to God's word written."†

And, *secondly*, that the Articles of our Church were drawn up with an avowed reference to the Church of Rome, and in direct opposition to that Church, because it is corrupt and unscriptural. No man can come to any other conclusion who will read our Thirty-nine Articles. For instance—

The 11th Article, on Jurisdiction.

The 19th, declaring that "the Church of Rome hath erred."

The 21st, on Purgatory.

The 24th, on Speaking in the Congregation in such a tongue as the people understandeth.

The 25th, on the Sacraments.

The 27th and 28th, on Baptism and on the Lord's Supper.

The 31st, on the one Oblation of Christ finished upon the Cross.

* Article vi. † Article xx.

THE MOTE HALL, COLCHESTER

The 32d, on the Marriage of Priests.

The 37th, asserting that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England."

I can not understand therefore, by what mode of reasoning. plain words can be made to express any other meaning than this—that the Church of England allows no authority, and claims no authority, but that of the Holy Bible; and that it protests most plainly, and opposes most directly the Church of Rome, because it has perverted the Holy Bible, and the great and inspired doctrines of the Church of Christ, as set forth in the Bible.

Such was the conclusion to which the master-minds in our Church have come: Hooker, Usher, Hall, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Tillotson, South, &c., have all stood forth in a resolute opposition to the Church of Rome. I was thinking of the writings of those men and the present state of our Church; Romish adversaries without and Romish traitors within the camp. I was thinking what a different view they took of that false and unscriptural system with which the pigmies in divinity in these days have become so strongly enamored, and I felt that one thing must be plain to all honest and sensible minds—that whatever defenders and advocates the Church of Rome may find elsewhere, they will not be found in the Articles of the Church of England or in her great divines, any more than in the inspired writers of the Holy Scriptures.

An inscription suddenly occurred to my mind which I had seen some years ago in an old village-church. I had almost forgotten it, but I now remembered it well, and I thought of the state of feeling in this country at the time those plain, bold words were set up in the village-church before the whole congregation. I determined when I next went down to Shropshire I would see for myself if that old inscription was still to be found where I had seen it. I have lately had the opportunity of revisiting that village-church.

I had often been there some sixteen years ago, when I was

the curate of the adjoining parish of Hodnet. I had then taken little note of them, for at that time they appeared to me to bear reference to a period and a state of things gone by forever, in this country. How mistaken I then was! I should now like to see such words in every church of this Protestant realm. A fear came across me as I drew near to the little church of Stoke-upon-Tern, lest in this age of alteration, which is often not improvement, those fine old Protestant words should have been removed. There stood the venerable building with its graceful tower, and the red light of an October sunset glowing and glitering upon the western lancet window, and casting its rich lustre upon the gliding stream of the little river Tern, as it wound its quiet way along the green and level meadow-land, on the skirts of which stands the church of Stoke.

I soon found myself within the building. Opposite the wall on which had been placed, since I was last there, the monumental tablet of my dear good old rector, whom I had sincerely loved and respected, was the old inscription. It was still in its place, cut into the dark oaken panels which separate the rector's pew from the reading-desk.

This is the inscription

INSCRIPTION IN THE CHURCH OF STOKE-ON-TERN.

"God prosper the King long in this land, and grant that Papistry never have the upper hand."

Who placed these words in that ancient and secluded church, and at what precise period they were engraved upon these old oaken panels, we know not. Some antiquary skilled in such knowledge may be able to inform me; but there they are, the record of a plain and decided protest against the apostate Church of Rome, in by-gone days: and the then rector of Stoke, by whose directions, or with whose consent they were inscribed there, must have been more stanch and true to the Church of Christ, than too many parish ministers in these days, who are avowed or secret renegades from the faith delivered to their keeping.

But we turn from the fine county of Salop, in which no martyr suffered at the period of the Reformation. "This county," says Fuller, "afforded no confessor, but then he gives an interesting account of Thomas Gatacre, a scion of the ancient and honorable family of that name in Shropshire, which has flourished there from the time of Edward the Confessor up to the present day.

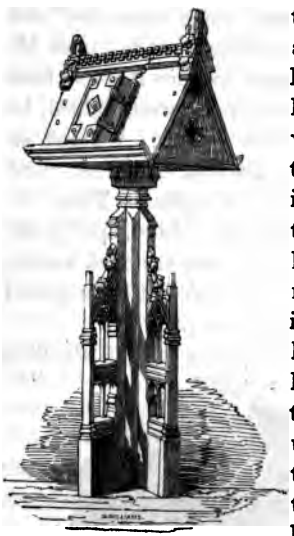
This Thomas Gatacre being brought up in the Temple, in the reign of Queen Mary, and present at the examination of persecuted people, "their hard usage made him pity their persons, and admirable patience to approve their opinions." He became a Protestant, to the distress of his Popish parents. He appears to have been a dutiful son, but to have been steadfast to the pure faith of the gospel, and became "the profitable pastor of St. Edmond's, in Lombard-street, where he died 1593, leaving his learned son Thomas Gatacre heir to his pains and piety."

After this digression, we must turn aside from that untroubled western county, to the counties on the opposite side of England. Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk were distinguished for a noble band of martyrs in the dark days of the ignorant

and relentless Mary. Bilney, and Rose, and Samuel, seem to have gone every where preaching the word with the same faithful and loving boldness, in which Rowland Tayler fulfilled his ministry at Hadleigh. Our road, my reader, will take us to several places hallowed by the good confession and the fiery trial of many of whom the world was not worthy. The suburban village of Stratford-le-bow, to our right as we leave London, was made the scene of one of the most atrocious murders by which the faithful witnesses to the truth suffered. Eleven men, and two women, were led to that village to be burnt alive. They had been separated into two parties; and the one little company was told by the sheriff, that the other had recanted. This lying device of the tempter met with a signal defeat. The treacherous sheriff received the same answer from all the prisoners; they told him, their faith was not built upon man, but upon Christ crucified. An immense pile was prepared for their slaughter; the men were chained together to three stakes, and the two women stood quietly in the midst of the fagots. They all prayed together, and blessed and thanked God that not one was missing from that blessed company. There the bodies of these thirteen martyrs were burnt to ashes. In Essex alone there were forty-four martyrs.

Brentwood, which we next reach, was hallowed by the martyrdom of William Hunter, a mere youth of nineteen, of lowly parentage, but of a truly brave and noble spirit. His chief offense, and that which led to his death, was one which would scarcely be credited in these days in England, though similar instances in Popish countries are frequently occurring. He was found by a priest named Attwell, reading the Bible aloud, as it lay on the desk of the old church or chapel at Brentwood—a book but rarely, if ever, to be found in a Roman Catholic place of worship. He was rebuked for meddling with a book which he could not understand; and the priest told him it was never a merry world since the Bible

had come abroad in English. A conversation followed, in which the priest charged him with being a heretic, and assured him that if he did not turn over a new leaf, he should broil for it. Father Attwell becoming enraged, brought the Popish vicar from a neighboring ale-house, who also attacked the unoffending youth. "Sirrah," he said, "who gave thee leave to read the Bible, and to expound it?" William Hunter replied that he only read the Scriptures for his comfort, and did not expound them. One Justice Brown, as unjust a man as the priest and the vicar, sent off the poor youth to Bonner; and he was brought back to be burnt at this place.



BIBLE CHAINED TO A DESK.

He was the child of godly parents; his father and his mother, instead of persuading him to recant, endeavored to brace and encourage him in his trial; his brother stood by his side to the last, and, owing to his devoted affection, narrowly escaped the same death. "Good people, pray for me," said the martyr to those around; "and make speed and dispatch me quickly; pray for me while you see me live, and I will pray for you likewise."—"Pray for thee!" cried Justice Brown; "I will no more pray for thee than I will pray for a dog."—"You have now that which you sought for," said the youthful saint, calmly addressing his savage persecutor, "and I pray God it be not laid to your charge at the last day. Howbeit, I forgive you."—"I ask no forgiveness of thee," cried the other; but William answered, "If God forgive you, I shall not require my blood at your hands." The clouds had hung darkly over the sky, and a gloom had been cast even by the

weather over the sad spectacle. But as the faithful martyr looked up and prayed, "Son of God, shine upon me!" the clouds separated, and a flood of sunshine burst full upon his upraised face, so that he was obliged to turn it away from the dazzling brightness. When the fagots were lighted, he put his psalter into the hands of his brother. "Think on the holy sufferings of Christ," said his brother Robert, "and be not afraid."—"I am not afraid," he replied. Then, lifting up his hands to heaven, he cried out: "Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!" He bent his head over the thick smoke, which suffocated him, and his freed and blessed spirit passed away from all sorrow and suffering forever.

You may see the old elm tree at Brentwood still standing

OLD CHAPEL AT BRENTWOOD.

near the place where William Hunter "received the seal of martyrdom in blood." And the old church in which he was found reading the Bible is now a school for the children of the poor. I hope they have been told the story of William Hunter.

This ancient town of Colchester where we now are, my reader, won for itself an honorable distinction in the reign of Mary, for here no fewer than twenty-three martyrs suffered for their scriptural faith, and devoted constancy. The people of Colchester, like the men of Suffolk, had been true and loyal subjects to their queen. While she lay at Framlingham Castle, they had sent a deputation to wait upon the Lady Mary with assurances of their attachment to her cause, and they had also sent her a plentiful supply of provisions; and they had put their town in a state of defense to be prepared to meet an attack from the rival party. But the loyalty of the Colchester people was no safeguard to them, during the dreadful persecutions which disgraced her reign. This town, "was frequented by godly people, because it afforded many godly and zealous martyrs, which continually with their blood watered those seeds which, by the preaching of the word, had been sown most plentifully in the hearts of Christians in the days of good King Edward. This town for the earnest profession of the gospel, became like unto a city set on a hill; and, as a candle upon a candlestick, gave great light to all those who for the comfort of their conscience, came to confer there from divers places of the realm; and repairing to common inns, had by night, their Christian exercises, which in common places, could not be gotten." Here it was that John Lawrence suffered martyrdom, before the Mote Hall. He had been a Romish priest, and had suffered from such cruel usage while in prison for the truth, that he was placed in a chair at the stake, being unable to stand. "We must not forget," says Fuller, "how little children, being about the fire, cried unto him. 'God strengthen you, God strengthen you good Master Lawrence;' which was beheld as a product

of His providence, who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings ordained strength, as also it evidenced their pious education.

Rose Allen is mentioned by Fuller as another of the most remarkable of the Essex martyrs. She, with her father and mother, and one John Johnson, were burned in the court of Colchester Castle. This poor girl had been seized by Justice

COLCHESTER CASTLE.

Tyrrell, on her way to fetch beer for her bed-ridden mother, after he and his constables having surrounded the house, had entered the chamber of her parents, and ordered them to rise and prepare to go to prison. The cruel magistrate took the candle from the girl's hand, and held the back of her hand in the flame of the candle till the sinews cracked, abusing her all the while in coarse terms because she did not cry out. At length the sinews cracked with some noise, and he violently thrust her from him. Nowithstanding her suffering, she afterward took up the drink to her sick mother, and she said to a friend, "I had a pitcher in my other hand, and might have laid him on the face with it, if I would, for no one held

me. But I thank God with all my heart, that I did it not." When asked by another how she could bear the pain, she replied, "at first it was some grief to me, but the longer it burned, the less I felt." Fuller compares her to the Roman Scævola, when he burned his hand before Porsenna; but this rude, poor girl, of low but godly parentage, showed a nobler courage than that celebrated hero of old Rome.

The pleasant valleys on the borders of Essex and Suffolk had been long the resort of many of Wycliffe's followers. They had settled at Colchester, St. Osyth's, and Boxstead, and bore the name of "the known men;" and had preached throughout that country. Afterward came Bilney to Hadleigh and to Ipswich. Thomas Rose came at the same time to Hadleigh, brought thither, it appears by Master Fabian, the pastor of Polstead. The life of Rose was one succession of adventures, as, persecuted at one place, he fled to another. Hadleigh was, however, for a time, the sphere of his stated ministry. There, probably under the preaching of Bilney, his own views of divine truth became clear and established, and there he preached them faithfully and earnestly to others. He preached with so much power that his hearers continued to increase, and came from a distance to hear him; and his labors were blessed of God to so many, who openly embraced the truth, that the celebrated John Bale, then a Romish priest, and afterward a most zealous Protestant, was sent by the Romanists to preach against him, but without success, for the truth prevailed.

Rose, however, was not only the enlightened advocate of the truth, but the unsparing opposer of error. With a godly boldness he exposed and attacked the impious frauds of images, and the idolatry of image-worship. The effect of his preaching was soon apparent in the conduct of four of his hearers.

There was at that time a famous rhood or crucifix, to which

crowds of pilgrims resorted, in the little church of Dovercourt, a village close to Harwich, through which the high-

CHURCH AT DOVERCOURT

road still passes. Four men, named King, Debnam, March, and Gardner, who resided at Dedham and at Bergholt, set out on foot one clear frosty night for Dovercourt, having agreed to destroy the idolatrous image. They succeeded in their enterprise, and entering the church, took away the rhood. At a short distance from the place, they kindled a fire, and burnt the image, and were lighted for more than a mile on their homeward path by the blaze of the burning rhood. So daring an act gave great offense to the Romanists. The offending parties were discovered. Three of them were taken, and condemned to die; the fourth, Gardner, escaped. Rose was strongly suspected of having prompted or encouraged the burning of the rhood, and the three men were offered their lives, if they would acknowledge that Rose had been their accomplice. But they nobly refused to do so, and bravely suffered the heavy penalty with which their offense was visited, being hanged in chains. Their conduct has been censured; but though not acting, like Gideon, under the express command of God, they were filled with zeal for His

glory, and jealous for the pure worship of their holy Saviour. The coat of the rhood was afterward brought to Thomas Rose, who burnt it.

Here, my reader, I must pause. The number of pages already printed admonishes me, that I shall swell this volume to a size I did not contemplate, if I do not stop my pen. For the present, therefore, I can bring before you no memorial of several of our godly martyrs; but if you are not wearied with what I have already here collected, I hope that we shall meet again on the same ground.

At present you will, I trust, agree with me, that from the accounts which have come down to us of the martyrs of our glorious Reformation, we have cause for deep thankfulness to the Lord our God, that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England," that our Church has solemnly denounced and repudiated the anti scriptural errors of the Church of Rome, that the Holy Bible is open to all classes, rich and poor, in this country, and that "the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

Let nothing induce you to listen to the false and specious insinuations of those Romish and Romanizing teachers, who would, if they could, deprive you of your most precious inheritance, as the children of the Reformation—your right to the Bible; and who would give you, in the place of its living oracles and life-giving doctrines, the traditions of their heretical Church, and the monstrous legends of their canonized saints. Those Romish teachers are truly fathers, of whom, if you ask for bread, they will give you a stone. They would have you "spend your money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not." The words of the godly Bishop Jewell to the Romanists, three hundred years ago, might be addressed with as much force and application to the Jesuits of our own times. "Deny no more the manifest truth, avouch no more the open falsehood. Deceive not the simple—they are bought with a price. Your shifts

are miserable; ye can not bridle the flowing seas; ye can not blind the sunbeams. Will ye, nil ye, THE TRUTH WILL CONQUER." We are assured and convinced that finally the truth will conquer, and conquer signally and triumphantly; but we are also persuaded, from the sure word of prophecy, as set before us in Holy Scripture, that previous to this victory, there will be a severe conflict; and from the signs of the times, we can have but little doubt that the fight has begun, the fight between truth and error, or, in other words, light and darkness. Blessed be God, we know which must prevail. And "the night is far spent, the day is at hand;" and as it is in the natural word, so it is in the spiritual. However dark the night may be; when the dawn is about to break, the deepest shades of darkness must be scattered.

I have brought before you, my reader, many a record of heavy suffering and endurance, in the fight of faith to which some of the holiest and wisest men in this country were exposed at the period of the Reformation; but there is one sad story which it appears to me ought to follow the foregoing pages. The lesson which it teaches is one which may be profitable as a warning to us. It is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the inspired maxim, that "the fear of man bringeth a snare," and that "he who saveth his life shall lose it."

Among the distinguished promoters of the Reformation was Sir John Cheke. He was one of the most accomplished scholars, and one of the most godly men of those days. He had been the preceptor of the youthful King Edward, and the effect of his early training was evident in the lovely piety and the holy wisdom of his royal pupil. He had accepted the office of Secretary of State under the short reign of the Lady Jane Grey. When Mary came to the throne, Sir John Cheke was committed to the Tower as a traitor. There he remained till the year following, when a pardon was granted to him, and he was released from prison. Having obtained a license

from the Queen to travel for some time, he left England. After visiting Italy, he settled in Strasburgh, where the English Church-service was performed, and where many learned Protestants were then residing. Like many men in those days, Sir John Cheke was a believer in Astrology, and being earnestly invited by two of his former learned acquaintances, the Lord Paget and Sir John Mason, to come to them at Brussels, he consulted with his art, and learning from it that he might accept their invitation without any personal risk, he set off to join them. To quote Fuller; "he is said to have consulted the stars (would he had not gone so high, or else gone higher, for his advice.) In his return from Brussels to Antwerp—no whit secured by his own innocence, nor by the promise of the Lord Paget, nor by the pledging of Sir John Mason for his public protection, nor by the intercession of his friend Feckenham (Abbot of Westminster) to Queen Mary, he (with Sir Peter Carew) was beaten from his horse, tied hand and foot to the bottom of a cart, thence conveyed hoodwinked to the next haven, and so shipped over under hatches unto the Tower of London. Here all arts were used on him, which might prevail to drive or draw an easy soul, surprised on a sudden, to make him renounce his religion; until hard usage in prison, joined with threatenings of worse, and fair promises on his submission, drew from his mouth an ab-renunciation of that truth which he so long had professed and still believed; and thereupon was restored to his liberty, but never to his contentment.

"For such is the tyranny of Papists, that they are not satisfied, to take men's consciences captive by their cruelty, except also they carry them about in public triumph. As here Bonner got Sir John Cheke unawares to sit in the place where godly martyrs were condemned; and although he did nothing but sit still, sigh, and be silent, yet, shame for what he had done, sense of what others suffered, and sorrow that his presence should be abused to countenance cruelty, brought him

quickly to a comfortable end of a miserable life, as carrying God's pardon and all good men's pity along with him."

He was made to suffer to a grievous extent, the effects of his disgraceful fall. It was at the trials of the Essex martyrs that Bonner, with this fiendlike ingenuity of cruelty, compelled him to sit by his side on the bench, and to see and hear all the proceedings in his iniquitous court. There this poor, faithless disciple saw in many a lowly and uneducated follower of Christ, that calm, unshrinking firmness in which he himself had been found so miserably wanting. There he heard from the lips of rude, unlettered men, and feeble women, that bold confession of faith which he had himself been afraid to make. There, in fact, worse tortures than those of the rack and the stake, were prepared for his writhing spirit; and there the iron entered into his soul: and a fire only less terrible than that which is not quenched, consumed his vital energies; till at last, heart-stricken, and heart-broken, he pined away, as Fuller has related, and sunk into a premature grave. He was no more than forty-three when he died. But all this was, doubtless, wisely and graciously ordered for his good. So high and delicate a spirit would have suffered under any circumstances. Even had he been permitted to withdraw himself from the notice of his fellow-men, his own conscience would have been his tormenter; and the peace of mind he once enjoyed, could never have been regained. Yet from all that we can learn, his repentance was sincere: and one of the Zurich letters speaks of the evidences of this genuine repentance. Had he lived longer, he might, and perhaps would have acted as Cranmer did, and finished his course by a fearless and glorious confession, at the stake. As it was, he was evidently chastened of God, that he might not be condemned with the world. The tears of good men, as we have seen, watered his grave, and thoughts rather of compassion than of censure rested upon his memory. Still, his fall stands forth as a beacon, and a warning to all professing

Christians, calling us all to self-distrust, to watchfulness and prayer; bidding us to count the cost, before we take up our cross to follow Christ; and after having taken it up, to depend, not on our own resources, not on our own strength, but to be ever seeking more grace, and renewed supplies of that divine strength, which is not only made perfect in weakness, but which is never withheld from those who humbly and diligently seek it: for He hath said: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." And therefore, we may boldly say: "The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me."

The end of that wicked man, who was the chief tormentor of the hapless Sir John Cheke, presents a striking contrast to that of his miserable victim. After the death of Mary, Bonner, whose brazen-faced audacity seems never to have quitted him, presented himself among the Bishops before the Queen. The clear-sighted Elizabeth turned from him with disgust; and he found that his day of power was gone forever. He was sent to the Marshalsea with little or no restriction placed

OLD MARSHALSEA.

upon his liberty. But he was so abhorred and execrated by his fellow-citizens, that he was seldom or never known to venture beyond the precincts of the gardens and fields attached

to the prison. So that his place of confinement was, in fact, his only place of protection. He never manifested any signs of repentance or amendment, but seems to have been seared in conscience, and shameless to the last. No traces of the ancient buildings of the Marshalsea are now to be found. I have visited the spot more than once, but I could not find a fragment of the old building. A large room which had served as a chapel, and is evidently of a much later date than that of the ancient chapel, is now fitted up with the truckle-beds of a lodging-house, on the improved plan, for the poor.

Bonner was buried in the church-yard of St. George's, Southwark, which is within a hundred yards of the old Marshalsea. A few days since, I went to seek for his grave, but was told by the sexton that the spot was no longer to be found. "We know that he was buried here," was the reply I received to my inquiry; "but hundreds of coffins are piled over the place, which is now somewhere under the church."

BURNING THE HAND

L'ENVOY.

"LET these things never be forgotten—let your children remember them forever." Such were the words of the learned, eloquent, and godly Jewell, in his view of a seditious bull—the famous or rather infamous bull which Pius the Fifth dared to send to this country, to excommunicate Queen Elizabeth. Jewell's Treatise is written with excellent wisdom, and in an admirable spirit; it is a right noble performance—plain, resolute, spirit-stirring, and worthy of the man and of the cause. He concludes by saying, "God has given us His word. We have by it, espied wherein they (the Romanists) have robbed us. Let us be no more deceived. And Thou, O

most merciful Father, be our defense in these dangerous times. The lion rangeth, and seeketh whom he may devour. Look down from thy heavens upon us. Give Thy grace unto Elizabeth Thy servant, &c." With a beautiful and affecting prayer for his royal mistress, the defender of the true faith, he concludes. Much of this language of Jewell is applicable to the present state of the country: for the late Papal aggression, and the insolent but insidious assumptions of the Popish Cardinal, now in England, prove to us that Rome in 1853, is what Rome was three hundred years ago. Well might Jewell say, "Let these these things never be fergotten. Let your children remember them forever." It is for this reason that I have called upon you, my readers, to go with me on pilgrimage to some of those places where our forefathers lived, and died, as preachers, and martyrs faithful to the truth. The past history of our own country proves that, as a political question, the subject is one of grave importance. The constitutional liberties of Great Britain are inseparable from her Protestant faith. To admit the authority of a foreign Bishop is nothing less than to make the subjects of this country, traitors to their own Government: and they who consent to the toleration of such an aggression are partners in this treason. But in a far higher sense, the subject is presented to us, as a question not merely between Popery and Protestantism, but between even the Bible and the Mass Book—the word of God and the word of man. Let the Church of Rome cease to persecute, or continue to persecute, it matters not. It is not be cause she is a persecuting Church, that we decidedly protest against her, but because she has corrupted the truth, denied the faith, and perverted the doctrine of the Church of Christ.

It has not been to harrow up your feelings that I have published this record of persecution and suffering; it has not been to provoke a spirit of hostility against the deluded members of the Church of Rome, that I have shown you what

Rome has been, when power was given to her for a season in this now free and enlightened country. But I have desired to set forth before you the character and the conduct of those great men, who were enabled by the grace of God to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, and who, strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, took unto themselves the whole armor of God, and were thus able to withstand in the evil day. It is written that "the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance," and it is surely in accordance with these living words that I have called upon you to accompany me to many a spot, where the witnesses for the truth, in those dark days of superstition and persecution, boldly stood forth to preach the pure word of God, and to seal their testimony with their own blood.

I have pointed out to you some of the places where those righteous martyrs had been well-nigh forgotten, and called upon you to remember that there your Fathers lived and preached, when they were "troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." There, they were faithful unto death, and thence, their brave, meek spirits went up to receive a crown of life.

I must say a word or two before I conclude, of John Foxe, the chief historian of our martyred forefathers. It has been the fashion of late years to attack his volumes, and to declare, or to insinuate that they are not worthy of credit. What I would say of him, and of his great and valuable work I may as well say in the words of other justly-esteemed writers, with whom I fully and entirely agree. "I desire that my Church History," says Fuller, "should behave itself to Mr. Foxe's Book of Martyrs, as a lieutenant to his captain—only to supply his place in his absence—to be supplemental thereunto—in such matters of moment which have escaped his

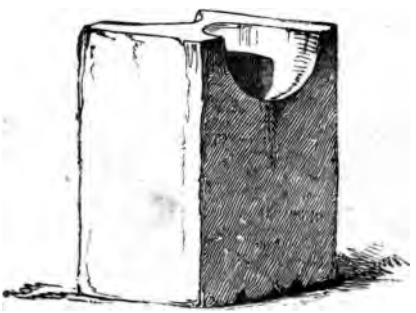
observation." And after saying, "We come now to set down those particular martyrs that suffered in the Queen's reign," he adds, "But this point hath been handled already so curiously and copiously by Mr. Foxe, that his industry herein hath starved the endeavors of such as shall succeed him, leaving nothing for their pens and pains to feed upon. 'For what can the man do that cometh after the king? even that which hath been already done,' saith Solomon. Eccles. ii. 12. And Mr. Foxe appearing sole emperor in this subject, all posterity may despair to add any remarkable discoveries, which have escaped his observation. Wherefore, to handle this subject after him, what is it but to light a candle to the sun? or rather (to borrow a metaphor from his book) to kindle one single stick, to the burning of so many fagots?"

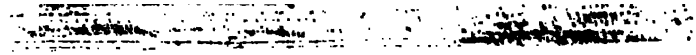
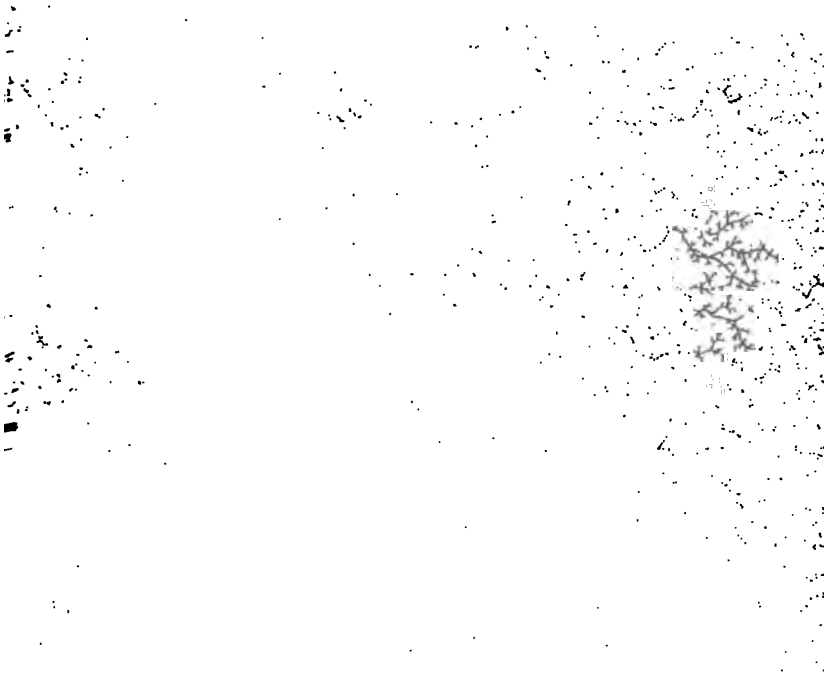
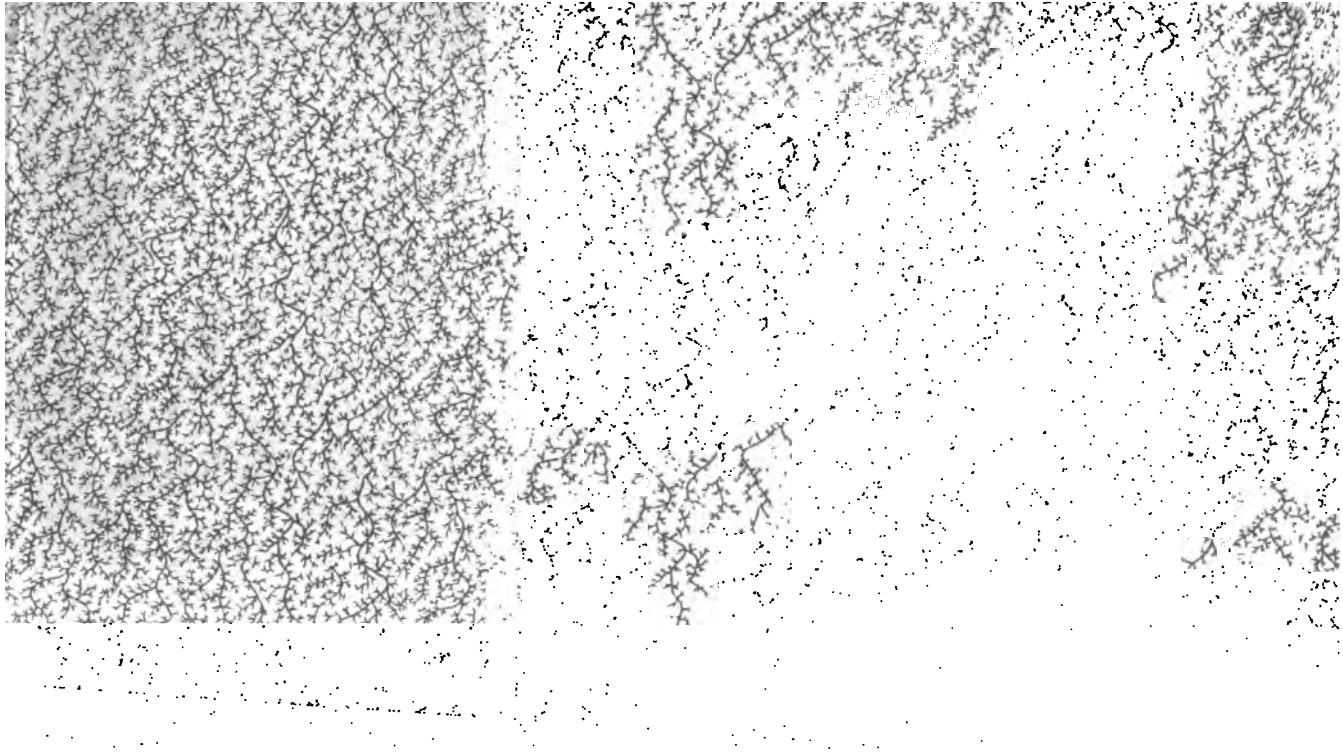
The following passage is from Blunt's History of the Reformation in England, page 262. "Foxe had access to the archives and registers of the Bishops. Grindal, who was himself a great collector of such materials, among others, supplying him with what he knew, and in many instances with the letters of the martyrs themselves; of all which documents, says Strype, he has been found, by those who have compared his books with his authorities, to have made a faithful use. He lived many years after his first edition was published, which was in 1563, and in the interval labored to render it still more perfect; suppressing where he had reason to doubt, enlarging where he was furnished with fresh matter which he thought trustworthy, as in the story of Gardiner's being stricken with sickness on the day of Cranmer's martyrdom; and taking journeys in order to confront witnesses, and sift evidence where his facts chanced to be called in question; such was his industry. But, independently of all knowledge of this, his pains-taking; the internal evidence of the book is enough to establish its general good faith. There is

a simplicity in the narrative, especially in many of its minute details, which is beyond all fiction; a homely pathos in the stories which art could not reach."

Such is the testimony of one* who is peculiarly skilled in what he has admirably termed "undesigned coincidences."

* The present Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, the Rev. John Blunt, D.D.



THE BEHEADING BLOCK.

THE END.